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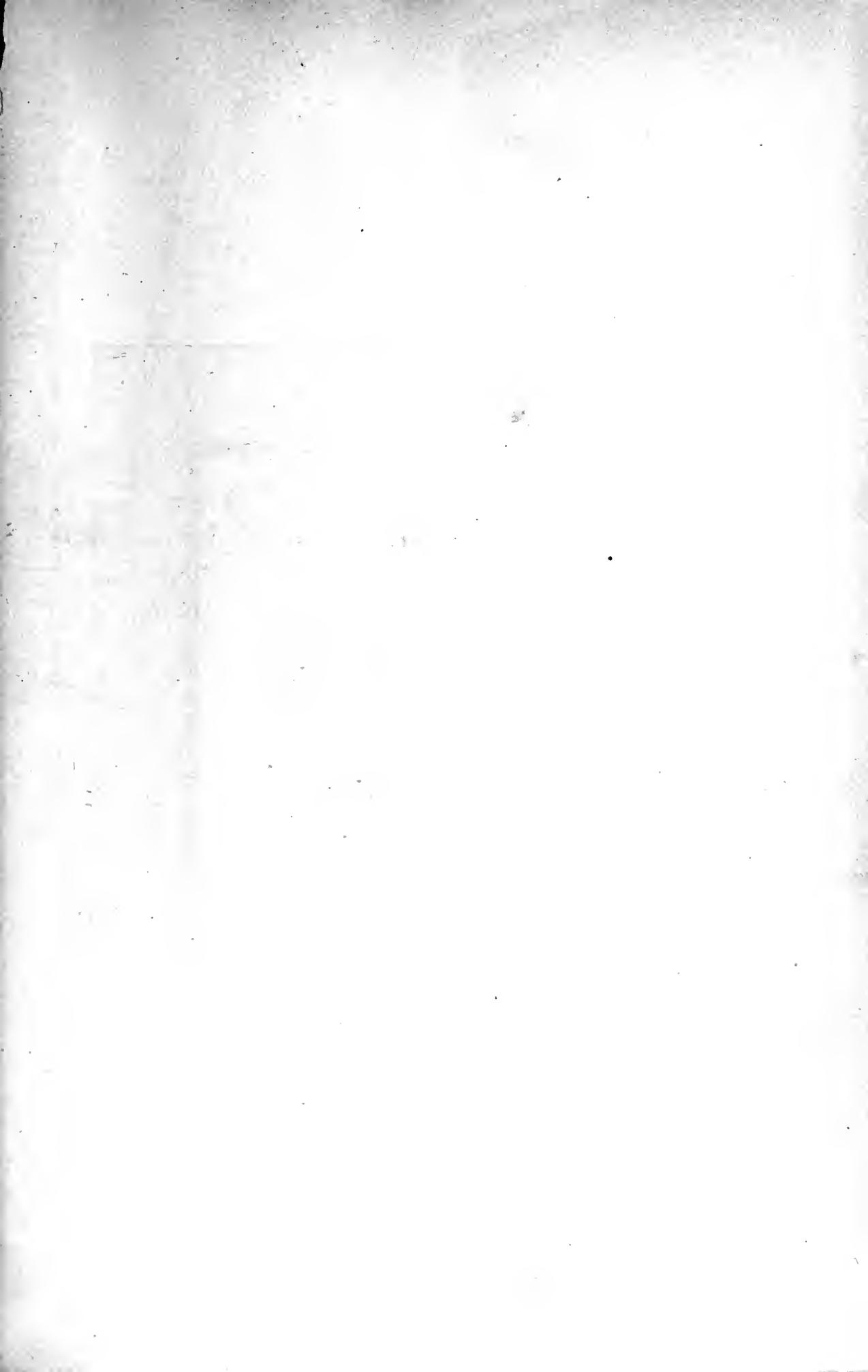
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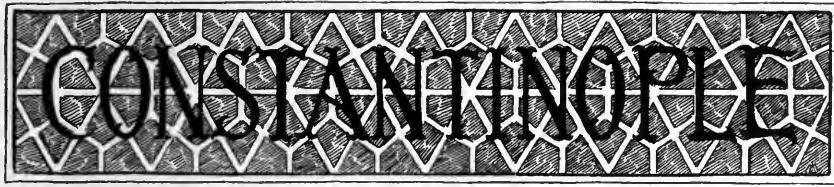


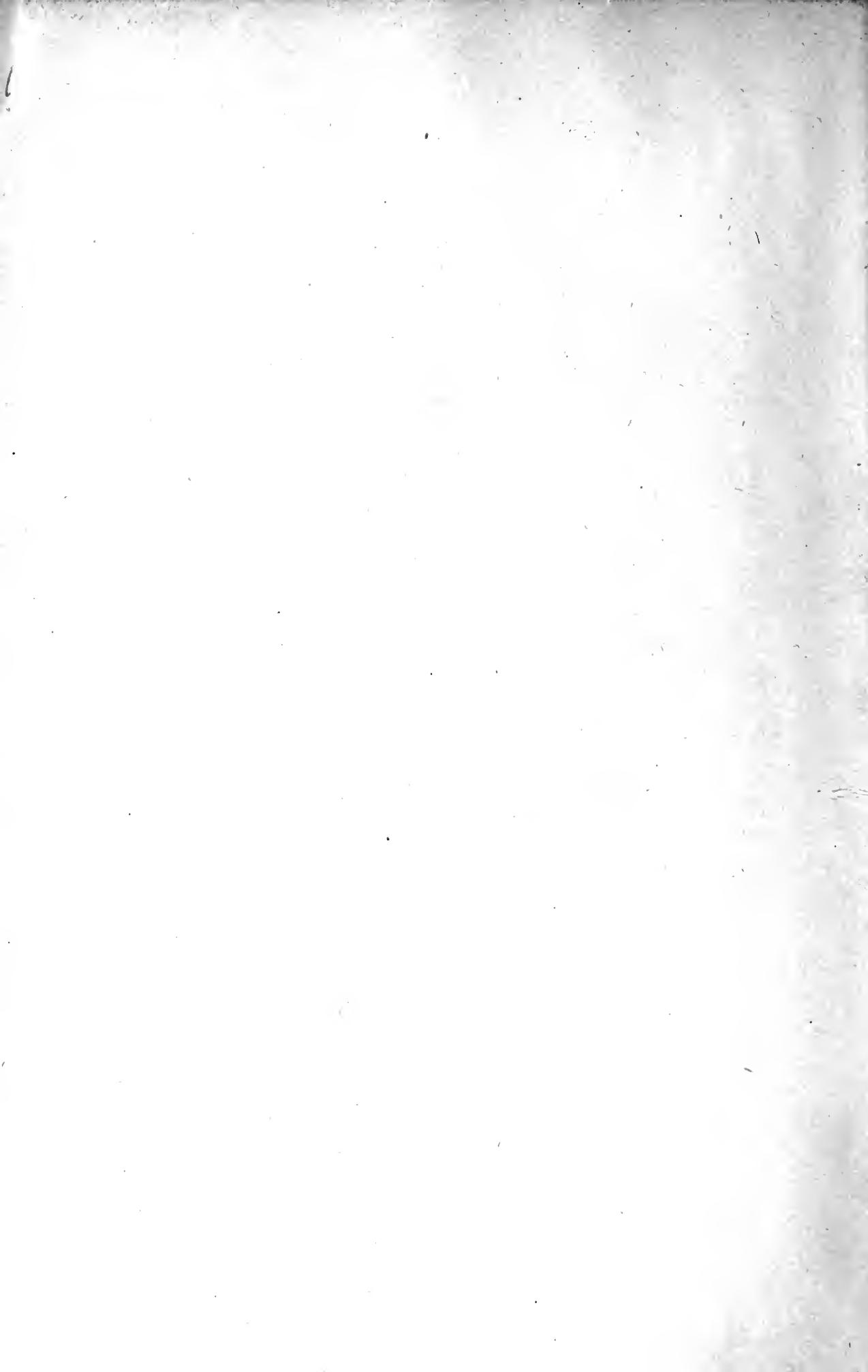
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ΚΩΝΣΤΑΝΤΙΝΟΣ Ο ΜΕΓΑΣ.

CONSTANTINE THE GREAT

CONSTANTINOPLE

BY

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CONSTANTINOPLE; OF THE SYLLOGOS PARNÁSSOS
OF ATHENS, GREECE

With an Introduction by

GENERAL LEW. WALLACE



IN TWO VOLUMES

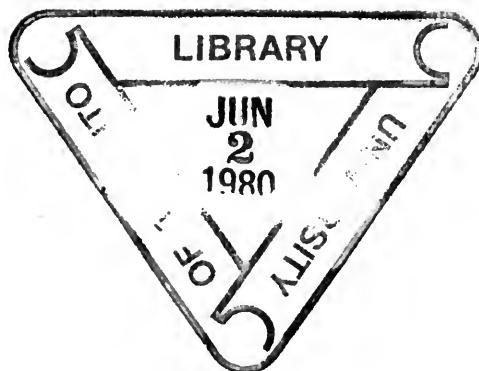
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To
MY WIFE

PREFACE TO THE REVISED EDITION

THE reception accorded to "Constantinople," both in this country and Europe, exceeded my most sanguine expectations. A book which had for its theme a capital at once so famous, so fascinating, and yet so little known, was doubtless sure of finding a place. None the less am I grateful to the press and the public for their cordial welcome.

Though this is a carefully revised edition, as few changes as possible in the original have been made, and the work is substantially the same as when first published.

The next score of years will transform Constantinople. Much that is described in these pages will soon vanish, and the tourist seek it in vain. But as long as this book lasts, it will preserve the careful panorama of the capital as it was in the last year of the nineteenth century.

EDWIN A. GROSVENOR.

March 15, 1900.

P R E F A C E



O the Western eye there seems to be always hanging before Constantinople a veil of mystery and separation. Its remoteness from Great Britain and America in territorial distance and antiquity of history is intensified manyfold by that other remoteness, caused by variety of races, languages, customs, and creeds. It is difficult for the foreign resident to know it well, and for the passing stranger or tourist, utterly impossible.

It has been my precious privilege to enjoy unusual opportunities for learning the story and entering into the life of the kaleidoscopic city. The preparation of this book has been a labor of delight, but it has occupied many years. No man could have a more fascinating theme. Even as Constantinople has a charm for all classes of mankind, I have sought to make this not a volume for any one narrow range of readers, but a book for all.

As now the bark, so long in building, is launched upon the great sea, I recall the many who have aided in its construction. The mere enumeration of their names would resemble a cosmopolitan romance; for I am proud to reckon among my friends representatives of every na-

tionality and religion and social rank in Constantinople. To each one of them all I stretch my hand across the ocean and the continent in a warm grasp of friendship and gratitude. One has told me a legend ; one identified a rock ; one pointed out an inscription ; one given a medallion or picture ; and each has contributed his stone, or his many stones, to the general mosaic of information. Each face stands out distinct in my grateful memory.

The contracted space of a preface allows scant room ; but special acknowledgments must be tendered to their Excellencies, Sir Henry Austin Layard and Sir William Arthur White, former British Ambassadors to the Sublime Porte ; William Henry Wrench, Esquire, British Consul at Constantinople, and the Reverend Canon Curtis, Rector of the British Memorial Church ; His Eminence the Very Reverend Philotheos Bryennios, Metropolitan of Nicomedia ; His Excellency Aristarchis Bey, Senator of the Ottoman Empire and Grand Logothete of the Greek Nation ; Mr Manuel I. Gedeon, the brilliant mediævalist ; the members of the Hellenic Philologic Syllogos ; His Excellency Hamdi Bey, Director of the Imperial Ottoman Museum of Antiquities ; President George Washburn, D. D., the Reverend Professor Hagopos Djedjizian, and Professor Louisos Eliou, of Robert College ; the Reverend George A. Ford, D. D., Arabic scholar, and missionary of the Presbyterian Board at Sidon, Syria ; the Reverend Henry O. Dwight, Turkish scholar, and missionary of the American Board at Constantinople ; the Honorable Charles K. Tuckerman, former American Minister to Greece ; the Honor-

able Eugene Schuyler, former American Minister to Roumania, Servia, and Greece; the Honorable Zachariah T. Sweeney, former American Consul-General at Constantinople; Alexander A. Gargiulo, Esquire, First Dragoman, polyglot linguist, and adviser of the American Legation at Constantinople; the Honorable Samuel Sullivan Cox, the Honorable Oscar S. Straus of New York City, and the Honorable Solomon Hirsch of Portland, Oregon, former American Ministers to the Sublime Porte.

This is no mere recapitulation of glittering names. To each of these distinguished gentlemen I am personally indebted. I realize sadly that the dull, cold ear of death renders some of them insensible to any word of thanks.

Yet there are two to whom I owe more than to all the rest: Alexander G. Paspatis, graduate and doctor of laws of my own Alma Mater, my teacher and early friend, the most modest, the most patient, the most learned of all those who have striven to probe the mysteries of the classic and the Byzantine city; General Lew. Wallace, companionship with whom through years of study and research, and whose always constant friendship have been and are an inspiration.

EDWIN A. GROSVENOR.

AMHERST, MASSACHUSETTS, U. S. A.,

October the twenty-third, 1895.

INTRODUCTION



HE reading world, both of Europe and America, has long needed a history of Constantinople which will enable one wandering through the modernities of the city to identify its hills and sites, and at least measurably reconstruct it. So only can it be redeemed, not merely from unsentimental guide-books, but more particularly from the Agopes, Leandros, and Dimitries, and the guild of couriers, hungry, insolent, insistent, and marvelously ignorant, whom the landlords of Pera permit to lie around their halls and doors in lurk for unprotected travellers.

Such a book would be a surprise to visitors who, having been led down through Galata, and across the beggar-haunted bridge over the Golden Horn, to the Hippodrome, the Janissary Museum, the Treasury, and Sancta Sophia, are solemnly told they have seen all there is worth seeing.

But of the components of the reading world within the meaning of the opening reference, no class would be so greatly profited by such a history as students of the East, who know that under the superficies of Stamboul lie the remains of Byzantium, Queen of the Propontis, for whose

siren splendors the Greeks forgot their more glorious Athens, and the Latins, in the following of Constantine, actually abandoned Rome, leaving it a mouldy bone to be contended for by the hordes first from the North. In the light of that volume, an inquirer delighting in comparison will be astonished to find that the present Constantinople, overlying Byzantium, as the dead often overlie each other in Turkish cemeteries, is yet clothed with attractions rivalled only by Rome and Cairo. It were hard rendering the philosophy of the influence of history in the enhancement of interest in localities; nevertheless, the influence exists, and has for its most remarkable feature the fact that it is generally derived from the struggles of men and nations, illustrated by sufferings and extraordinary triumphs, or what we commonly term heroisms. It is largely by virtue of such an influence that we have the three cities probably the most interesting of the earth,—Rome, Constantinople, and Cairo. This remark is certainly very broad, and exceptions might be demanded in behalf of Jerusalem, and Mecca, and farther still, according to the impulses of pious veneration; but the interest in those places, it is to be observed, is obviously referable to sacred incidents of one kind or another, on account of which they are above the comparison.

Rome has first place in the mention; but it is as a concession to scholars whose reading and education are permeated with Latinity, and to that other section of the world yet more numerous,—tourists who, at the foot of the Capitoline Hill, or in the moon-lit area of the mighty

murder-mill of Vespasian and Titus, forget that there is an East awaiting them with attractions in endless programme. None the less there are delvers, inscription-hunters, and *savants* of undoubted judgment, familiar with the regions along the morning shores of the Mediterranean, who boldly declare themselves unconditional partisans of Constantinople. And, to say truth, if the comparison, which will be perfectly possible through the history spoken of, is pursued to its end by a student really impartial, he will be amazed by the discovery that all the elements which enter into his veneration for the old Rome belong not less distinctly to the later Rome,—antiquity, history, ruins, tragedies, comedies, and all manner of composite pictures of people,—in a word, everything in the least definitive of hero and harlequin.

These points tend to equality of interest ; so if, in the consideration, the person finds himself hesitant, and looks about in search of a transcendent advantage on which to rest a judgment, one will presently appear.

To the Western-born, Asia is more than a continent : it is a world remote and isolated, moving, it is difficult to say whether forward or back, in a vast and shadowy antiquity, and possessed by tribes and races so dissimilar in habits, socialities, conditions, and genius, that familiarity with them is as impossible to-day as it was a thousand years ago. The intercourse between European nationalities has brought about a brotherhood in which diversities have been happily reduced to trifles, if not refined away. Unfortunately failure or marginal success must be

written under every attempt at establishing so much as comity among Asiatics ; their boundaries have been everlastingly changing, and when changed instantly sown with swords. The result has been a taint of uncertainty running through our best information, leaving us to impressions rather than knowledge, from which we have evolved what is magniloquently called the Orient,—a realm girt round about with filmy romance and extravaganzas distilled from the “Arabian Nights,” imaginary, yet gorgeous as auroras ; a realm in the parts next us all horizon, in the parts stretching thitherward all depth. And then, as a capping to the description, it also happens that on the edge of this Orient nearest us lie Constantinople and Cairo, their mosques and bazars but so many stereopticon lenses permitting glimpses of Egypt, Persia, and India, and all there is and was of them, curtaining the further mysteries of China the Separated and Japan the Grotesque. With such an advantage in their favor, it would seem that Rome ought to be proudly content to wait on her rivals candle in hand.

The foregoing, it is now proper to say, is prefatory. Its motive is the announcement of a History of Constantinople which will not merely serve every want of the tourist, student, and general reader, but be indispensable to every library for referential purposes. The author is Edwin A. Grosvenor, Professor of European History at Amherst College. And lest it be summarily concluded that his work is a compilation merely, composed at elegant leisure, in a study well lighted and bountifully

supplied with authorities in blue and gold, we beg to interpose some particulars.

As far back as 1831, Amherst College graduated a young Sciote, named Alexander G. Paspatis, who became a man of vast erudition. His whole life succeeding graduation was given to Constantinople and Greece. He was, in fact, the chief Greek archeologist of his time, and knew more of Byzantium than any other scholar, however devoted to that conglomeration of antiquities. Professor Grosvenor accepted a chair in Robert College on the western bank of the Bosphorus, six miles above Stamboul, and while in that position made the acquaintance of Dr Paspatis. Sons of the same Alma Mater, it was natural that they should be drawn together. Ere long they became intimates ; and when Professor Grosvenor developed a facility for the acquirement of languages — Paspatis spoke fifteen — and a taste for the antique in and about the old capital of the Komnenoi, Paspatis took him to his heart and became his master and guide.

The days they went roaming through the lost quarters and over the diminished hills, digging into tumuli in search of data for this and that, deciphering inscriptions, and fixing the relations of points, were to the younger professor what the illuminated letters are at the beginning of chapters in the Koran.¹ Paspatis suggested to his

¹ The writer had afterwards the benefit of the experience thus acquired ; only in his wanderings and researches through the obscure quarters of the city, Professor Grosvenor was his mentor and guide. Each of the prospectors had then a book in mind.

friend the writing of a book, and from that moment the latter betook himself to preparation, greatly assisted by a thorough mastery of many languages, modern and classic. He collected authorities, and with the learned Doctor personally tested them on the ground. Old churches were thus resurrected, and palaces restored. Greek sites and remains were rescued from confusion with those of the Turks. In short, the reader, whether student or traveller, will thank Professor Grosvenor for his book ; for besides its clear reading, it is profusely enriched by pictures and photographs never before published.

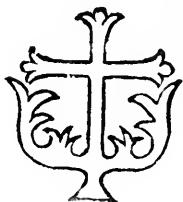
LEW. WALLACE.

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CONSTANTINOPLE

I

CONSTANTINOPLE



FAMOUS orator in a panegyric upon his native country utters its name, and then exclaims with emotion, “There is magic in the sound!” In the word “Constantinople” there is the blended magic of mythologic romance, history, and poetry. It is the synonym of the fusion of races and the clash of creeds. More than any other capital of mankind it is cosmopolitan in its present and its past. From the natural advantages of its site it is the queen city of the earth, seated upon a throne.

After the treaty of Tilsit, Napoleon bade his secretary, M. de Méneval, bring him the largest possible map of Europe. In anxious and protracted interviews the Emperor Alexander had insisted upon the absolute necessity to Russia of the possession of Constantinople. There was no price so great, no condition so hard, that it would not have been gratefully accorded by the Russian czar for the city's acquisition. Napoleon gazed in silence earnestly and long at the map wherein that continent was outlined, of which he, then

at the zenith of his power, was the autocratic arbiter. At last he exclaimed with earnestness, "Constantinople ! Constantinople ! Never ! it is the empire of the world ! "

Constantinople embraces the entire group of cities and villages on and immediately adjacent to the Thracian Bosphorus. Its heart or centre is the mediæval town between the Marmora and the Golden Horn. But a common municipal government includes as well all the districts on the farther side of the Golden Horn, all the long, wide fringe of dwellings on the European and Asiatic shores of the Bosphorus from the Marmora to the Black Sea, and also a strip on the northern shore of the Marmora and the tiny archipelago of the Princes' Islands. Though stretching so far in each direction, the entire land area comprised is comparatively small. The three sheets of water,—the harbor, the strait, and the sea,—on which it lies, occupy the larger part of the superficial extent, and afford spacious thoroughfares for inter-communication.

The quarters along these varied and winding shores combine in the perfection of ideal terrestrial beauty. As presented from the Marmora in early morning when the rising sun paints the domes and minarets of the capital, or at early evening when every wave and every roof seems almost tremulous in a flood of sunset glory, or beheld at any time from the hills of the Bosphorus,—itself a changing lake of infinite variety,—it embodies a panorama such as one who has never beheld it cannot conceive, and such as those who have seen it oftenest find impossible to adequately describe. Moreover, all this vision of scenic loveliness is pervaded and enhanced by its halo of romantic and historic memories, which transform

every rock and cliff, and touch every inlet and ravine and inch of ground till the most sluggish and phlegmatic gazer vibrates with the thrill of ever-present associations.¹

It is my ambition in these pages to describe the wonderful city. Nor do I conceive how one can undertake such a task without something of that enthusiasm which the very name “Constantinople” instinctively excites.

Three main routes and only three conduct one thither from Western Europe. The most direct, monotonous, and least interesting of all is by the railway from Vienna which follows the Maritza, the ancient Hebrus, and traverses the great Thracian plain. It crosses Bulgaria, that principality of an ancient people, now animated with the high ambitions and the noble activity of youth. It passes through those level tracts where in mythologic days Bacchus, with the help of vine-branches and of the immortal gods, blinded and drove to madness the King Lycurgus; where Orpheus, faithful to his forever lost Eurydice, was torn in pieces by the Thracian women, who were frenzied at his indifference to their charms. It winds through shapeless mouldering mounds, the prostrate remnants of the walls reared from the Euxine to the Marmora by the Emperor Arcadius; skirts for a score of miles the flat shores of the Marmora; and creeps into the city humbly at its southwest corner, affording hardly a glimpse of the metropolis one has come to see.

The second route descends southward from some one of

¹ This entire territory is administered in the ten Circles, or Municipalities, of Sultan Bayezid, Sultan Mohammed, Djerrah Pasha, Beshicktash, Pera, Yenikeui, Buyoukdereh, Anadoli Hissar, Scutari, and Kadikeui.

the rapidly growing harbor-cities on the Black Sea. Invisible in the distance lie the endless sandy coasts of the Colossus of the North. The steamer cuts its track in waters sometimes calm as those of a summer lake, sometimes majestic and resistless as ocean waves. Between the Cyanean Rocks of Jason and the Argonauts it penetrates the Bosphorus. Each time the helm is shifted, a new beauty is revealed. As the ship advances, the wonder of the landscape grows. The converging, palace-studded shores seem made to border on either side a mighty aisle till the voyage is ended with one ethereal burst of splendor in the vision of Seraglio Point and of seven-hilled Stamboul.

The third route far transcends the other two. In richness of association there is not its equal upon earth. From whatever point in Europe it begins, at last its course leads eastward among the enchanted Isles of Greece. Between Tenedos, of which Virgil wrote, and Lemnos, on which Vulcan fell, it enters the Dardanelles, the ancient Hellespont, or sea of the maiden Helle. A ship's length distant on the left spreads the long, low, yellow strip of sand, overtopped by hills, the Thracian Chersonese, ruled before the Persian wars by the tyrant Miltiades, the savior of Marathon, "Freedom's best and bravest friend." On the right the Sigæan promontory guards the marshy bed of the Simoïs, the tumuli, and the plain of Troy, and beyond soar the arrowy peaks of many-fountained Ida. Half a score of miles to the south is Alexandria Troas, within whose now dismantled walls St. Paul caught his mysterious vision of the man of Macedonia: thence he sailed to the spiritual emancipation of the European continent; and from the same spot thirteen centuries later the heir of Orkhan

departed for the first Ottoman attack against the Byzantine Empire.

The on-rushing steamer cleaves the waves which Xerxes spanned with his bridge of boats, and into which he cast his impotent iron chain,—waves which threw the lifeless forms of Leander and Hero upon the beach, and across which Byron swam. At Lapsaki, the Lampasacus of Themistocles, the channel widens. Then, becoming wider still, it leaves southward the Granicus, on whose banks Alexander gained his first Asiatic victory, and northward the *Ægos Potamos*, at whose mouth the Athenians in the Peloponnesian War received their final and irretrievable defeat. The broader Marmora no less than the Hellespont is an eternally haunted sea. As the ship steams on, the traveller lives anew the school-day romances of his youth in the breezes blowing upon him from storied shores. Aristides, Pausanias and Phocion, Mithridates and Antiochus, Cicero, Pompey, Cæsar, and Pliny have ploughed these waters, and on the adjacent solid land commingled their exploits and disasters.

When the voyage is nearly done, from the prow of the advancing ship may be seen the rounded hill of Guebiseh, on whose cypress-shaded top—in death as in life an exile from his beloved Carthage, but persecuted no longer—Hannibal sleeps. A little farther on, and all other thoughts give way to one overmastering emotion. There, in its setting of islands and of Asiatic and European hills, Constantinople absorbs the horizon. I shall make no effort to describe the scene. I have gazed upon the fairest spectacles of earth, and I have beheld nothing else comparable with this. Eastward, northward, westward it stretches:—

“The City of the Constantines,
The rising city of the billow-side,
The City of the Cross — great ocean’s bride,
Crowned with her birth she sprung! Long ages past,
And still she looked in glory o'er the tide
Which at her feet barbaric riches cast,
Pour’d by the burning East, all joyously and fast.”

The dome of Sancta Sophia is 41° north of the equator, and $28^{\circ} 59'$ east of Greenwich. It is remarkable that so many cities of first importance are situated on the same great parallel. That narrow belt, hardly more than ninety miles in breadth, which encircles the globe between $40^{\circ} 20'$ and $41^{\circ} 50'$ in north latitude, includes Constantinople, Rome, the Eternal City, Madrid, the political and literary capital of Spain, and, on this side the ocean, the two metropoleis, unrivalled in the western hemisphere, New York and Chicago. A person proceeding directly east from the Court House Square in Chicago would ascend the slopes of the Palatine Hill in Rome. One travelling directly east from New York City Hall for a distance of five thousand six hundred and twenty-two miles would pass through the southern suburbs of Constantinople.

The number of human beings inhabiting the city has been till the last decade a theme for the wildest conjecture. Dr Pococke, usually so judicious and discreet, a century and a half ago estimated the population as consisting of 3,340,000 Mussulmans, 60,000 Christians, and 100,000 Jews; or 3,600,000 altogether. Count Andréossy half a century later supposed there were 633,000. So there was the slight discrepancy of 3,000,000 souls between these respective figures. The official census or guess of the government in 1885 found 873,565. The

houses were declared with equal accuracy in 1877 to number 62,262. The resident population to-day can be but little less than one million. Like the audience that listened to St. Peter on the day of Pentecost, they are "out of every nation under heaven."

To say that there are 450,000 Mussulmans, 225,000 Greeks, 165,000 Armenians, 50,000 Jews, and 60,000 members of less numerous subject or foreign nationalities is to give only an approximate and faint idea of the motley host who sleep each night in the capital of the Sultan. The endless variety of facial type, of personal attire and of individual demeanor, and the jargon of languages in some gesticulating crowd afford more distinct and more exact details than any table of statistics, however elaborate and dry. In the polyglot multitude, he who speaks but a couple of languages is considered ignorant, and is often helpless. The common handbills and notices are usually printed in four. The sign over a cobbler's shop may be painted in the languages of six different nations, and the cobbler on his stool inside may in his daily talk violate the rules of grammar in a dozen or more. Still, the resident who is possessed of four languages will almost always be comfortable and at ease. First in importance is his own vernacular; then French, for intercourse with the high Ottoman officials and for general society; then Turkish, for dealing with the humbler classes; and Greek, as an open sesame among the native Christian population. Howsoever many additional languages one can speak,—Italian, Russian, English, German, Arabic, Armenian, Persian, or a dozen besides,—they are not superfluous, and on occasion each will be of advantage and use.

The only disappointing thing at Constantinople is the

climate. Only rarely does it correspond to the city's natural loveliness. Constantly it contradicts those conceptions wherein imagination pictures the East: —

“The land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
Where the tints of the earth and the hues of the sky,
In color though varied, in beauty may vie,”

is, as to the deliciousness of its climate, only the fond creation of a poet's brain. Some days in April or May or June seem absolute perfection, and leave nothing for full satiety to dream of or wish. October or November or December is sometimes beautiful, and scattered through the year are many pleasant days. But, taking the twelve months through, few localities possess a climate more capricious and unkind. The variations in temperature are frequent, sudden, excessive, and dangerous. The experience of one year forms small basis for calculation of the next. The heat of summer is often maintained for months at a high temperature; meanwhile no rain moistens the baked and cracking ground, and the night is hardly less parching than the day. Snow sometimes falls in winter, but the ground rarely freezes, becoming instead a mass of adhesive mud which is rendered still more disagreeable by incessant rains. The damp and clammy winter never invigorates like the sharper season of New England. Topographical position between the Black Sea, the Marmora, and the Ægean largely affects the climate. The swift Bosphorus, bounded by sharply descending banks, becomes a tunnel for shifting currents of air. Old habit lingers, and the American resi-

dent speaks of the four seasons; nevertheless the remark of Turner is literally true: "There are two climates at Constantinople, that of the north, and that of the south wind."

All the vicinity of Constantinople is subject to earthquake. Hardly a year passes without several shocks. These have generally been slight and of brief duration. The most violent in the present century occurred July 11, 1894, and destroyed nearly a hundred lives. In ancient times they were often long continued and frightfully disastrous.

Of the cities which compose the capital, three are of special prominence. These are Stamboul, Galata-Pera, and Scutari.

The first is by far the largest, most populous, interesting, and important. Its name is always pronounced Istamboul by the Ottomans, from their inability to articulate an initial *s* followed by a consonant. Stamboul is many times larger than classic Byzantium, the site of which is included in the headland at its northeast extremity. It comprehends the Nova Roma, or Constantinopolis of Constantine, and an additional territory of equal extent. It exactly corresponds with thirteen of the fourteen Regions, or Climata, which made up the Constantinople of Theodosius II and of the subsequent Byzantine emperors.

This was the splendid mediaeval city wherein were grouped almost all the edifices of Byzantine Church and State, and where the sovereign, his court, and people pre-eminently acted their respective parts. It is the arena wherein, more than in all other places, was wrought out the succession of Byzantine history. Here the Ottomans enthroned themselves under their mighty

leader, Mohammed II. Till the nineteenth century, they regarded all the adjacent quarters as but suburbs or inferior dependencies of Stamboul. In the following pages we shall be forced, almost against our will, to seemingly follow their example. As we seek to trace the worn paths of the past in quest of surviving monuments, or to contemplate in its fullest phases the life of the present, it is to this section of the metropolis that our thought and our eyes will be constantly turning.

Stamboul is a triangular peninsula nearly eleven miles in circuit. On its northern side the Golden Horn curves its crescent bay; on the south rolls the Marmora; its blunt eastern apex is beaten by the Bosphorus; on the west, outside the towering Theodosian walls, spread graveyards of prodigious extent; still farther west, villages, unconnected with Constantinople, crown the verdant highlands whose water-springs during the Middle Ages fed the fountains and cisterns of the city.

The seven hills, which were to Constantine and the cohorts the admired reminder of the older Rome, may still be distinctly traced. Though the topography has been vastly modified since 330, though frightfully devastating fires have caused the city to be rebuilt from its foundations on an average of once every fifty years,—that is, more than thirty times since it became an imperial capital,—though the valleys have been partially filled, and the crests, never more than three hundred feet in height, have been worn away, yet the seven proud hills are there. They are at once distinct elevations and great ridges which blend at their tops. It is not everywhere easy to distinguish the valleys

between the first, second, and third hills, since there man has most modified nature. A ravine, forming the half-dry bed of the river Lycus, intersects Stamboul at a point one-third the distance from the Golden Horn to the Marmora: proceeding gradually parallel to the former, it divides Stamboul into two unequal sections. In the northern section, which is an irregular rectangle, are six hills or long ridges. The valleys between run roughly parallel to each other and perpendicular to the Golden Horn. The southern section, triangular in shape, constitutes the seventh eminence, and was anciently called Xerolophos, or Dry Hill. It contains nearly a third of the territory of Stamboul.¹

¹ The first and most eastern hill is occupied by the Seraglio, Sancta Sophia, the Mosque of Sultan Achmet I, and the Atmeïdan, or Hippodrome. The first valley, directly west of the Seraglio, contains the buildings of the Sublime Porte, the Roumelian Railway Station, and the Royal Cistern (Yeri Batan Seraï). On the second hill are the Mosque Nouri Osmanieh, the Cistern of the Thousand and One Columns (Bin Bir Derek), the Tomb of Mahmoud II, and the Column of Constantine. In the second valley, which ascends from the lower bridge, are the Mosque Yeni Valideh Djami, the Egyptian Bazar, the American Bible House, and the Grand Bazar, which also occupies the slopes of the second and third hills. On the third hill are the Mosque of Souleiman I and the grounds and buildings of the War Department, with the lofty Tower of the Seraskier, occupying the site of Eski Seraï. On the blended crest of the second and third hills stands the Mosque of Bayezid II. The third valley extends entirely across the city, from the Golden Horn to the Marmora. It is spanned by the Aqueduct of Valens, and contains the residence of the Sheik-ul-Islam, the ancient Church of Saint Theodore of Tyrone, Shahzadel Djami, and Laleli Djami. The crest of the fourth hill is crowned by the Mosque of Mohammed II, standing on the site of the Church of the Holy Apostles. On the same hill are the Column of Marcian and many ancient churches now mosques. On the fifth hill are the Mosque of Selim I, the ancient Church of Pammakaristos, and the Cisterns of Arcadius and Petron. In the fifth valley are Phanar and the Orthodox, or Greek, Patriarchate. The sixth hill has two summits: on one are the Cistern of Bonos, Mihri-mah Djami, and the ancient Church of Chora; on the other, the ancient Palace of the Hebdomon. In the valley of the Lycus, which separates the

REFERENCES TO MAP OF STAMBOUL

- 1 The Marble Tower
- 2 Golden Gate
- 3 Seven Towers
- 4 Armenian Hospital
- 5 Mir Achor Djami
- 6 Belgrade Kapou
- 7 Silivri Kapou
- 8 Grave of Ali Pasha
- 9 Khodja Moustapha Pasha Djami
- 10 Soulou Monastir
- 11 Church of Saint George
- 12 Sandjakdar Mesdjid
- 13 Yesa Kapou Mesdjid
- 14 Daoud Pasha Djami
- 15 Hasseki Djami
- 16 Column of Arcadius
- 17 Mohammed Djerrah Pasha Djami
- 18 Daoud Pasha Kapou
- 19 Mourad Pasha Djami
- 20 Tchochour Bostan
- 21 Mevlevi Khaneh Kapou
- 22 Top Kapou
- 23 The Lycus
- 24 Mihrima Djami
- 25 Edirneh Kapou
- 26 Tchochour Bostan
- 27 Kachrieh Djami
- 28 Palace of the Hebdomon
- 29 Egri Kapou
- 30 Prison of Anemas
- 31 Aivan Seraï Kapou
- 32 Phetihieh Djami
- 33 Hirkā Sherif Djami
- 34 Phanari Yesa Mesdjid
- 35 Column of Marcian
- 36 Mosque of Sultan Mohammed II
- 37 Tchochour Bostan
- 38 Cistern of Arcadius
- 39 Mosque of Sultan Selim I
- 40 Greek Patriarchate
- 41 Petri Kapou
- 42 Yeni Kapou
- 43 Aya Kapon
- 44 Giul Djami
- 45 Djoubali Kapou
- 46 Oun Kapan
- 47 Zeïrek Djami
- 48 Aqueduct of Valens
- 49 Shahzadeh Djami
- 50 Yeni Valideh Djami
- 51 Laleli Djami
- 52 Boudroum Djami
- 53 Yeni Kapou
- 54 Arnenian Patriarchate
- 55 Mosque of Sultan Bayezid II
- 56 Tower of Seraskier
- 57 Seraskierat
- 58 Barracks
- 59 Mosque of Sultan Souleiman I
- 60 Upper Bridge
- 61 Military Prison
- 62 Odoun Kapou
- 63 Roustem Pasha Djami
- 64 American Bible House
- 65 Yeni Valideh Djami
- 66 Balouk Bazar
- 67 Lower Bridge
- 68 Custom House
- 69 R.R. Station
- 70 Custom House
- 71 Greek Hospitals
- 72 Tower of Galata
- 73 Kilidj Ali Pasha Djami
- 74 Mosque of Sultan Mahnoud II
- 75 Nouri Osmanieh
- 76 Mahmoud Pasha Djami
- 77 Atik Ali Pasha Djami
- 78 Turbeh of Sultan Mahmoud II
- 79 Column of Constantine
- 80 Bin Bir Derek
- 81 Yeri Batan Seraï
- 82 Sublime Porte
- 83 Atmeïdan
- 84 Mosque of Sultan Achmet I
- 85 Mehmet Sokolli Pasha Djami
- 86 Kutchouk Aya Sophia
- 87 Palace of Justinian
- 88 Lighthouse
- 89 Achor Kapon
- 90 Saneta Sophia
- 91 Medical School of Giul Kuaneh
- 92 Bab-i-Humayoun
- 93 Saint Irene
- 94 Planetree of the Janissaries
- 95 Ayasma of the Savior
- 96 Indjili Kiosk
- 97 Giul Khaneh Kiosk
- 98 Museum
- 99 Column of Theodosius
- 100 Hospital and Medical School
- 101 Mermer Kiosk
- 102 Top Kapou

Second to Stamboul in importance, directly opposite on the north side of the Golden Horn, are the interwoven cities of Galata and Pera. On that bald plateau which rises between the valley of Khiat Khaneh and the Bosphorus, they occupy the extreme southern point, and thus project between the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn at the junction of the two. Galata corresponds in the main with the thirteenth Region, or Clima, of Theodosius II. Its closely packed edifices lean against each other and are built along the shore and up the terraced sides of a sharply ascending hill. Its highest elevation is marked by its enormous Tower, the most prominent object on the west bank of the Bosphorus. Rapidly expanding and aggressive Pera bounds Galata on the north, and stretches ambitiously in all directions on the summit of the plateau.

East of Stamboul, across the Bosphorus on the Asiatic shore, is Scutari, called by the Ottomans Uscudar. This is the third among those three chief factors which constitute so large a portion of Constantinople. On a triangular promontory which forces its way into the strait, its buildings climb the slopes and cover part of the site of ancient Chrysopolis, the City of Chryses, or the Golden City.

These three principal sections have many features in common, and yet each bears its own character, individual and distinct. Scutari remains fixed in Oriental quiet, almost undisturbed by the rush of the nineteenth cen-

fourth, fifth, and sixth hills from the seventh, are the Etmeïdan, or Meat Market, Yeni Valideh Djami of Ak Seraï, and the ancient Church of Panachranton. On the seventh hill are the Column of Arcadius, Daoud Pasha Djami, Hasseki Djami, and the Cistern of Mokios, and on the southern slope many ancient Christian churches now mosques.

tury. It is distinctively Moslem and Ottoman, presenting the dreamy repose and apathetic immobility which characterize an Asiatic city. Its cemetery, "a wilderness of tombs," perhaps the vastest Mussulman cemetery in the world, covers with its thousands of high, motionless, funereal trees the loftiest elevation in Scutari, and is the most appalling feature in the landscape.

"The cypresses of Scutari
In stern magnificence look down
On the bright lake and stream of sea,
And glittering theatre of town:
Above the throng of rich kiosks,
Above the towers in triple tier,
Above the domes of loftiest mosques,
These pinnacles of death aspire."

In sharp contrast stand out Galata and Pera, the residence of the Franks. Galata, a mediæval Italian colonial settlement, still shows many marks of her origin, but has become the vast modern counting-house, the European commercial centre, of the capital. Pera, the home of the European ambassadors, where diplomacy is ever knotting the tangled skein of the Eastern Question, is a European city of to-day in the recent structure of her houses and the regularity of her streets.

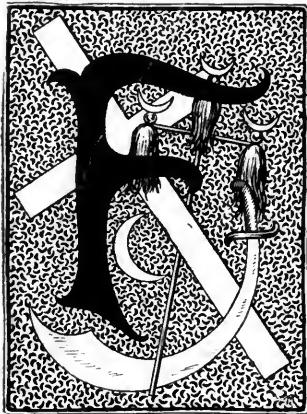
Stamboul appears a reluctant compromise between the two extremes. Ancient and modern, European and Asiatic, Christian and Moslem, Stamboul is a Janus among the cities, facing in every direction, and yet, by the relentless march of events, forced to feel the breath of western enterprise, and slowly transformed by its influence.

Nor do the less populous and widely scattered sections of the capital lack each a marked individuality of its

own. Some are inhabited only by a single nationality, and avoided by all the rest. In some, representatives of a dozen peoples dwell side by side, and churches of different Christian faiths, and synagogues, and mosques rise together fraternally toward the sky. Some of the villages on the Bosphorus are separated from each other by only a few furlongs in territorial distance, and yet are centuries apart. I recall one hamlet which seems stranded, "left by the stream whose waves are years." Apparently the last news which broke in on its slumberous quiet was the tidings that Constantinople had fallen, that supreme tragedy of four hundred years ago. I recall another whose inhabitants are agitated by a change in the German ministry or by a breath from Paris. In this diversity of life and thought one of the most subtle fascinations of Constantinople is to be found.

II

HISTORY OF CONSTANTINOPLE



EW cities have equalled Constantinople in importance. None in ancient or modern times have exceeded it in dramatic interest. During centuries of the Middle Ages it was the foremost city of the world, surpassing every other in populousness, strength, and beauty, and in the high development of its civilization. To the Mussulman it ranks next to Mecca, Medina, and Jerusalem. The Christian must regard it with still greater reverence. It was the first city distinctively Christian, erected by the first Christian Emperor on the ruins of vanquished paganism.

Here, almost in sight of the dome of Sancta Sophia, was wrought out the theology of the undivided Church by her Ecumenical Councils. Here, in the fourth and fifth centuries, preached that galaxy of pulpit orators, the Chrysostoms and Gregorys, who in biblical and pious eloquence have never been surpassed. Here, ever since its foundation, is the chief seat of that venerable communion which, alone of Christian Churches, uses no mere translation, crude and imperfect, of the Gospels in its worship, but the vernacular of whose ritual is even now daily chanted in the very language in which the New Testament was inspired. Here

were developed the first principles of Byzantine art, which, as handmaid of the Christian faith, "has had more influence than any other in the church architecture of Western Europe." Here was framed that marvelous Justinian Code, digest and compendium of all the laws known before, which, however modified, still survives and sways in all subsequent legislation. Here, in cloisters and libraries, while Europe was buried in barbarism, were preserved the precious volumes, and among her sons were being nursed the world-famous teachers, to whom in their subsequent dispersion is commonly attributed the intellectual revival, the Renaissance.

At the same time the history of no city has been more disfigured and obscured by hostile prejudice and passion. The struggle between the Sees of Rome and Constantinople—on the part of the former for supremacy, and on that of the latter for equality—is perhaps the most envenomed and longest continued of any in church history, all the bitterer because of differences in ecclesiastical practice and creed. The people of Western Europe and America, whether within or without the pale of the Roman communion, have inherited and believed whatever was taught by the Crusaders and Latin priests concerning Constantinople, the Eastern Empire, and the Eastern Church. Too often some stranger, careless of the truth, or unquestioning inheritor of Papal prejudice, has written that the history of this city "presents only deeds without grandeur, struggles without glory, and emperors known above all by their crimes and follies."

Yet the fact remains that during more than eleven hundred years after her consecration by Constantine, Constantinople yielded but once to foreign attack, when in the thirteenth century she was sacked by the Latin Crusaders.

Many times assaulted by Persia, which, resurrected under her Sassanide kings, had reached a height of prosperity and power ancient Persia hardly attained ; by the Arabs, in all the fiery glow of a new and till then triumphant faith ; by innumerable hosts constantly renewed, of Goths, Avars, Bulgarians, and Slavonians,—enemies as powerful and relentless as ever thundered at the gates of Rome,—Constantinople vanquished them all, surrendering only at last to Sultan Mohammed II and the Ottomans. No other capital presents so sublime a spectacle during the Middle Ages. Alone of all the cities of Europe, she towered erect, unsubmerged amid the wild torrents of invasion. This record is the highest tribute both to the pre-eminent superiority of her position and to the skill and heroism of her sons.

The History of Constantinople divides itself into three distinct epochs. The transition from one to the other is not gradual, with its boundary line indefinite, but sudden and complete. Even the day, almost the hour, of the transition may be noted. In each epoch the city has borne a different name, been enclosed by different boundaries, been administered by a radically different system of government, and been dominated by a different faith. Each transition has been made by a people of blood, customs, and language different from the preceding proprietors.

The First Epoch extends from the earliest times to May 11, 330. This may be called Classic, or Greek. Mythology blends with its earliest traditions ; yet this epoch embraces in addition a duration of over eight hundred years after the dawn of authentic history.

The Second Epoch extends from May 11, 330, to May 29, 1453, two springtimes eleven hundred and twenty-

three years apart, indicating its beginning and its end. Though at first Roman, it is more appropriately called Byzantine. This period almost exactly coincides with the duration of the Middle Ages, it and the Middle Ages terminating together.

The Third Epoch extends from May 29, 1453, to the present time. This is the Ottoman period. It ushers in and is synchronous with modern times.

THE FIRST EPOCH

BYZANTIUM was founded in that misty age when the swarming, adventurous sons of Greece were dotting the shores of the Mediterranean and its tributary waters with their colonies. The person of the Founder, dimly discerned on that border-land of time where mythology and history encroach upon each other, appears of colossal proportions and sprung from divine origin. His parents are the sea-god Poseidon and Keroessa, daughter of tormented Io and of omnipotent Zeus. His name is derived from the nymph Byzia, who nursed him at his birth. He wins Phidalia, the fair daughter of Barbyses, King of the Hellespont, as his bride. The maiden had already begun the erection of the city, but associates her husband in her undertaking, and confers on the nascent town her husband's name. Poseidon and Apollo share with mortals the labors of the foundation; and the Erythrean Sibyl reveals that its walls are the masonry of the gods. Hæmus, King of the Scythians, descends from his mountains to contend with Byzas, and is killed by him in single fight. No better fares Odryses, another Scythian king, who attacks Byzantium while Byzas and the men are absent, but whom Phidalia and the women defeat, — the only

weapon of the female garrison being the innumerable serpents which they hurl.

History, more definite in statement, is perhaps no more exact. In the seventh century before Christ, Byzas, King of Megaris, led a company of his countrymen to Lygos, on the Thracian Bosphorus, and there built Byzantium. In



BYZAS

after years Argos, Athens, and Miletos disputed with Megaris the honor of its foundation. The early colonists spoke the Doric dialect, and some of the original settlers may have been Dorians. Nothing is known of the people they found on their arrival. The site was a marvellously wise selection, unsurpassed in natural beauty, easy of defence against the neighboring barbarians, and commanding the only water

route between the Black and Mediterranean seas. On the death of Byzas, Dinos, a noble of Chalcedon, was chosen king. During the struggle against Scythian and Thracian foes he had been the city's constant friend. A generation later a second colony of Megarians arrived, led by Xeuxippos.

When Darius Hystaspes crossed the Bosphorus against the Scythians, and the long, glorious struggle between Persia and Greece began, Byzantium, on the eastern verge of the continent, was the first European city to fall into Persian hands. Henceforward, in all the vicissitudes of the kindred Grecian cities during the next eight centuries, she had her share. Joining in the Ionian revolt, she was burned to the ground on the triumph of Persia, and her surviving inhabitants sought a refuge at Mesembria, on the inhospitable shores of the Black Sea.

When the Persians were expelled from Greece, Byzantium was delivered by Pausanias, the conqueror at Plataea, who so rebuilt and enlarged the ruined city as to be reckoned its second Founder. Here was the scene of the great Spartan's treason, when from Byzantium he offered to betray to Xerxes Sparta, Athens, and all Greece.

In the suicidal strife of Athens and Sparta, when each was desperate for a selfish supremacy, Byzantium swung from side to side according as either was in the ascendant, or as the democratic or autocratic spirit of her citizens prevailed. The return of the Ten Thousand was a thrilling episode in her career, when she barely escaped destruction, and was only rescued by the eloquent oration of Xenophon to his troops. Athens had been her constant oppressor, and was her natural rival. Heading a coalition of island states and aided by King Mausolus, she was able definitely to throw off the Athenian yoke and became herself the foremost maritime Greek city.

The rising Macedonian Empire found her its steadfast and undismayed antagonist. Philip of Macedon with a powerful army besieged Byzantium. Fired by the burning eloquence of Demosthenes, Athens resolved, sinking the memory of old hatreds and seeking the welfare of Greece, to send ships and men to the aid of the endangered city. One dark, stormy night Philip endeavored to capture the city by surprise. Some of his soldiers had scaled the wall; others by subterranean passages were almost inside. Suddenly the clear moon burst through the clouds; the dogs' barking roused the weary garrison, and the Macedonians were driven back. That was the crisis of the two years' siege.

The Byzantines saw in their marvellous deliverance the interposition of torch-bearing Hecate. To her they

erected a commemorative statue, and changed the name of the region where it stood from Bosporion to Phosphorion. Henceforth the crescent and star, or the crescent and seven stars, symbols of the goddess of the moon, appeared on the Byzantine coins as commonly as Poseidon and his trident, or the dolphins, or the cow Io, or the fishes, or the bunch of grapes; all those devices had reference to the legendary past or to the prosperity of the city.

Nobly the Byzantines had borne themselves in the conflict, enduring every hardship and repairing their shattered walls with the gravestones of their ancestors. But without the whole-hearted assistance of Athens their heroism would have been in vain. Three colossal statues they erected in the harbor, representing the cities of Byzantium and Perinthos, likewise besieged by Philip, crowning their savior Athens. They decreed right of citizenship to the Athenians, precedence at the public ceremonies, and exemption from onerous duties. This decree is imperishably preserved, quoted in the masterpiece of the chief orator of all time in his speech concerning the Crown.

The third century before Christ was a hard one for the Byzantines. The warring Gauls and Thracians rivalled each other in extortions from the unhappy city; and the allied maritime Greek states ravaged her territories, and swept her commerce from the sea. At last she became by treaty the ally of the Romans, and rendered faithful service against the pseudo-Philip, Antiochus, and Mithridates, the relentless enemies of Rome. Cicero bore tribute to her fidelity, when denouncing the avaricious Piso for his wrongs against this steadfast ally.

At the beginning of the Christian era Byzantium was prosperous and at peace. The loss of her quondam

quasi-independence was more than compensated by the advantages enjoyed as part of the Universal Empire. Through all the phases of Greek political experience she had passed; monarchic in her origin, democratic, autocratic, oligarchic, by turns; all systems she had tried, and most systems more than once, and was now a "free city" and "ally" of the Romans. Her culture, wealth, and beauty, her treasures of antiquity and art, gave her universal fame, and rendered her a renowned resort.

The independent spirit of her inhabitants, her capability of obstinate resistance, her wonderful vitality, or recuperative power, made her the object of constant suspicion to the emperors. Vespasian stripped her of her privileges and reduced her to the most profound subjection.

In the second century she embraced the cause of Niger against Septimius Severus, in their struggle for the imperial crown. Even after his cause was lost and Niger dead, Byzantium was faithful to his memory. During a three years' siege she maintained a resistance among the sublimest in history, withstanding unaided and alone all the forces of the Roman Empire. Men tore timber from their houses to repair the ships. Women cut off their hair to make bowstrings and ropes. The starving garrison were sometimes kept alive by human flesh. The triumphant Severus visited the heroic city with unmanly revenge: the garrison and magistrates were put to death; the high, broad walls, the stones of which were bound together by clamps of iron, her glory, the bulwark



SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS

of civilization against the northern hordes, were levelled with the ground, and the soil whereon they stood was furrowed by the plough. The very name Byzantium was blotted out and the abandoned spot called Antonina. Six years after, when the bloody rage of resentment and triumph had cooled, Severus realized the political crime he had committed, and endeavored to rebuild the city. Quickly she arose from her ruins and reassumed her former name.

Two generations later most of her citizens, for some unknown reason, were destroyed in indiscriminate massacre by the soldiers of the ignoble Emperor Gallienus.

In 323, Byzantium declared for Licinius against Constantine, and adhered with her oldtime heroic fidelity to the ill-fated sovereign of her choice. When Licinius, overwhelmed at Adrianople, escaped to her for refuge, she received him with open arms. Meanwhile the hosts of Constantine were pressing ever nearer. When the fleet of Licinius was defeated at the Dardanelles, the terrified Emperor fled to Chalkedon. Still the Byzantines with traditional obstinacy withstood the skilful and vigorous assaults of Constantine. When Byzantium at last submitted, by her fall Constantine was rendered sole master of the reunited Empire, and the farther resistance of Licinius became hopeless and vain.

By the unrivalled advantages of her situation, the conquered city vanquished the conqueror. In her site he found what his eye of statesman and warrior had sought in vain on the shores of the Adriatic and Ægean. On the throne of universal dominion, which Imperial Rome was abdicating with her forsaken gods, Constantine called Byzantium to sit. Herein he, whose title of the Great is "deserved rather by what he did than by what he was," gave the most convincing proof of his profound

political sagacity. "No city chosen by the art of man has been so well chosen and so permanent."

It is impossible to know with certainty when Constantine first decided on his new capital or began its erection: probably in 325, directly after the Council of Nice. An eagle's flight from Chrysopolis to Byzantium, according to the legend, first inspired the conception in his mind of Byzantium as the seat of empire. When the following night he slept within her walls, another legend states how the tutelar genius of the place appeared to him in a dream as a woman aged and decrepit suddenly transformed into a radiant maiden, whom his own hands adorned with all the insignia of royalty.

The new city was to include not only old Byzantium, but an area vastly extended toward the west. At the head of a solemn and magnificent retinue, the Emperor traced the boundaries with his spear. When the courtiers, astounded at the distance traversed, asked him to halt, he replied, "I must follow till He who leads me stops." Later he declared that he marked out its limits "jubente Deo." Its completion was pressed on with feverish impatience.

To the enlargement and adornment of the new capital, all the untold wealth of the Roman Empire, artistic, inventive, financial, was devoted during years. The resources and energies of the mightiest empire in Europe—expended by the grandest of all her czars upon the city of the Neva—were trivial and cheap compared with the exhaustless treasures Constantine could lavish upon the city of the Marmora and of the Golden Horn. Peter could adorn his capital only with what Russian art could devise or Russian gold could buy. Constantine, sole sovereign of the sole empire on

the globe, had but to raise his finger, to breathe his wish, and all the treasures of classic art, unequalled to this day, from all over the civilized world poured to this single harbor like rivers to one sea. From Greece and the Grecian Isles, from Syria and Egypt and Africa, from Spain, from southern Gaul, from Italy, ay, even from dismantled Rome herself,—from wherever there was that which was classic, that which was rare, that which was priceless,—it was brought over land and sea to deck the world's new queen.

THE SECOND EPOCH

DURING the Second Epoch, as also in the Third, the history of Constantinople is inextricably interwoven with that of an empire. The transition in her political life is enormous. Thus far she had been a city complete in herself, at first isolated in her ancient Greek independence and then, like countless other municipal atoms, subject to the far distant, almost unseen power of Rome. Now she had become herself the head and heart, whose nerves thrilled even at a rumor from remotest provinces, and in whose arteries and veins throbbed all the political currents of mankind. The story of her life taxes the learning and prolixity of a Gibbon and a Lebeau. A brief sketch like this can glance only at a few momentous events, which, like lofty mountains, loom above the other peaks in the prodigious chain of her history.

The city, as capital of the Roman Empire, was consecrated by Constantine to the service of Christ. The many ancient temples that crowned the first hill had doubtless been destroyed. But it is too much to say, as does Dean Stanley, “Except during the short

reign of Julian, no column of sacrificial smoke has gone up from the Seven Hills of Constantinople." Yet, above all other cities of the world, she was from her very birth a city of churches.

That eleventh of May was the proudest day in Constantine's marvellous career. It was the baptismal day of the new metropolis which he had given to civilization and to Christianity. Imagination can faintly depict the partly Pagan, partly Christian, splendor of the dedicatory rites. Within the Hippodrome, the crowning structure of the city, itself glorious beyond description with bronze and marble masterpieces, was celebrated the grand inaugural. Into its enclosure swept the great procession of all that was mightiest, fairest, and most gorgeous in the State.

The Emperor ascended to his throne in the Chamber of the Tribunal, or the Kathisma, whence he could behold the thousands of his subjects. Around him stood the surviving members of the Flavian family. His children's mother, the fair Fausta, whom he had smothered in the bath, and his oldest son Crispus, whom he had unjustly condemned, were indeed wanting. His mother, Saint Helena, had just died, but most of the imperial house were there. That many of those princes were in after years to die in open war against one another, or by secret assassination, no seer or prophet beholding the brilliant spectacle could have foretold. Their approaching destiny cast no shadow upon the splendor of the scene. In the



SAINT HELENA, MOTHER OF
CONSTANTINE THE GREAT

lodges stretching on either side to the east and west limits of the Hippodrome, were the members of the just-created Senate, the Consuls, the grand officials, the chief generals of the state. In the lower range of seats, the Podium, were patricians and magistrates, wearing the new robes of their newly assumed offices. Ranged on the benches, thronging the lofty promenade, were the citizens of every rank, many with their wives. Over beyond the Gate of the Dead, in the Sphendone to its topmost range, seethed the packed multitude of the rabble.

By the lips of the Patriarch, the new name *Nova Roma* was pronounced, which should blot out the heathen name and the heathen past of Old Byzantium, but which itself the Greek title *Constantinoupolis* was shortly to supersede. As the rites were ending, soldiers, clad in long cloaks and bearing lighted candles, brought the statue of Constantine into the Hippodrome. The immense assembly kneeling paid homage to the statue, and then reverently in august procession bore it to crown the Porphyry Column in the Forum. Meanwhile, "the clergy, erect in the solemn congregation, cried a hundred times with a mighty voice, 'Kyrie eleëson.'" During subsequent centuries this ceremony was repeated upon the anniversary day. On a triumphal car each year a gilded statue of Constantine was borne into the Hippodrome. Then it was stationed before the throne of the Kathisma, and the Emperor and people bowed humbly before the image of the city's founder.

The festivities after the dedication lasted forty days.

No author has ever adequately set forth what would have been the inevitable result if, instead of becoming the world's capital, Byzantium had merely retained her

former rank as but one among many cities of minor importance. It is enough to say that the ethnographic face of Europe would have been vastly modified, and its religious aspect transformed. Even as the great capital centring the power and pride of a vast and historic empire, Constantinople was barely able to withstand her multitudinous and successive foes. Shame alone prevented the great-souled Heraklios in the seventh century from removing the government to Carthage, and abandoning Constantinople to the Persians, the Avars, the Slavonians,—to whoever could seize it first.

Had Byzantium continued to be only a strongly fortified frontier town, and not the imperial capital, that first Arab attack would have been resistless. More than Gibbon deduced from the battle of Tours would have been fulfilled. In Europe, except at the extreme south and west, Christianity at that time had hardly any footing. The fierce Slavonic nations, still pagan though sick of paganism and ready to change, would have welcomed triumphant Islam, as in keeping with their own ardent spirits. Westward the tide of blended martial and religious fervor would have rolled, all-conquering, all-devouring. The Saracenic and Moorish hosts of the later invasion which swept across Gibraltar would have united with the hosts that had subdued the Bosphorus. The churches of Europe would have been blotted out, as were the even stronger churches of northern Africa, and Europe would be ruled, not by Christianity, but by a different faith to-day.

But the contribution of her founder to her inner political life was evil far more than good. A horde of dissolute and idle persons, attracted from abroad by the stated prodigal largesses of the government in distribution of

bread, wine, and money, mixed with her people, and debased their character and blood. The senatorial and patrician families who had thronged from Italy, tempted by proffers of imperial favor and gifts of palaces and lands, were by no means Romans of "the brave days of old." The last vestige of municipal liberty was taken away, and the farce of electing powerless consuls and a shadowy senate was given instead.

As all freedom died, an aristocratic despotism, all-pervading in its repression and more than Oriental in its unbridled luxury and effeminacy, took its place. The palace of Constantius II is stated to have contained no less than eight hundred barbers and twelve hundred cooks. Then first appeared within the city, swelling the train of Constantine and his children, those sexless human monsters whose very functions are an insult to mankind. Inevitable consequence of imperial prodigality and extravagance, then followed such unjust and exorbitant taxation as crippled the rich and crushed the poor. Worst of all was the spectacle of domestic horrors perpetrated in his family by Constantine and his sons. Many an inhuman crime, on the Byzantine throne in after reigns, had its prototype and parallel in the house of the first Christian Emperor.

It is common even now to sneer at the "degenerate Greeks of the Lower Empire." Nevertheless, nowhere in any foreign land could be found a city whose populace might put Constantinople to the blush. At times, indeed, evil emperors, faithless generals, recreant prelates, passed along the scene; and yet, during that long period of eleven centuries, nowhere were there more numerous instances of heroic courage, of lofty self-sacrifice, of exalted virtue, than among the people of Constantinople.

Even at the time in that long ago when the picture seems most sombre here, it was no less bloody, no less mingled with treason, revolution, and assassination elsewhere in the world.

Even the democratic spirit was not absolutely extinguished by absolute power. The imperial dynasties seldom had long continuance, for loyalty through centuries to a family, regardless of its deserts, was an impossibility to the Greeks. The last emperor even was chosen by a sort of national suffrage, and, as Count Ségur remarks, “Even to the last day election prevailed, and this feeble ray of the ancient liberty of Rome and Byzantium threw a last flicker over their last remains.”

During this Second Epoch eleven dynasties come and go. The short-lived family of Constantine disappears on the banks of the Euphrates with Julian, the noblest of the line, the last pagan emperor. Under the family of Theodosius, the Universal Empire is rent in twain, never to be reunited; but his daughter, the Empress Saint Pulcheria, passes away in peace, for her dying eye beholds Arianism crushed, and the ashes forever cold on the last pagan altar. The Thracian dynasty leaves faint trace save in the augmented prerogatives of the priests, from whose hand it humbled itself to receive the crown.

Then arises an illustrious dynasty of lowly origin. In 470, Justin, a Thracian shepherd, twenty years of age, abandoned his flocks, and with no other possessions than



THE EMPEROR JULIAN

a staff and a leathern wallet to hold his bread, came to Constantinople in search of adventure. Whether his ancestry was of Greek, Gothic, or Slavic stock is an undetermined question.

Because of his gigantic stature, he found no difficulty in enlisting as a common soldier. A hero on the field of battle, during forty-eight years he slowly climbed the ladder of military promotion to its top. When in 518 the Emperor Anastasius died, and left no heir save kinsmen unworthy of the succession, the concordant voice of the army, senate, and people

shepherd as the fittest occupant

acknowledged the former of the throne. Simple, austere, utterly illiterate, yet able to discern talent and willing to employ it wherever found, he justified the popular choice. Dying at the age of seventy-seven, he bequeathed the crown to his nephew, Justinian the Great.

The reign of the latter, through its achievements in architecture, legislation, industry, and war, is among the most brilliant of authentic history.



THE EMPRESS SAINT
PULCHERIA



JUSTINIAN THE GREAT

The victories of his generals, Belisarius and Narses, in Italy, Africa, and Persia, and along the Danube may be forgotten, for those martial triumphs were mainly temporary in their results. But Sancta Sophia and the Justinian Code are more enduring and more glorious monuments of the greatness of Justinian. The introduction of the silkworm and the creation of the silk industry through the countries west of China is the still more beneficent accomplishment of his reign. The glory and renown of the sovereign was fitly shared by the Empress Theodora, whose image appears conjointly with her husband's upon the coin, and whose name is cited with his in public decrees.



THE EMPRESS THEODORA, WIFE OF
JUSTINIAN

This is, moreover, the period when the absorption or disappearance of the Italian element in the state becomes complete; when native forces reassert their full supremacy, and the native language retakes its place as the universal medium of speech. After Justinian dies in 565, the Em-

pire can no longer be called or considered Roman or Latin; it is henceforth and distinctively Byzantine, or Greek.

Shortly after the blood of Justinian became extinct, the Heraclian dynasty succeeded. Then burst the new religion in a whirlwind from Arabia. Forty years after the death of the Prophet, the whole strength of triumphant Islam at the zenith of its power was hurled in a seven years' desperate siege against Constantinople. The patient courage of Constantine IV, the devotion of the populace, and the invention of Greek fire repulsed every assault of the besiegers; at last, the defeated and broken-hearted Caliph, by an annual tribute of gold, horses, and slaves, purchased peace. This is the momentous and most memorable event in the history of Constantinople, and the most far-reaching in its results.

Hardly a century later, the Arabs attempted a second siege, little less appalling than the first. One hundred and eighty thousand Moslem warriors, conveyed on two thousand six hundred ships, fought through eighteen months with tireless valor to conquer the city, but fought in vain.

Scarce had the Arabs been repulsed when the rough Isaurian family, more able to wield a sword than to mould a creed, precipitated the iconoclastic controversy. Council and counter-council, persecution and anti-persecution, racked the city. Zealots won the martyr's palm by dying to destroy or to preserve some holy image or mosaic picture. Artists were driven from the city, schools were shut, libraries burned, civilization was set back, and barbarism seemed returning. Through more than a hundred years the conflict raged with slight cessation till the Emperor Theophilus on his deathbed enjoined on his wife Theodora the duty of enforcing peace.

The Empire seems tottering to its fall. Unnumbered hostile hosts of Arabs, Russians, Bulgarians, Germans, pour through the eastern, northern, and western frontiers, united only in a common purpose to break the Empire and take the city. A Slavonian groom founds the Macedonian Dynasty. By him and his successors, Romanos I, Nikephoros II, John Zimiskes, Basil Bulgaroktonos, emperors whose helmets are a fitter head-dress than their crowns, the throne is maintained with glory, the rights of the national church asserted, the empire reorganized, the tide of invasion rolled beyond the borders, which are extended to the Euphrates, Italy is reunited to the Empire, the Emir of Aleppo forced to pay tribute, and the Caliph to sue for peace. The scars of the iconoclastic struggle disappear from the face of the city.

Loosed by a restless hermit and an ambitious pope, the deluge of the Crusaders sweeps toward the Holy Land, as menacing to friends as foes, to Christians as to Moslems, threatening to engulf the capital and Empire on its way. The courage and astuteness of the Komnenan House maintain the majesty of the capital and the independence of the Empire. Had the head of Alexios I Komnenos been less shrewd and his hand



COSTUME OF EMPEROR AND PATRIARCH PRIOR TO 1053

less firm, the Eastern Empire would have been swept away in the First Crusade.

At last arrives the most inglorious period in the city's history, when the Angelos Dynasty disgrace the throne nineteen shameful years. By their fraud, treachery, and incapacity all that the Komnenoi gained is lost. The character of the rulers reacts to make the people as contemptible as themselves. Foreign foes are summoned to adjust dynastic wrongs, and the way prepared for the overthrow of Constantinople by the Fourth Crusade. The Venetians and Franks besiege the city to replace the deposed Isaac Angelos upon his throne. Soon after, they assault the capital on their own account. At its capture is ushered in the Latin domination of the Empire, when ensues the most disastrous and pitiable half-century Constantinople has ever known.

After the horrors of the sack, the city is parcelled out among the merciless conquerors. One-fourth is assigned to Baldwin, Count of Flanders, elected first Latin Emperor; three-fourths are divided equally between the Venetians and Franks. Their lives are all the trembling citizens can call their own. The Latin priests hold forcible possession of the churches, elect a Latin Patriarch, and proclaim the submission of Orthodoxy to the See of Rome. No effort is made to conciliate the conquered. Their every right and prejudice is treated with contempt. The Empire is divided into principalities and smaller fiefs, after the feudal system of the West. From their refuge in Nice, where some of the Greeks have fled, they gaze with longing toward their dishonored city.

The Latin domination, founded in violence and existing only in brute force, grows weaker as time wears away. After fifty-seven years of bondage and exile, the last

dynasty, the Palaiologoi, seize the city almost without resistance. Michael VIII enters barefoot through the Golden Gate, and the Greeks repossess their own.

But the dismantled capital never could regain its beauty nor the shattered empire its strength. The



MICHAEL VIII PALAILOGOS AND HIS WIFE THEODORA

population of Constantinople had shrunk to one hundred thousand souls. Provinces and islands were held by Frank and Venetian families too strong to be dispossessed. A hopeless endeavor to put together the broken fragments, then a weary struggle for mere existence, fill the last two centuries of the Empire. Impolitic negotiations of the emperors for union with the Roman

Church and frivolous expeditions to Europe in quest of aid alienate the sympathies of the nation, paralyze its forces by division, and hasten on the final overthrow. Meanwhile, the expanding Ottoman power casts every year an ever heavier shadow on the Byzantine throne.

When Constantine XIII succeeds in 1449, prince and people alike know that without a miracle the inevitable result cannot be long delayed. Piteous prayers for aid and appeals to chivalry find only a deaf ear in Italy and France. The boundaries of the empire, shrinking on every side, become coterminous with the city's walls. In the succession of the calm, cool Mourad II by Prince Mohammed, burning with ambition and impatient of control, is harbinger that the end is near. The erection of the fortress at Roumeli Hissar in 1452 is itself a menace, and begins the investment of the city, grain ships being no longer able to bring supplies from the Black Sea.

Refusing all terms that imply submission or dishonor, though conscious that he is marching to a hopeless fight and an open grave, Constantine strains every nerve against the gathering storm. He stores the city with all the war munitions and provisions he can obtain. He enrolls all the fighting men, of whom a careful census reveals but four thousand nine hundred and seventy-three. The probability of defeat and the uncertainty of pay repel from his standard such soldiers as fight for hire, and of mercenaries he can obtain but two thousand. All together less than seven thousand men are mustered to guard fortifications more than ten miles in length and to withstand an enemy twenty times as strong.

Nor in that crucial hour was the Emperor sustained by the sympathy of his people. The Palaiologoi, his ances-



CONSTANTINE XIII, THE LAST BYZANTINE EMPEROR

tors, had always dallied with Rome. Even Michael VIII, who won back the Empire from the Latins, had strained his eyes with longing for alliance with the Pope. Because of his suspected apostasy he had been deemed an outcast by his subjects, and after his death had been for a time denied Christian burial. Pilgrimages to Italy and partial abjurations of the Orthodox creed on the part of subsequent sovereigns had estranged the devotion of the Greek Church and people to their imperial head.

In what they deemed apostasy, Constantine XIII had gone farther still. Others had assented when abroad ; but he, under the dome of Sancta Sophia, had proclaimed the submission of the Eastern Church to the Roman See, and had received the sacrament in Romish fashion from the hand of a Latin priest. Centuries of religious alienation and animosity could not be bridged by a mere imperial utterance. Even his temporary acquiescence of the lips, against which the faith and the pride of the nation protested, was a political manœuvre in the hope of securing Western aid against the Moslems, and sure to be repudiated as soon as the hour of danger passed. It was of all the official acts of Constantine XIII the blunder the most colossal.

It costs to utter a word in depreciation of that heroic emperor, who struggled so sublimely against desperate odds, and who marched unshrinking to a martyr's death. But this abjuration of his national, ancestral faith gained him not a soldier from abroad, and chilled and paralyzed united action at home. The paid soldiers of fortune from the West cared little what was the creed of him in whose service they struck their blows. The Italian mercenaries were regarded with aversion, for tradition had handed down the horrors of the Latin Conquest, and many a

Greek believed he had reason on his side when declaring plainly that he abhorred the crimson hat of a Roman cardinal more than the red flag of Mohammed.

The devotion of the Greek to his church — a devotion undiminished to-day — is an anomaly in the history of Christian peoples. Had Constantine cast himself on the great national heart instead of piteously seeking the aid of the foreigner; had he clung unswerving to the great national church, — the result could have been at least no more disastrous than it was, and possibly might have been reversed. Without assistance from abroad, Manuel II, in 1422, had beaten off the apparently resistless host of Mourad II, though the besiegers for the first time in history were armed with all the unknown terrors of gunpowder and cannon. Thirty years later, why, without assistance from abroad, might not Constantine, a greater than Manuel, likewise have successfully resisted the son of Mourad II? x

On April 2, 1453, the warlike Sultan with a hundred and sixty thousand soldiers and a horde of dervishes and camp followers pitched his camp over against the walls. A week later his fleet of three hundred and sixty warships arrived. One week later still the victorious passage of five Christian galleys through the Ottoman navy lighted almost the only ray of hope that flickered in the breasts of the besieged. Two days more, and sixty-eight of the Sultan's vessels, navigating as by enchantment on the hills, rode over solid land into the Golden Horn. A fortnight later the entire Ottoman forces, though incited by the presence and voice of their impatient sovereign, were repulsed with fearful loss in a general attack.

Then the Sultan devoted three weeks to preparation for an assault that should be resistless. He announced that on

the 29th of May the decisive attack should be made. To inflame still more the ardor of his troops, he promised them all the treasures of the city, reserving to himself only the walls and the public buildings. Day and night dervishes patrolled the army, exciting to frenzy the sensuous nature of the Moslems. The realism of their faith in the future world has never been surpassed. So, as he thrilled to glowing pictures of wealth and beauty waiting in the beleaguered city, or of languishing houries stretching to him their white arms from heaven, the ecstatic Moslem warrior cared not whether he lived or died, sure of satiety either in paradise or on earth.

Many were indeed animated by a loftier aim. Between Islam and Christianity there was eternal war, and Islam had not always won. Now the seal was to be set on the triumphs of their creed. The Prophet long before had said: "Constantinople shall be subdued. Happy the prince, happy the army, that shall achieve its conquest." It was their unutterable privilege to have part in the foretold victory.

The Sultan had made no effort to keep his plan of action secret. Hence the date fixed for the decisive attack was known almost as speedily in the city as in the hostile camp. Those weeks of ceaseless preparation on the part of the host outside must have worn more fearfully on the spirits of the meagre garrison than the most desperate combat could have done. Every soldier on the rampart felt that each day's lull in battle helped to forge to a whiter heat the thunderbolt that was to fall. All that man might do, they and the Emperor did to make ready against the awful storm. The stern angels, that lent them patience and nerved their dauntless courage, were patriotism, duty, and despair. On the 28th of May,

religious zeal

when the sun went down in glory beyond the purpling western hills, many a hero gazed on it wistfully and long, realizing he never should look forth again upon its setting splendor.

The Emperor sought to die, not only as a soldier with his harness on, but as became a Christian emperor. He attended the midnight mass in Sancta Sophia, and received the sacrament. Then slowly he rode back across the city to the Palace of Blachernai. After a brief attempt at rest, he visited and cheered the sentinels in the long circuit of the land walls. Each chieftain and soldier he found at his appointed place, intrepid and resolved. As they looked each other in the eye, little reference to possible victory fell from the Emperor's lips. Nor was the answering shout more exultant, though equally sublime. "The soldiers wept, and with a groan replied, 'We will die for the faith of Christ and for our country.' "

Nor was this answer a mere idle boast. The memory of the Emperor, because of his exalted rank and larger responsibilities, towers above their humbler fame. It was fitting on the morrow that the foreign mercenaries, having all save one dishonored leader striven their best, should survive defeat, and be ready for other fields. But most of the Greek captains were to prove that the old Grecian spirit was not dead, and were themselves to fall like their sovereign.

Mohammed was as sleepless, active, and determined. His promises had been so vast that many a Moslem doubted whether the Sultan once victorious might not forget his word. In his charge to his troops before the onset, he confirmed all he had hitherto said of either threat or promise, and closed by a strange and solemn oath. He swore it by the eternity of God, by the four thousand

prophets, by the soul of his father Mourad II, by the lives of his children, and by his scimitar. The camp of the three hundred thousand resounded with one appalling shout. Dervishes and soldiers tore down their tents and, setting them on fire, kindled one mighty conflagration from the Marmora to the Golden Horn. They said : “This rubbish is useless now. To-morrow we sleep in Constantinople.”

In the gray dusk before the breaking dawn, Constantine took his stand at the gate of Saint Romanos with Giustiniani, the chief of the Italian mercenaries, at his side. With the silence and the mercilessness of doom, the Ottomans pressed forward. At the brink of the moat they could not falter. Thousands from behind forced them on, and it was bridged with the piled up forms of the writhing living and of the dead. “There,” says the historian Phranzes, who was fighting at the wall, “the wretches went down alive to hell.” Cannon battered breaches in the walls which had withstood the shock of war a thousand years.

Yet during two mortal hours the garrison did not waver at any point, and held their multitudinous enemies at bay. But so far they were contending with the worthless rabble, whose lives the Sultan despised, and whom he had first precipitated to the attack. [At last he unleashed his fifteen thousand janissaries, the best drilled, the bravest, the most remorseless soldiers then in the world.] The unequal contest could not long continue. Giustiniani, wounded in the wrist, forsook his post, despite the prayers of the Emperor ; and, sneering at the man he deserted, escaped to Galata to hide his shame. The hireling fled because he was a hireling : the Emperor, even after his friends lay dead around him

and the Moslem host was pressing in on every side, fought on alone.

Reverent myths and legends describe the manner of his death, and transmit the last utterances of his lips. In his agony he is said to have moaned, "Is there no Christian hand to take my life?" and then to have cried aloud above the noise of battle, "I would rather die than live." In the final mêlée with five janissaries, it is stated that he slew three, but that the scimitar of the fourth slashed away half of the eagle face and brought him to his knees, while the fifth pierced him through from behind.

When the battle was won, a soldier brought his captain a pair of crimson shoes wrought with golden eagles. In the search a form so mutilated that a mother could not have recognized her child, was found where the heap of slain was highest. Ottoman credulity identified these remains as those of Constantine, and for three days exposed its dismembered head on the statue of Justinian in the Augustæum. To the mangled trunk Mohammed gave a pompous funeral with the ceremonial befitting a Byzantine Emperor. The head, stuffed with straw, was promenaded through the chief towns of the Ottoman dominions as the most convincing proof that the capital had fallen.

To-day, in the quarter of Abou Vefa in Stamboul, may be seen a lowly, nameless grave which the humble Greeks revere as that of Constantine. Timid devotion has strewn around it a few rustic ornaments. Candles were kept burning night and day at its side. Till eight years ago it was frequented, though secretly, as a place of prayer. Then the Ottoman Government interposed with severe penalties, and it has since been almost deserted. All this is but in keeping with the tales which delight the credulous or devout. History knows only that the pile of slain

about him was the Emperor's funeral pyre, and that the Emperor and Empire have transmuted the soil about the

Gate of Saint Romanos, where they died together, into holy ground.



MOHAMMED II THE CONQUEROR

At noon Sultan Mohammed II, the Conqueror, made his triumphal entry, and proceeded slowly through the city by the later Triumphal Way to Sancta Sophia. The cymbals and gongs resounded without cessation along the route;

their every note was proclamation that the Second Epoch of Constantinople had ended, and that the Third Epoch was begun.

THE THIRD EPOCH

If the transition of Byzantium to the Second Epoch had been enormous, that of Constantinople to the Third was greater still. The moment the last Cæsar's fall left her without an empire and head, she became the capital of the Sultans. Even in the new name by which hereafter she was commonly to be called — in the name Stamboul¹ or

¹ One derivation often given for Stamboul is from *εἰς τὴν πόλιν* (*eis teen poleen*), “to the city.” It is supposed that the Ottomans often overheard this phrase on the lips of the Greeks, and that from it they formed the word Stamboul. This derivation is untenable. The Ottomans often retained foreign names of places they had captured. In case the name was long, they dropped the first syllable, and contracted or abridged the last syllables. Thus from Thessalonica they made *Selanik*; from Constantinople, *Stamboul*.

Istamboul, fashioned in Turkish derivation from Constantinople — lingered the tale of her lofty origin. Another name, Constantinieh, the most frequent on Turkish coins and of constant use among Arabs, Persians, and Ottomans, preserved the memory of her emperors. Save in these two respects, — municipal rank and source of name, — all else was absolutely changed, not only in outward form, but in individual essence.

The Romans and the Greeks had been of kindred blood, tracing their languages to a cognate source. In the childhood of their race they had worshipped at the altars of common pagan gods, and in their fuller manhood together abjured paganism for a higher and a diviner faith. Their civilization had flowed from neighboring fountains, whose waters mingled later in a common stream. Eventually at Constantinople the Roman element had disappeared, had been absorbed, costume, language, contour of brow, color of hair and eye, tint of skin, natural disposition even, into the entity of the Greeks. Yet it was not all forgotten, for the name survived in the appellation of their language, Romaic, the mediæval Greek, and in the title by which they call themselves even to-day, the Romaioi.

But between the Ottomans and the Greeks there was not a link in common save a common humanity. The host that appalled the ravished city with its frenetic shouts had come in a slow march of two hundred and fifty years from beyond the Caspian, beyond the Great Salt Desert, from the wide wastes of Khorassan. The robes they wore, the steeds they bestrode, the arms they used so well, told of the distant East. The palaces they summoned into existence for sultan and pasha, in structure and appearance recalled the patriarchal tent and the nomad life of the plain. The tongue they spoke was of

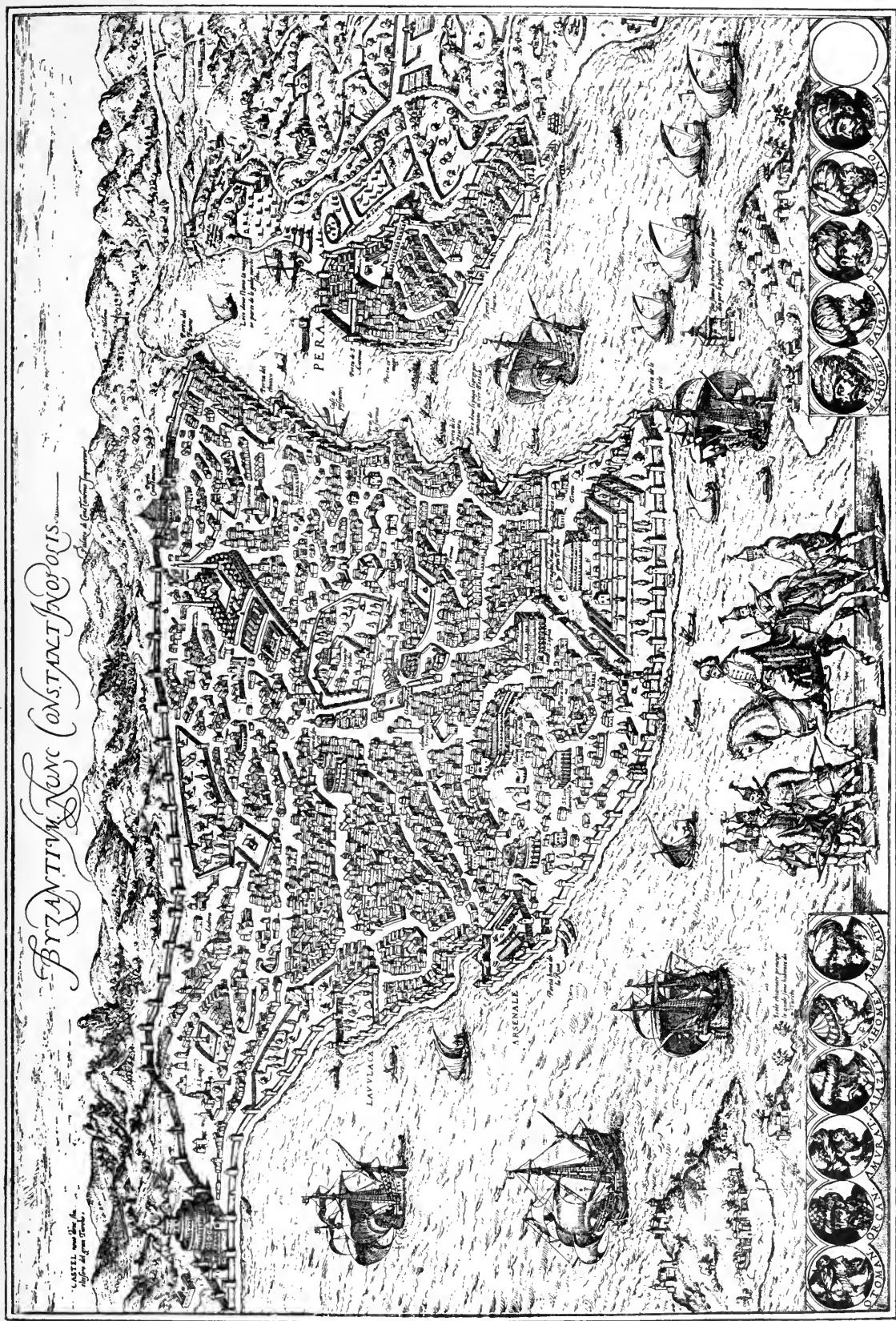
Turanian origin, not of Indo-European stock. The faith they cherished, and for which with exultant devotion they rejoiced to die, breathed in its every accent the spirit of Arabia. Their entire civilization, highly developed and brilliant though it was, in genius, spirit, and detail stood in contrast and contradiction to the civilization of the West.

No less foreign was their theory of government and of the State. The Sultan towered above all humanity, absolute, irresponsible, who could commit no wrong and whose wrong was right because he willed it; awful in his loneliness, representative only of himself and God. The Shadow of God upon Earth was his invariable title. The State was but territorial extent, on which human beings and brute creatures lived, land and life being alike the absolute ruler's absolute property, all formed to serve his pleasure and do his unquestioned will. Nor could a conquered race dwell as equals with the new Moslem inhabitants, in equal subjection to a common imperial master. The fiat of Islam left only social and political inferiority as the portion of the vanquished Christians.

Measureless as the abyss between the Koran and the Bible, Islam and Christianity, Mohammed the Prophet and Christ the Saviour, was the gulf between the Ottoman and the Greek. Four hundred years they have dwelt side by side in the same city limits, but the gulf has never been bridged, and is no less deep and wide.

Three days the sack continued. Every soldier and camp follower worked his savage will without hindrance or control. Nor did the revelry of the Padishah differ greatly from that of the meanest soldier. Then it was that the Grand Duke Notaras, who had lived the life of a coward or traitor, died the death of a hero and martyr.

After three days, the Sultan called his satiated troops



PLAN OF CONSTANTINOPLE IN 1481 AT THE DEATH OF THE CONQUEROR

to order. To repeople the devastated, depopulated city was his first concern. For this he sought to appease the terror of the vanquished, to whom safety of life and freedom of worship were guaranteed. The Patriarch having withdrawn to Mount Athos before the siege, the surviving Bishops were ordered to elect a successor. The new Patriarch he received with distinguished honor, presented him with a robe and staff, assured him of his protection and favor, and sent him with a splendid escort to the patriarchal residence. Most of the churches between the Golden Horn and the Gate of Adrianople were left to the Christians; eight the Sultan converted into mosques.

To the plain red cloth of the Ottoman standard were added the crescent and star, the symbol of old Byzantium, still seen on the Ottoman flag. The enormous Eski Seraï, or Old Palace, in the heart of Stamboul, even more than the Mosque of Sultan Mohammed, or Yeni Seraï, the New Palace, vindicated the Sultan's claim to architectural distinction. Twenty-eight years he survived his conquest; then dying, he left behind him the reputation of a mighty, always fierce, and often cruel conqueror, of a sagacious legislator and statesman, and of an enlightened lover of learning.

His immediate successors were warriors like himself, to whom their capital was, above all, headquarters for an army and a base of military operations, always resounding with preparations for war, or with the triumphal return of victorious troops. Almost every Ottoman was a soldier, priest, or official. By the sword the capital had been won; by the sword its possession was to be maintained. The Christian population, forbidden to bear arms or hold any public office, not allowed to give testimony in the courts, yet with life, occupation, and property protected to

a certain degree, exercised the various handicrafts or were the merchants and bankers of the city. The tribute in children, torn from non-Moslem parents, to be fashioned into janissaries,—the most merciless and inhuman extortion ever wrung from a conquered people,—continued over two hundred years.

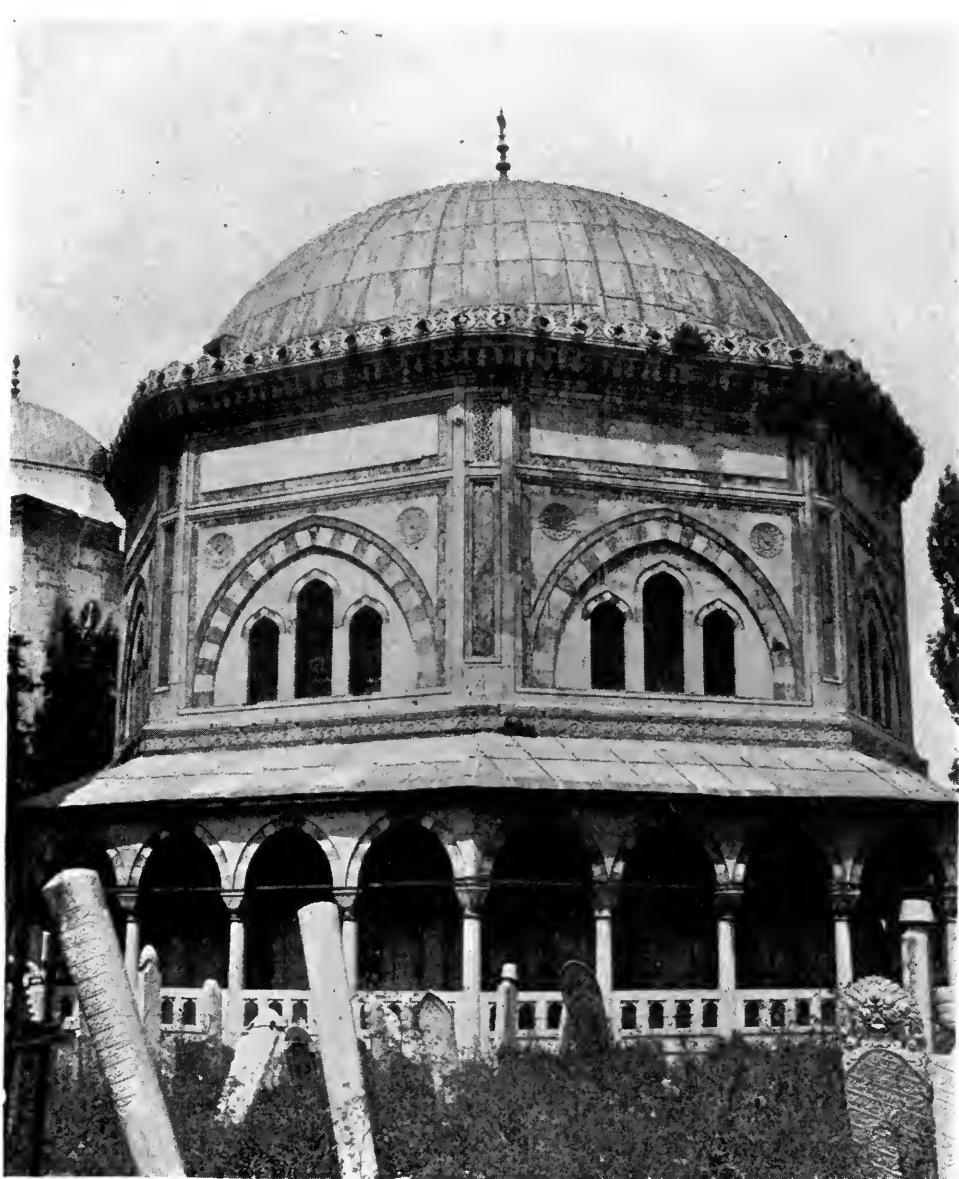
Under Sultan Souleïman I, the Magnificent, the Sublime, the Empire attained its apogee of glory and began its decline. Thirteen times he marched through the city gates at the head of an army on some distant campaign; thirteen times he returned in triumph. In architectural achievements and in promulgation of a code he emulated Justinian the Great. Dying in the camp at the siege of Szigeth, he is inscribed in the national records as a martyr.

In subsequent years the sovereign concerned himself less with military affairs and dwelt in greater seclusion. Some, indeed, like Mourad IV, fought



SULTAN SOULEÏMAN I THE MAGNIFICENT

in the van of armies, which they commanded in person, and won splendid victories. But the Ottomans of later



TOMB OF SOULEÏMAN I THE MAGNIFICENT

times did not wish that the person of the Sultan should be exposed to the dangers of the field. Under Sultan Moustapha III, Constantinople saw the beginning of those

efforts after municipal and national reform, which, like his successors, Abd-ul Hamid I, and Selim III, he was



MAHMOUD II THE GREAT

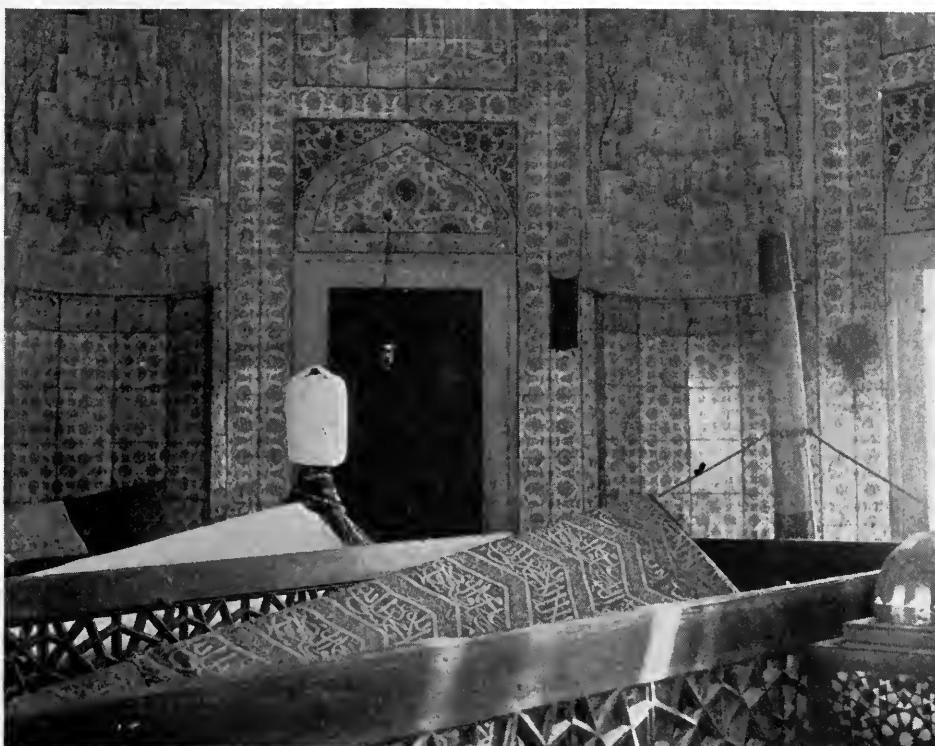
utterly unable to accomplish. Those same efforts she saw resumed on a vaster scale, with a larger measure of

success, by the inflexible Sultan Mahmoud II the Great. In these later years Constantinople has been brought into closer connection with the Western world, and in many ways manifests the influence of its spirit. The Oriental features have grown less and less, while it has conformed more and more to the type of a European city. In this, as in all else affecting the municipal life, is felt and shown the influence of the later sultans.

The history of a metropolis under Mussulman government is hardly anything more than reflection of the character and condition of the sovereign. It is a mirror on the dead level of whose placid face appears no life or emotion of its own, and yet which reproduces in faithful delineation the whole existence, even the momentary passion, the slightest tremor, the faintest breath of its ruler. Its individuality is lost and merged in his absorbing being. So has it been with Constantinople under her twenty-seven sultans. In each reign what the Sultan was, the city was. So the history of the Ottoman Dynasty, a drama, a romance, often a tragedy, sometimes a poem, has been the history of Stamboul. Rebellion, earthquake, fire, pestilence, have indeed many times racked the surface of her ground, laid low her mosques and dwellings, and filled the trenches with her dead. Yet these phenomena of man or nature have been regarded by the Ottomans as intimately associated with the contemporary reign, half caused by it, half indicative of some phase in it, or of its general character. Thus the fearful famine and pest that decimated the city under Sultan Mourad III were considered the consequence of his insatiable appetite and passion; the more than one hundred frightful conflagrations that swept Stamboul in the reign of Sultan Achmet III, as direct result of his ineffi-

cency and weakness ; the train of horrors in the middle of the seventeenth century as caused by the sensuous ease and unnatural instincts of Sultan Mohammed IV.

If the sultans were half-shadowy phantoms, outlined in natural convulsion and storm, they were enthralled as lovers and men in the mysterious recesses of the seraglio.



CATAFALQUE OF ROXELANA

The bewildering procession of peerless beauty, never wanting, always renewed in immortal youth, often controlled the arm that swayed the state. In the turbehs of Stamboul, each under her mantle of sacred green, all those dazzling ladies sleep : Goulbahar, who nursed beside the Conqueror ambitious aspirations equal to his own ; Haphsa, whose soft eye could melt the ferocious mood of Sultan

Selim I; Roxelana, cruel but divinely fair, fit consort of the Magnificent; Safiyeh, ever dreaming of her native Venice, while with silken touch soothing the fierce Mourad III; Besslemeh, despotic lady of a later day, wondrous in her charms; Machpeïker the moon-faced; Besma the pious; Khandann the wonderful; Tarkhann the pure; Nachshedil the heavenly; Circassian, Georgian, Russian, French, Italian, Greek; each the consummation of her race in perfect beauty, each now dust and ashes, guarded near other dust and ashes which was once the form of her imperial lord.

In those silent tombs of sultan and sultana, scattered along the crested hills of Stamboul, the real history of the Third Epoch in the life of the city is to be sought.

III

THE RISE OF THE OTTOMANS



OULEÏMAN SHAH, a Turkish chieftain, was drowned in the Euphrates in 1231, when returning to his native country, Khorassan. His host of fifty thousand men divided. Four hundred families wandered westward with his fourth son, Ertogrul Shah, into Asia Minor, almost all of which, save a few Byzantine possessions in the west and the tiny empire of Trebizond in the northeast, was included in the Seldjouk empire of Roum. In their aimless course one day they came upon a plain where two armies were fighting. Ertogrul Shah hastily and chivalrously resolved to aid the weaker party, and by his sudden and unexpected assistance changed the result of the contest. After the battle, he found he had rescued from defeat the Seldjouk Sultan Alaëddin I himself. The grateful monarch bestowed on him, by a sort of feudal tenure, the pleasant highlands of Karadja Dagh, Tourmanidj, and Ermeni, and the pasture land of Saegund on the famous river Sangarius. This territory, only a few miles in circuit, close to the eastern slopes of the Bithynian Olympus, was the nucleus of the Ottoman Empire. There Ertogrul Shah and his followers, hitherto pagan, were soon converted to Islam, and there his son Osman was born.

Ertogroul, "the man of the upright heart," was a plain and simple shepherd, apparently destitute of ambition. The territory he occupied was ample to supply the necessities of his followers and of their flocks, and he was content. Ever faithful with sword and counsels to the Seldjouk sultans, he received many tokens of their friendship and favor, and his possessions constantly increased.

Osman was of a more energetic and restless nature. Early he felt a presentiment of the future greatness of

his house. Not far from his father's tent lived the sheik Edebali, who had come from Adana to instruct the newly converted tribe in the principles of the faith. Malkatoun, Precious among Women, the daughter of the sheik, speedily became as famous for her beauty as was her father for his piety and learning. By accident,

Osman, then a young

man of twenty-four, one day obtained a glimpse of her unveiled face, and from that day was able to think only of Malkatoun. Edebali, from whom Osman at once sought her hand, sternly refused his consent.

Though the father was obdurate, the lover was constant and patient; and patience, according to the Arab proverb, is the price of all felicity. Two years passed, during which Osman was unable to look upon the jealously guarded



GHAZI SULTAN-OSMAN

maiden. Meanwhile, he often visited the sheik for religious instruction, and with the thought of perhaps meeting his daughter. One night, when discouraged and almost hopeless, he had the following dream. A star seemed to issue from Edebali, and hide itself in the breast of Osman. Suddenly a tree grew from the ground before him, and rapidly stretched its branches over the three continents of Asia, Europe, and Africa. The four mountain ranges of the Caucasus, the Taurus, the Balkans, and the Atlas, rose to support the overladen branches of the tree. Down the slopes of these mountains flowed the four rivers,—the Tigris, the Euphrates, the Danube, and the Nile. Prodigious forests and boundless harvest fields clothed the heights and spread along the streams. From the latter, ships sailed to the four seas,—the Euxine, the Ægean, the Mediterranean, and the Persian Gulf. Cities with mosques dotted the wide expanse, and from every direction muezzins with melodious voices called to prayer. Suddenly the entire scene swept toward Constantinople, which glittered between the Bosphorus and the Marmora, like a jewel upon a ring. Just as Osman was about to grasp the ring and place it on the finger of Malkatoun, he awoke. Dreams have always been esteemed sacred in the East. Edebali did not dare longer oppose what he judged the manifest will of heaven: he gave his consent. Soon afterwards Osman and Malkatoun were married.

In the veins of every Ottoman sultan since has flowed in equal measure the blood of Osman and of the beautiful Syrian maiden. Thus early, with dreams of love in the breast of the youthful hero,—then only the heir of the chieftain of a paltry nomad tribe,—was blended aspiration for that city whose conquest was in his fired imagination to bestow upon his race the mastery of the world.

But the dream did not receive its political fulfilment for one hundred and sixty-seven years.

Ertogroul died in 1288. His son was at once invested with the title of bey, or emir, was appointed chief commander of the Seldjouk Sultan's forces, and was granted the right of coining money and of having his name pronounced in the solemn Friday prayer.

Twelve years later a general insurrection of the other emirs and an invasion by a Mongol horde destroyed the power of the Seldjouks. The last sovereign, Alaëddin III, sought refuge at the court of Andronikos II Palaiologos, and died at Constantinople. From the *débris* of his shattered empire arose several aggressive states and many principalities of minor importance. The ten chief were : Karamania, including Cilicia, Cappadocia, and southeast Phrygia, with the capital Iconium ; Kastamouni, comprising part of Paphlagonia and Pontus ; Kermian in Phrygia ; Tekieh in Pamphylia ; Hamid in Pisidia ; Mentesche in Caria and Lycia ; Aïdin in Ionia ; Saru Khan in Lydia ; Kerasi in Mysia, with its capital Pergamus ; and the estates of Osman, which embraced almost all Bithynia and parts of Phrygia and Galatia, with the upper valleys of the Sangarius.

Osman, though by no means the most powerful in this group of independent princes, seemed the natural successor of Alaëddin, to whom he had been almost an adopted son. Proclaimed Ali Othman Padishahi, Emperor of the family of Osman, in the mosque of Karadja, he chose Yeni Shehr, a city on the main road between Brousa and Nice, as the first capital of the nation, called Osmanli, or Ottoman, after his name. The consecration of a mosque was his first act after his proclamation. During twenty-five years he extended and consolidated his conquests, and was equally

admirable as sovereign and statesman, being brave, austere, generous, truthful, and just.

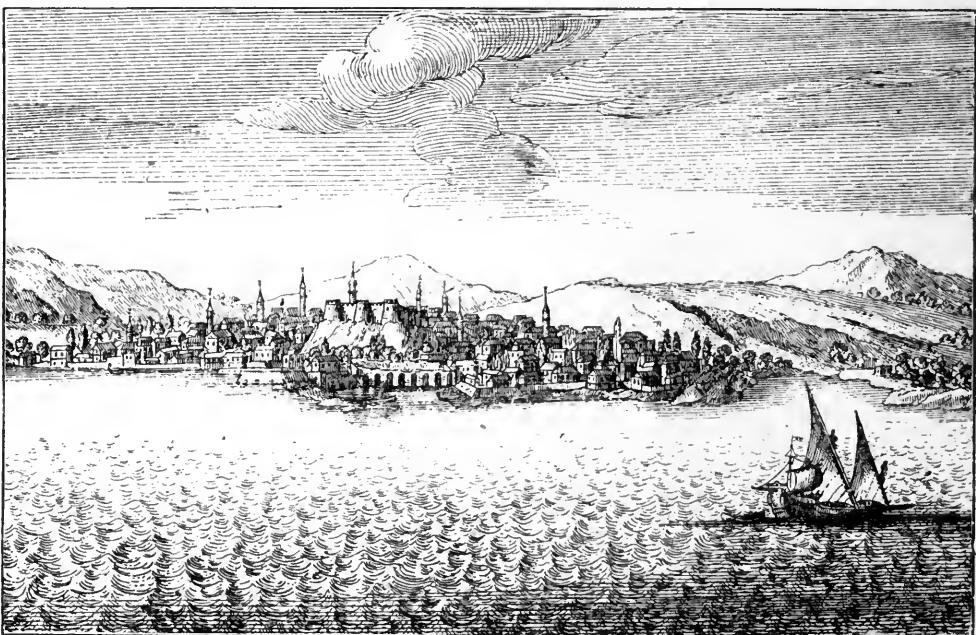
On his death-bed he bequeathed the throne to his second and warlike son Orkhan, excluding the elder-born Alaëddin from the succession. "Be support of the faith and protector of learning," were among his last words to Orkhan. Alaëddin, preferring a life of seclusion and study, long refused all share in the family wealth and power, but finally was persuaded by his brother to assist him with his remarkable administrative talents, and to become the first Ottoman Grand Vizir. Together they removed the capital to Brousa, which had just been conquered.

Alaëddin elaborated the first Ottoman Code, founded the corps of the janissaries, and organized a permanent cavalry called sipahis. The army had hitherto consisted of irregular troops who served without pay. Red was adopted as the national color, and a red flag without device of any sort was made the Ottoman standard. Also money was coined, bearing on one side the toughra, or imperial seal, and on the other a verse from the Koran. The right of coinage, possessed during thirty-one years, had not been previously exercised.

While Alaëddin organized, Orkhan conquered. Nicomedia was speedily captured, and Nice, the last bulwark of the Byzantine Empire in Asia Minor, surrendered after a siege of two years. So far the Ottoman conquest had been mainly at the expense of the Greeks. Soon the territories of the Emir of Kerasi were annexed, and the task seemed begun of reuniting the dismembered Seldjouk Empire.

Twenty years of peaceful development followed. Then Souleïman Pasha, oldest son of Sultan Orkhan, who on

the death of his uncle, Alaëddin Pasha, had become Grand Vizir, crossed the Dardanelles on two rafts with sixty men, surprised the city of Tzympe,—the earliest Ottoman conquest in Europe,—and brought back a sufficient number of boats to convey across his army of three thousand men. They marched at once against Gallipoli, “the key of Constantinople;” meanwhile an earthquake threw down a



GALLIPOLI

large portion of the walls, and paralyzed the inhabitants with terror. The exultant Ottomans entered through the breach, believing Allah himself had prepared the way. That city became their chief naval station, and so continued for many years, even after the capture of Constantinople. Souleïman Pasha being killed by a fall from his horse, Sultan Orkhan died of grief the following year, and was succeeded by his second son, Sultan Mourad I.

Sultan Mourad captured Adrianople, making it his capital five years later. Still that city was always regarded as mainly a camp of imperial bivouac. The heart of the Ottomans clung to Brousa. It was the centre of their mosques and schools; till the capture of Constantinople, it was the mausoleum of the imperial family. The first six Sultans with their households and twenty-six Ottoman princes lie buried there. The most illustrious vizirs and more than five hundred pashas, theologians, teachers,



TOMBS OF SULTANS ORKHAN AND OSMAN AT BROUSA

and poets there sleep their last sleep around their first Padishahs."

In the space of half a century the emirs of Kermian, Hamid, Mentesche, Tekieh, Aïdin, Saroukhan, and Karmania were successively subdued, and those provinces added to the growing empire. When Kastamouni was conquered, all the possessions of the Seldjouk Sultans were reunited under the sway of Sultan Bayezid I.

The Seldjouks, as fast as they were conquered, fused with the Ottomans. So did vast numbers of Christians, who apostatized in the subjected European states, and became Moslems. No distinction was made between the born Moslem and the convert. All — the original Ottoman,

the Seldjouk, the convert from Judaism or Christianity — were considered equally Ottoman. This early, constant accretion was a most important factor in the growth and development of the nation. The majority of the Grand Vizirs from 1359 to 1895 have been of Christian or Jewish origin.

At the time when Adrianople was captured, the Byzantine Empire comprised hardly more than the territory south of the Balkans and east of the Strymon. Broken into fragments by the infamous Fourth Crusade, the Byzantine Empire, though restored to Constantinople in 1261, had never been able to regain all or even most of her former possessions. The larger part of Greece and the Greek islands were still held by French and Venetian families. West of the Strymon and south of the Danube were the independent States of Servia, Bosnia, Bulgaria, and Albania. North of the Danube stretched the plains of Wallachia and, farther north, of Hungary. Into those countries and the still existing Byzantine Empire, the Ottoman invasion pierced like a wedge.

The prowess and skill of the invaders were aided by the strife and internecine struggles of those warring states. Each was ready to assist the Ottomans against the other, and all to combine with the Ottomans against Constantinople. Servia was conquered at the battle of Kossova, where Sultan Mourad I was slain. He was succeeded by his oldest son, Sultan Bayezid I, surnamed Ilderim the Thunderbolt. Bulgaria, already partially subdued, was definitely annexed in 1394, and the Bulgarian royal family renounced Christianity for Islam.

Europe was panic-stricken at these progressive victories, and Pope Boniface IX preached a crusade. Sixty thousand Bohemians, French, Germans, Hungarians, and Knights

of Saint John of Jerusalem, led by Sigismond, King of Hungary, by the Count of Nevers, who was heir to the Duchy of Burgundy, by the Constable of France, and the highest nobles of Western Europe, were utterly crushed at the battle of Nicopolis. Nearly all the chiefs were slain or taken prisoners, and ten thousand soldiers were captured. Sigismond, unable to return to Hungary, escaped in a small boat down the Danube and by the Black Sea to Constantinople. An unbroken series of victories in Asia



YESHIL DJAMI, THE GREEN MOSQUE OF MOHAMMED I AT BROUSA

and Europe was interrupted by the invasion of Mongol hordes under Tamerlane. Despite generalship and heroism, Sultan Bayezid I at the Battle of Angora was overwhelmed by the superior numbers of the Mongols; his Eastern troops deserted, and he was taken prisoner and died in captivity. Then followed an interregnum of eleven years, during which four of his sons, the Princes Souleiman, Isa, Mousa, and Mohammed, disputed the throne.

At last Sultan Mohammed I the Patient reigned alone

over what still remained to the Ottomans. The Mongol hordes had already vanished from Asia Minor in a wild march against China. But Servia, Bulgaria, and Wallachia had reassumed their independence; the princes of the various Asiatic provinces, only recently subdued, had reascended their thrones. Two years later the most fearful revolt in Ottoman history, that of the learned theologian, Behreddin, at the head of the dervishes, endangered the very existence of the Empire. This insurrection was finally crushed. Sultan Mohammed toiled with tireless patience and skill to reconstruct his Empire. When he died, almost all his European provinces and many in Asia had been resubdued.

His oldest son, Sultan Mourad II, restored the Ottoman authority over the remaining rebellious provinces, conquered Albania in 1431, Wallachia in 1433, and overran Hungary in 1438, whence he brought seventy thousand prisoners.

In 1444, he concluded a truce of ten years with the Hungarians, the latter swearing on the Gospels and the Ottomans on the Koran to faithfully observe the treaty. Shortly after, overwhelmed with grief at the sudden death of his oldest son Alaëddin, Sultan Mourad II abdicated in favor of his son, Mohammed II, then fifteen years of age, and withdrew to Asia Minor. Thereupon Cardinal Cæsarini, legate of the Pope, judging the occasion favorable, induced Ladislaus, King of Hungary, to break the treaty and attack the youthful Sultan. To save the Empire, Sultan Mourad II again mounted the throne. As a standard he put in front of his army the violated treaty. He utterly defeated the Hungarians at the battle of Varna, where King Ladislaus and Cardinal Cæsarini were slain.

“ Hard was the penalty of broken faith,
By Ladislaus paid on Varna’s plain;
For many a knight there met unhonored death,
When, like a god of vengeance, rose again
Old Amurath from his far home, and cried,
‘ Now Jesus combats on Mohammed’s side! ’ ”

Again he abdicated and withdrew to Magnesia, but by civil troubles was obliged, sorely against his will, again to resume the power. Soon after he captured Patras and Corinth, and forced Constantine, the Prince of the Morea, who afterwards became the last Emperor of Constantinople, to pay tribute. He fought unsuccessfully with the Albanians, who had revolted under their leader Scanderbeg, but inflicted a crushing defeat on the Hungarian Huniadi at the second battle of Kossova. Dying three years later, he was succeeded by Sultan Mohammed II.

Master of all Asia Minor save the Empire of Trebizond, and of nearly all the wide region in Europe south of the Danube, the chief aspiration of the youthful Sultan was the capture of Constantinople. This he accomplished.

The subsequent history of the imperial Ottoman Dynasty and of the Ottomans is inseparably interwoven with the history of this city. No other city not sacred has so large a hold upon their imagination. Often affectionately they call it Oummoudunia, the Mother of the World, and Der el Saadet, the City of Felicity; sometimes Islambol, the City of Islam, or its Abundance and Extent. The latter appears on the coins of Sultan Abd-ul Hamid I. By the Arabs it is sometimes called El Farruch, the Earth-Divider. Ever since 1453 it has been the Ottoman capital, not only the political centre, as residence of the sovereign and of his court, but the focus, the heart of Ottoman theology, jurisprudence, and literature. It has been more to their empire than Paris is to France.

The grandeur and growth of that Empire did not indeed terminate or culminate in the acquisition of that famous city for which during nearly two centuries seven sultans, both as successors and as complements of one another, had been preparing the way. Montesquieu considers as a main cause of the greatness of the Roman State the fact that its early kings were all “grands personnages.” But what he subsequently says is truer of the first seven sultans than of the seven semi-legendary Kings of Rome: “One finds nowhere in history an unbroken succession of such statesmen and such generals.”



HORSE-TAIL
OF PASHA

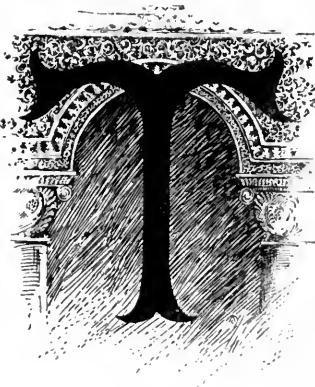
Moreover, each appeared in just the circumstances and the order for which he was best qualified by his talents, natural characteristics, and disposition. None was so fitted for the period of patient, half-silent reconstitution as Sultan Mohammed I; none for the period of primitive foundation and to impart the primitive impulse as Sultan Osman I; none for the conquest of the city as Sultan Mohammed II the Conqueror.

A succinct sketch like this can neither set forth nor do justice to this truth, nor can it adequately represent those sovereigns in their high rôle of organizers, administrators, and patrons of learning. Yet it aids in answering the question, how from a patriarchal chief of a few hundred families, surrounded by envious friends and mightier enemies, was developed that colossal power which shook the world. Most often in the course of dynasties the second or third generation has diminished or enfeebled the political structure which the founder has

built up. But here it would be difficult to say which of the first seven sultans was the greater, inasmuch as all were great. So the Ottoman Empire, as it enthroned itself in the capital of Justinian and the Constantines, though bearing the name of its first sultan, was the creation and development, not merely of one conquering hero, but of a dynastic line which Jouannin asserts to have been "more prolific in great men than any other dynasty which has reigned on the face of the globe."

IV

HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE PRESENT SULTAN



HE sovereign of Constantinople and of that widespread empire to which it is capital and centre, may well awaken curiosity and interest on the score of his exalted rank, and because of that lordly dynastic line of which he is heir and representative. In his person unite the history and the romance of his race and faith, of the Ottoman Mohammed II the Conqueror and the Arabian Mohammed the Prophet. In his veins flows the blood of twenty successive sultans, his ancestors, and he is the twenty-first in direct descent from Sultan Osman I, the illustrious founder of his house. He is the thirty-fourth sabre-girded sultan, and the twenty-eighth who has reigned at Constantinople. No other European monarch can trace his ancestry in so direct and unbroken succession through so many years to the earliest sovereign of his race, inheritance being always transmitted in the male line, and at no time deviating farther than to a brother, uncle, or nephew.

The Oriental pomp of his titles reads like a passage from the "Arabian Nights," — Sultan of Sultans, King of Kings, Bestower of Crowns upon the Princes of the World,

Shadow of God upon Earth, Emperor and Sovereign Lord of the White Sea and the Black Sea, of Roumelia and Anatolia, of Karamania, of the Country of Roum, Diarbekir, Kurdistan, Azerbidjan, Cham, Aleppo, Egypt, Mecca, Medina, Jerusalem the Holy, of all the Countries of Arabia and Yemen, and moreover of an Infinity of other Provinces gloriously acquired, Son of Sultan Abd-ul Medjid Khan, Son of Sultan Mahmoud Khan II, the Shah Sultan Abd-ul Hamid Khan II.

He was born on the sixteenth day of the month of Shaban, in the year of the Hegira 1258 (September 22, 1842). His early life, like that of every Ottoman Prince, was passed in the seclusion of the seraglio, save that in 1867 he accompanied his uncle Sultan Abd-ul Aziz on a journey to western Europe. This was the first occasion in Ottoman history that a sultan has visited a foreign land as a peaceful guest. The mental condition of his elder brother, Sultan Mourad V, rendering abdication a state necessity, Sultan Abd-ul Hamid II, as next in age, reluctantly ascended the throne, being girded with the sabre in the Mosque of Eyoub on Shaban 12, 1293 (August 31, 1876).

The duties incumbent on him were twofold : he was to be caliph, or spiritual head, of the unnumbered millions of the Mussulman faith, and Sultan of the Ottoman Empire, whose far-reaching dominions, with their heterogeneous peoples, stretch through three continents. The political condition at his advent rendered these responsibilities still more weighty. The Empire was confronted with an imminent, inevitable, and inevitably disastrous war. The treasury was empty, national credit bankrupt, the army disorganized and dispersed, the country impoverished, disengaged, and distracted by factions whose aims were all

the more dangerous because concealed. On his accession, with painstaking care the new Sultan devoted himself to organization and administration. There was no problem or detail too humble or minute to receive his attention. He seemed sincerely desirous, more than any Ottoman sultan had ever been, of improving the condition of his people. He showed a special interest in the promotion of education ; nor was this interest sympathetic merely, and confined to words, or limited to the requirements of a single sex. In private conversations and official utterances, he frequently urged the necessity of educating women. At Constantinople, as also in the provinces, there are advanced and numerously attended schools for Mussulman girls and young women, which he himself founded, all the expense of which is defrayed from his own private purse.

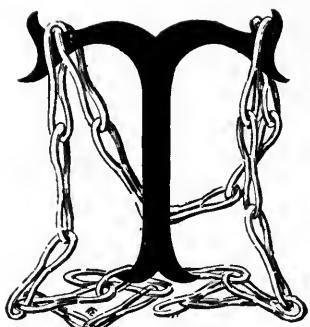
Circumstances, Moslem bigotry, and the inefficiency of eastern absolutism have thwarted his best efforts. Something, indeed, he has accomplished, but in much he has been disregarded and overborne. The many political evils existent in the Ottoman state, incurable because inherent in its very nature, are not his creation, but his inheritance. No foreigner can adequately express or, perhaps, fully appreciate the difficulties of his position. No task can be more arduous, delicate, and intricate than that committed to his hands.

His personal appearance indicates the ruler, not so much by superior height or unusual physical proportions as by the calm manner of one sure of himself and expecting to be obeyed. He speaks in a low, clear voice, which it is said he never raises. His hair, coal-black at his accession, and in sharp contrast to the marked pallor of his face, has been touched by time, but his dark eye has become

no less penetrating and direct. His imperial state he maintains with becoming dignity, but, frugal and abstemious in personal habit, does not squander his revenues in ostentatious display or frivolous extravagance. He is grave, reserved, and seldom smiles; is kindly and solicitous for the welfare of those about him, and is scrupulously faithful to the requirements of his religion.

V

THE GOLDEN HORN



HIS body of water, a narrow bay north of Stamboul, well deserves its suggestive name. It verifies Strabo's description of its shape, which, he says, "resembles the horn of a stag." When flooded by the rays of the setting sun, it reflects the light from its polished surface, and glistens like a broad sheet of gold.

The fish, though less abundant in its waters than in ancient times, still at certain seasons afford generous returns to the fishermen, and suggest a more prosaic origin for the epithet golden.

Nor is mythology without its claims to having first bestowed the lasting name. Io, the mistress of Zeus, when persecuted from land to land by Hera, his revengeful spouse, found refuge for a brief season on its secluded banks. Here she gave birth to her child, the golden-haired, whom the nymphs called Keroessa. The melodious name, when literally translated, means a horn.

At its northern extremity the bay receives the comingling tributary waters of the classic Barbyses and Cydaris. All reminder of those mythic river-gods was long since forgotten in the modern Turkish appellation of Ali Bey Sou and Khiat Khaneh Sou. On the south, between Galata and Seraglio Point, it merges itself in the Bosphorus. Its general direction is northwest and southeast.

It is almost four miles in length, with an average breadth of sixteen hundred and thirty-five feet. It is shallowest at its northwest extremity, but even there is over ten feet deep. Its central channel has a depth of over nineteen fathoms.

Thus spacious and profound, protected in every direction from all the winds that blow, it is a most magnificent and auspicious harbor. Prokopios, who calls it by another name, wrote of it more than fourteen hundred years ago : "The Bay of Byzantium enjoys a perfect calm, whatever winds rage around it. Tempests dare not invade its boundaries, and approach only to expire reverently at the feet of the imposing city." So peaceful are its waters that whether they move at all is a matter of dispute. Count Marsigli, the first to write upon the currents of the Golden Horn and Bosphorus, maintained there was a constant, imperceptible flow toward the south ; Count Andréossy, more scientific and laborious, asserts that its apparent agitations are only eddies and tiny whirlpools near the shore.

It is cut into three sections by the pontoon bridges which stretch across the bay. The inner and by far the larger section constitutes the War Harbor of the Ottoman navy. Here the ironclads, the pride of Sultan Abd-ul Aziz, are usually peacefully moored, when not undergoing repairs in the extended dockyards along the northern shore of the Horn.

The middle section, that between the two bridges, is called the Commercial Harbor. Sailing vessels, tier on tier, are wedged against one another close to the banks ; their myriad masts shoot upward like a dense, bare, spectral pine-tree forest, from which bark and branches and evergreen needles have been stripped. The tiny ferry-

boats and steam-launches and countless caiques chase one another in every direction with an endless motion and activity, in comparison with which the Grand Canal at Venice is lifeless and tame.

The harbor east of the lower bridge is crowded with the commercial navies of the world. They vary their incessant arrival and departure by the brief season that they lie there at anchor. Every known flag floats out in

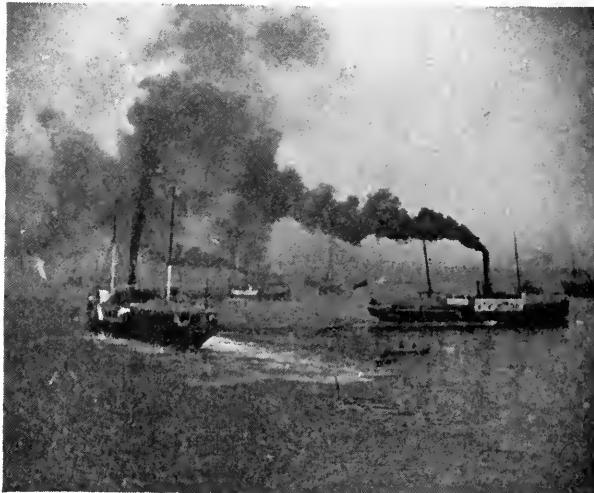
the air from the staff above the poop, except that of the United States, whose colors are most rarely, almost never, seen.

The steamships of the favored great English lines are ranged so close to the shore that their sterns sometimes overhang the docks.

HARBOR OF THE GOLDEN HORN

The dozens of local Bosphorus and Marmora steamers pick their way laboriously, almost grazing the hulk of the huger craft, deluging the jetties of the bridge with their cargoes of human life, and on departure sinking to the gunwales with the same overloaded precious freight. Cries of expostulation or warning in the commingling din of every language resound from the water, and render the bay a babel, as barks and boats dart daringly across the bows, or follow cautiously in the wake of the larger vessels.

But the bridges, whose iron pontoons were cast in England, but whose every visible feature suggests the East,



THE GALATA BRIDGE



are the most striking characteristic of the Golden Horn. Often as many as a hundred and fifty thousand persons, children of every race and clime, clad in every variety of garment, representing every gradation of human rank, traverse the lower bridge in a single day. There is no rule of turning to right or left; no portion of the crowded thoroughfare is reserved to carriages or pedestrians or beasts. The counter-flows from Galata and Stamboul get across as best they can. The pedestrian plunges into a tumultuous, living mass, dodges and hesitates and pauses and rushes on, and at last emerges on the other side, almost in wonder at his escape. Were the plank flooring less rickety and uneven; were the projecting spikes less dangerous; were the dogs and beggars less persistent and repulsive, and the crowd less jostling and continuous,—the stranger would stand still for hours in bewildered contemplation of a spectacle that has no equal, and which unfolds in endless diversity wherever the eye is turned.

The contrast of night and day upon the bridge is startling. Speedily after sunset it is absolutely deserted. Even the vociferous, rapacious toll-collectors are gone. One may plod over the long thoroughfare, and not encounter a single living soul. Where tens of thousands of hurrying feet have pressed upon one another a few hours before, now in the darkness a footfall sounds mockingly and out of place. But the dogs, stretched like dozing sentinels, instantly rebuke the intruder. One warning yelp arouses the countless horde. Like an instantaneous discharge, a volley of canine musketry in a tempest of barks and howls runs the whole length of the bridge. Then as suddenly all relapses into stillness. The constant, muffled night-roar of a western city is unknown in the East. Hence no sound is heard from either bank, and

the adventurous stranger seems to himself like a ghost between two silent cities of the dead. The serrated outline of Stamboul and the black profile of Galata-Pera on the north, caught in the moonlight beyond the placid, shimmering water, both fascinate and awe.

VILLAGES ON THE GOLDEN HORN

OUTSIDE the ancient city walls the western or southern bank of the Golden Horn was occupied, in Byzantine days, by the regions of Kynegion and Kosmedion. Here was the frequent hunting-ground of the emperors in those fantastic expeditions when ceremonial and display had a larger place than pursuit of game. As one now follows the bank along the water, association is piled on association in what seems a heap of historical *débris*.

Deftardar Iskelessi, the landing-place, or wharf, of the treasurer, marks the spot where Justinian's bridge, supported on twelve arches, reached the land. The ancient structure bore many other names, Bridge of Saint Kallinikos, of Saint Mamas, of Kosmedion, of Saint Pantelemon, and of the Blachernai, thus indicating which tutelary saint or association was uppermost at each period in successive centuries.

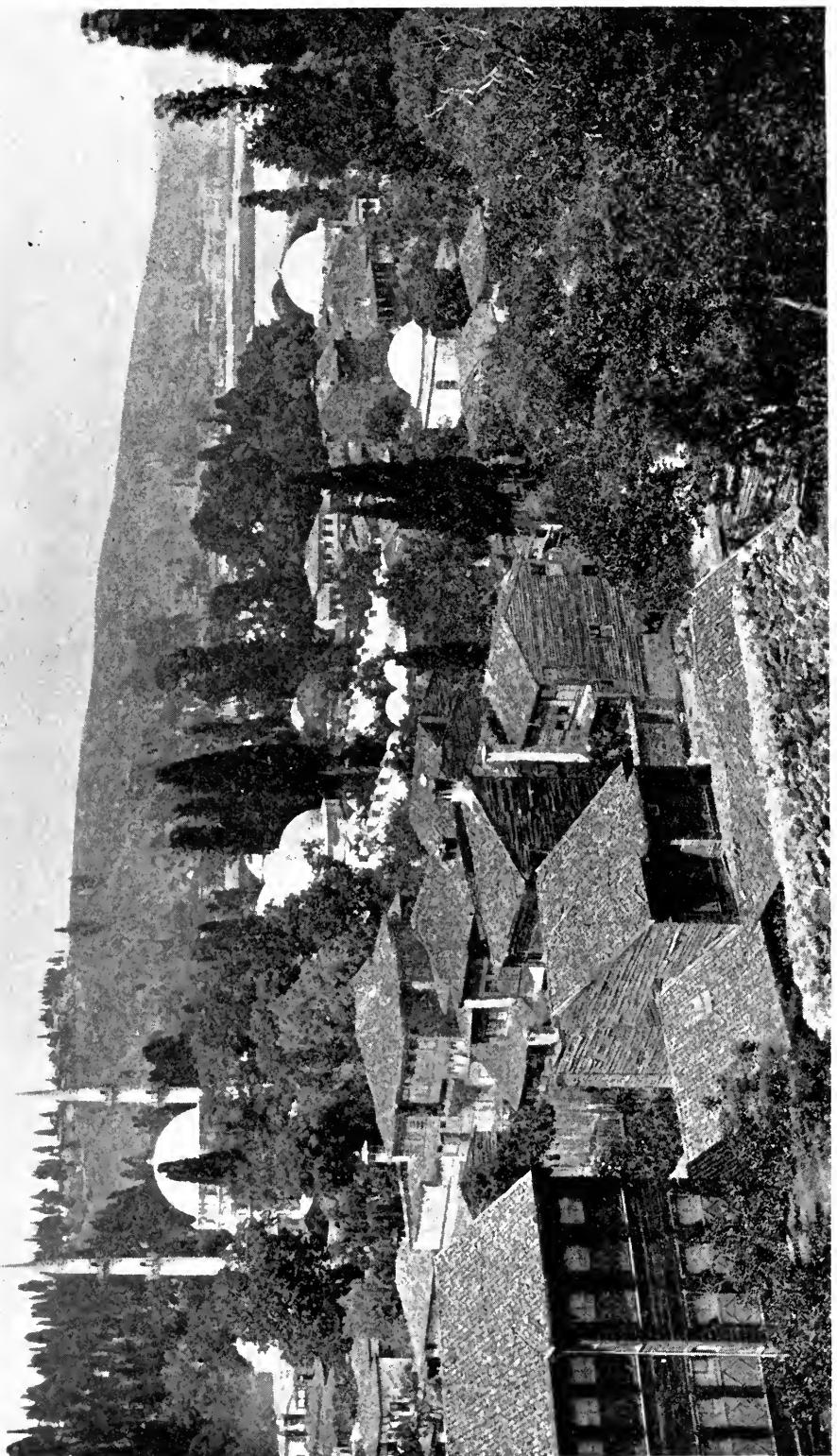
The tiny harbor of Saint Mamas is now filled up, but it was once lined with churches and imperial edifices. The many-windowed Palace of Esma Sultana, sister of Abd-ul Hamid I, stands where stood the Church of Saint Pantelemon, erected by the Empress Theodora. The Convent of Saint Mamas, a construction of Leo the Great, rebuilt by Justinian, was the first receptacle wherein were placed the mangled bodies of the Emperor Maurice and of his

murdered house. The Palace of Saint Mamas outshone in size and splendor the convent at its side, but was torn down by the Bulgarian King Krum in revenge for the treachery of Leo V, the Armenian.

A little farther north was the thick-walled Church of Saints Kosmas and Damianos, commonly called "Acropolis," because so strongly fortified, and later "Castle of the French," because for a time the residence of the wily and unscrupulous crusader, Bohemond of Tarentum. Paulinus, the "Apollo of the Age," erected this church, and it long outlasted its builder. Paulinus was put to death by the uxorious Theodosius II, who was maddened by jealousy that his wife, the Empress Eudokia, had sent an apple of unusual size as a gift to the handsome senator.

Here, too, was the Xylokirkos, or Wooden Hippodrome, where state offenders and outlawed heretics were sometimes surrendered to merciless wild beasts by as merciless judges. The thrilling tale of Sergius and Irene and Nilo, the Ethiopian king, in the romance of the "Prince of India," is located within its long-vanished walls. A few of its many victims, indeed, escaped, but the most found no arm raised for their deliverance, and won their martyrs' palms amid yells of hate from the crowded benches. A little farther inland the disciples of Saint John Chrysostom sought and found a refuge, and, when their turn of triumph came, anathematized their fellow-Christians who had persecuted and exiled their head.

But modern interest centres in the forest-embowered, tomb-dotted village of Eyoub. Considered holy ground by the Ottomans, it is inhabited only by followers of the Prophet, though a few Armenian families are huddled in its outskirts around their humble churches of Saint Elijah and the Holy Virgin. The two airy minarets, peering



EYOUUB

above the trees, indicate a spot of peculiar sacredness to the dominant race. There, according to Ottoman belief, the uncorrupted body of Eyoub, Standard-Bearer of the Prophet, was discovered in 1453, almost eight centuries after his death. At once a great mosque was



A VIEW OF THE GOLDEN HORN FROM EYOUB

reared as custodian of the revered remains. Thither ever since almost every Ottoman sultan on his accession has come, to gird on the sabre of Osman and to receive consecration.

In a garden near the mosque is an enchanted well, on the calm surface of whose deep waters startling revelations of the future are sometimes thought to be afforded. In the overhanging hill is Niyet Kupussi, the Well of

Wishes. From it, according to common report, astounding answers are sometimes vouchsafed to the prayers which have been earnestly, but secretly addressed to the spirits below.

The curved, hilly ridge beyond the Golden Horn was anciently called Drepanon, a sickle, from its peculiar shape. Along its base, one still paces through the avenue of majestic trees, the favorite promenade of Achmet III, who died one hundred and sixty-five years ago; but the marble seats are gone, which were placed in their grateful shade by Ibrahim Damat Pasha, and likewise the palace which he built for his master, and dubbed, with a presumption that resembles irony, "The Eternal Dwelling-Place." The present name, Khiat Khaneh, the paper factory, recalls a spasm of manufacturing enterprise on the part of a long-dead sultan. As the Sweet Waters of Europe, the spot has left a vivid memory on the mind of many a traveller who has visited Constantinople.

Here every Friday in summer the verdant plains, along the banks of the almost motionless rivers, which join at the Golden Horn, are the favorite resort of Ottoman ladies. The light caiques, from which they disembark, graze against one another's sides, and press dove-tailed among the sterns and prows till they completely hide the surface of the stream. In the luxuriant shade, thousands of ladies sit upon the grassy carpet, or on mats spread by obsequious attendants. Here some grand lady is seated alone in solemn state, surrounded by a throng of servants attentive to her nod; and there are careless groups in the friendship and intimacy of equal rank. A few resemble magpies in their incessant chatter; but the most are lost in dreamy apathy or contemplation. Careful only for

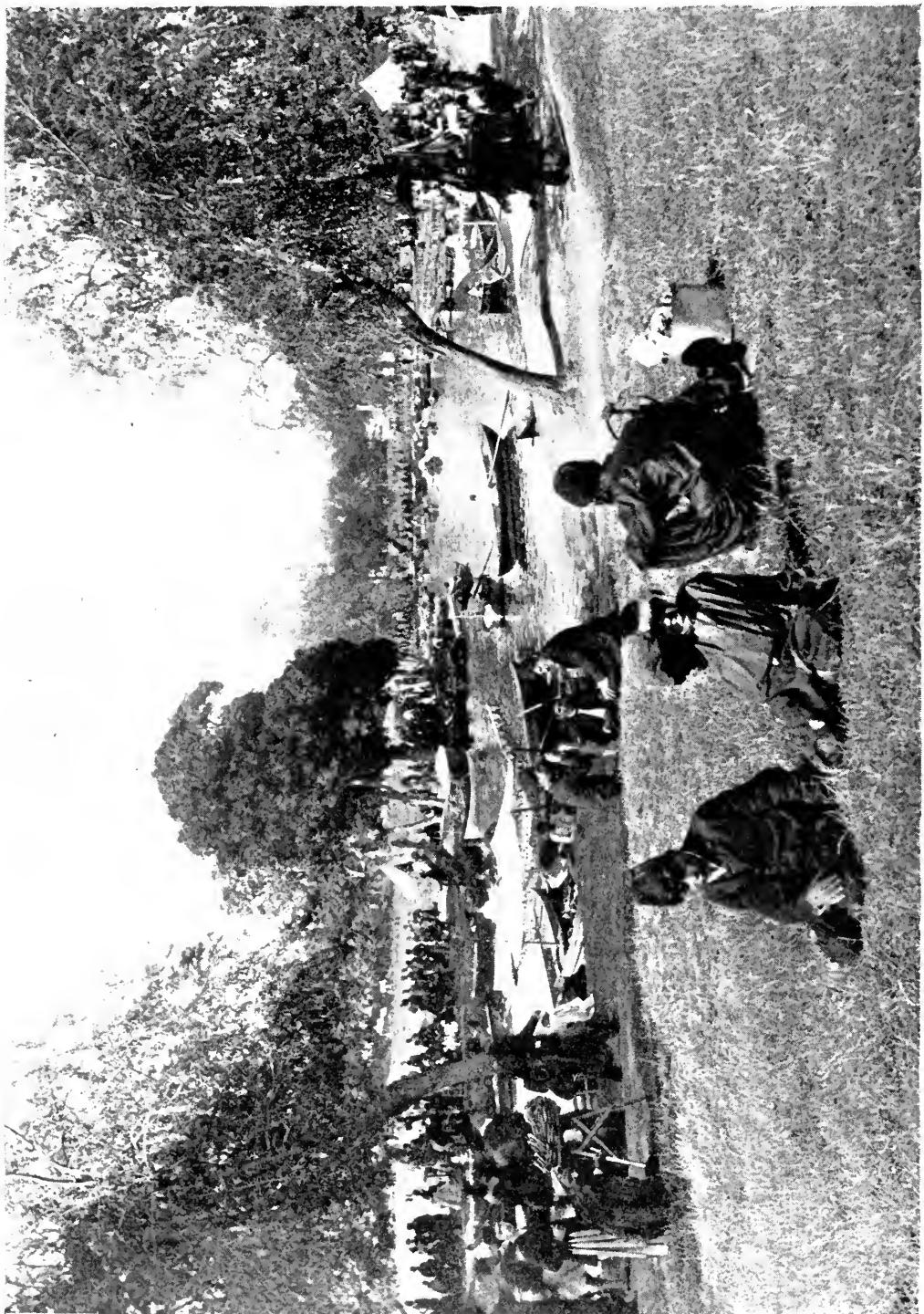
quietness and rest, they seek no diversion, and are content with the languid luxury of mere outdoor existence.

Some, less inactive than their companions, turn a listless eye to the muzzled dancing bears or the restless monkeys that are led back and forth for their delectation, or look with half-indifferent curiosity at some staring foreigner. Hurdy-gurdies and puppet-shows, resembling the English Punch and Judy, attract small attention; but the venders of sherbet and ice-cream and Oriental sweets find a ready market for their wares. Innumerable children in flaring costumes race from group to group, and are petted and caressed by all. Their constant motion varies the still monotony of the scene.

The silken robes in which the ladies are clad — each costume consisting of a single color, and that color always a hue bright and striking — convert the plain into a garden, prolific in bloom, studded with radiant human flowers. Nearer approach does not dispel the illusion of grace and beauty. The dainty, half-transparent veils heighten on many a face its revelation of perfect loveliness, and drape less attractive features with the suggestion of hidden charms. Between the snowy folds, which enwrap lips and forehead and hair, eyes flash out in whose brilliancy and lustrous depths are all the languor and romance of the East.

But only the rash and ignorant stranger lengthens his instinctive glance of admiration. A prolonged look, however respectful, is a courtesy; and oft repeated, an insult. It is sure of punishment, at least by the derision of its beautiful recipient, and may be attended by more serious danger. Woe to the artist or photographer, if detected in the attempt to snatch a picture of some fair one, or of the scene! He may depict the crowds of men

THE SWEET WATERS OF EUROPE



and boys, who, as if shut out from Paradise, hang upon the outskirts, but there his efforts must stop.

From early afternoon until an hour before sunset, the groups remain inactive, listless, and happy. Then a sudden animation, a sort of universal flutter, seizes the feminine throng. Their caiques creak against one another, in frantic eagerness for the shore. The Eastern ladies exchange their solemn salutations, and embarking are hurried to their homes.

On Sundays the plain is monopolized by Christians. Then Greek and Armenian and foreign beauties, attended in European fashion by an admiring train of gentlemen, stroll along the shady paths, and flirt in the sequestered nooks where their unescorted, indifferent Mussulman sisters have sat. Where the white veil and the flowing ferradjeh have added piquancy to the landscape, there two days later are displayed well-moulded robes of Parisian cut. So, for a day, another civilization and another race hold undisputed mastery of the spot. Did not the natural scenery remain the same, one might imagine himself transported to some public garden of the West. Yet though the company is modern, the unchanging hills are reminders that here centres a classic legend antedating history. Somewhere along the shore of the voiceless stream is, according to mythology, the cradled slope “where Io’s child her infant breath first drew.”

As one turns from the Sweet Waters, and, on the bosom of the bay amid the marshy islands, floats southward to the city, he remarks the rude, flat kilns and hollows in the ground, where brickmakers ply their profession. Nowhere better than here can be traced “the long pedigree of toil.” Few royal families can boast so

unquestioned genealogic trees through so many centuries as these humble workmen. Here their ancestors exercised their industry for the imperial builders of the sixth and seventh centuries. Since then, dynasties have chased one another, and empires fallen; and meanwhile here twoscore generations of brickmakers have toiled on, contented with their simple labor and proud of their lineage.

The gaunt hill of Soudloudji, which one passes on the left, gives faint hint of the unutterable dreariness of its summit. Not a growing tree and hardly a blade of grass cheers its desolate expanse. It seems abandoned as if abhorred. Yet here and there, amid the masses of broken stones that cover its arid face, narrow lines of upturned yellow soil and flattened slabs, cut with uncouth Hebrew devices and raised little above the surface of the ground, indicate that the place is given over to the dead. Thus was it set apart in Byzantine days for Jewish sepulture. The burial customs then enforced upon a detested race by their harsh Christian masters fossilized into traditions as fixed as laws, and are still observed by the exiled Jews under the milder sway of the Ottomans.

This is the vastest Jewish graveyard in the capital. Though the ground is full to bursting, room is always made for more, and the arrivals are ceaseless. There is nothing sadder upon earth than an Eastern Jewish cemetery. No race is more devoted to their co-religionists, the living or the dead, than are the Jews. In cholera and pestilence, when Christians have forgotten the bond of faith and the ties of blood in utter terror, the Jews have stood by one another to the last. Every Eastern Jewish cemetery is a scathing testimonial of Christian

Jewish Cemetery, Istanbul

inhumanity toward that people of whom the Saviour of mankind condescended to be born.

The village of Piri Pasha farther on preserves the name of the intrepid soldier whose fierce counsels stirred the heart of Selim I, and aided to overthrow the Persians at the desperate battle of Calderan.

Jews
Hasskeui, densely populated by Jews, extends along the water and far up the ravine. After the Conquest, it became the usual burial-place of the patriarchs and of distinguished Greeks, but their every tomb has disappeared. Sixty years ago it was the residence of an enterprising American colony, who built here many a man-of-war for Mahmoud II. Now their place is supplied by a community of English engineers and artisans. The Sultan has no worthier men in his service. By their churches and schools and in their social relations, they preserve on this foreign soil all the worthiest features of their distant mother-country.

On the height overlooking Hasskeui is the Okmeïdan, or Plain of the Arrows. Here many a shaft indicates the spot where, in days of archery, some sultan has shot an arrow an unusual distance. The measure of prowess was not accuracy of aim, but the strength of the archer's arm. The Okmeïdan was, moreover, the common gathering-ground in times of national calamity or distress. In 1592, plague ravaged the city until one hundred and eighty thousand persons were swept away. All distinctions of race and religion were blotted out in the universal horror. The Sheik-ul-Islam and the Patriarch proclaimed a day on which the living should assemble in one place, and together implore deliverance from the awful pestilence. At sunrise of the appointed day, four hundred thousand persons came together on the Okmeïdan, and

remained there until sunset in prayer. So, after earthquake or during protracted drought, the people, regardless of nationality or creed, have many times here united their urgent prayers.

Terskhaneh spreads along the bay with its shipyards and docks and shops, ample for the restoration or construction of a fleet. Here Ouloudj Ali, in 1571, took refuge, with forty battered galleys. They were the sole remnants of that proud array of two hundred and sixty-four ships of war overwhelmed by Don Juan of Austria at the fatal battle of Lepanto. The victory had cost the Christians dear,—fifteen war vessels and eight thousand men; and to Cervantes, the immortal writer of "*Don Quixote*," an arm. But the Ottomans never were able to retrieve the disaster of that day, for buried in the red waters of Lepanto was their reputation of invincible. Meanwhile, Pope Pius V thundered from the pulpit of Saint Peter's his triumphant chant, "There was a man sent from God whose name was John," and Selim II remained three days prostrate on the ground, refusing food and entreating God to pity. Close to the shore till a few years ago, was anchored as a floating dock a dismasted three-decker, which had escaped destruction at the later catastrophe of Navarino.

A deep ravine beyond, flanked on either side by cypress-shaded cemeteries, rends the hills in one continuous chasm which is prolonged above the heights of Pera. The ravine divides into two enormous fissures. The fissure on the left or west is overhung far inland by the tranquil village of Piali Pasha, named after a daring sea-rover of Souleïman the Magnificent. Down the fissure on the right or east, Mohammed II made the roadway whereby his sixty-eight galleys, after travelling a distance of almost four

miles on solid land, descended upon rollers into the Golden Horn. The preparation of the roadway required days, but the transport of the galleys was the work of a single night. In the morning the astounded Greeks beheld with horror the fleet of the besiegers riding triumphant at anchor on the north side of the Golden Horn.

The ravine seems never to have been inhabited by the Byzantines. It continued a desert waste till 1525. Then Kassim Pasha, a favorite of Souleïman I, ambitious for a monument that should transmit his memory to future ages, founded a village here and called it by his name. The architect, Sinan Pasha, the Michael Angelo of Ottoman art, added to its splendor by the erection of two magnificent mosques, Emir Sultan Djami and Koulaksiz Djami. More than forty other mosques still demonstrate the luxury and the piety of its inhabitants. No other quarter of the capital contains so many tekiehs, or dervish convents reputed holy. The tekieh of the Mevlevis, well known by many Europeans, who have thronged it to behold the dizzy ritual of its inmates, was founded by the dervish Abdi Dede from the pay he gained by his daily toil. - Sultan Mourad IV believed the humble laborer by his intercessions had rescued him from inevitable death, and revered him as a saint and miracle-worker. In a gilded mausoleum in the cemetery of Koulaksiz Djami lie the reputed remains of Tchelebi Hovsur Ibni Housseïn, a Kadiri dervish, who died over three centuries ago. In 1889, these remains were found in perfect preservation, were exposed three days to the veneration or curiosity of thousands, and finally with imperial pomp were again committed to the tomb.

Leaving behind Kassim Pasha, with its grim Bagnio, and the airy buildings of the Ministry of Marine, one

Koumpsova

glides in his skiff under the tortuous upper bridge from among the anchored ironclads, and reaches the second section of the bay, or the Commercial Harbor. Stamboul, an ever-present vision along the circling course of the Golden Horn, spreads majestic and Oriental on the south. On the north the domed promontory of Galata, watched over by its colossal tower, and merging into more distant Pera, rounds up into the sky.

GALATA

IN Galata, the East seems transformed as by a magician's wand. Jealous, latticed windows are almost nowhere seen. The furtive minarets are few and humble. The sharp line of the streets, half-hidden by over-arching houses, the white campanile in the foreground, solid Italian structures erected six centuries ago, and many another architectural feature, distinct in the endless maze of magazines and dwellings, suggest Italy rather than the East. Though French is now more often heard in its thoroughfares and shops, the common language till a generation ago was Italian. Stamboul, with its imperial minarets proclaiming the Moslem faith from every hill, looks across disdainfully; and on the tongue of many an Ottoman Galata-Pera is sneered at as the Giaour City, the City of the Infidels. And so it is: a Western city stranded in the East, a European metropolis, making part and parcel of the Mussulman capital, and yet seeming in its occidental life and customs a protest against an Asiatic civilization and creed. Nowhere else in the world is there such an anomaly as Galata-Pera in its strange environment, swayed by the sceptre of the Sultan, the Caliph.

Many derivations are given for the name Galata, which it bore as early as the third century before Christ: one, that it came from a horde of Gauls who ravaged the country and passed over into Asia Minor about 270 b. c., under Brennus, their king; another, that it was called after Galatus, a wealthy resident, who defended it with a fortress; and one, the more probable, from *gala*, milk, since its herds found abundant pasturage on the neighboring hills, and supplied the necessities of the Byzantines.

It was known to Constantine as Sykai, or Sykodes, the Place of Figs or Fig-trees. He organized it as the thirteenth Region, or Clima, of Nova Roma, surrounded it with walls, and thus made it the military outpost of his capital. Its temples of the Hero Amphiaraos and of Artemis Phosphoros were torn down. Its statelier Temple of Aphrodite Pandemos had already given way to a Church of Saint Irene, which Bishop Pertinax founded on the pagan site, and made the Episcopal See.

Under Arcadius and Honorius II, the suburb waxed rich and populous, proud of its Forum and Arsenal and Arcadian Bath, and of its splendid churches of the Holy Virgin, the Prophet Samuel, and the Maccabees. Over four hundred patrician mansions displayed its magnificence and luxury. The tireless builder Justinian adorned it with an imperial palace, a theatre, and other imposing structures, and called it Justinianopolis, or Justiniana, from himself. But the new name never clung, and was soon forgotten. Close to the water's edge, in 717, Leo III built a massive tower, and from it, across the Golden Horn, hung that historic chain which played so decisive a part in the immediate attack of the Arabs and in many subsequent sieges.

Then for centuries, Galata, save as northern terminus

of the chain, almost disappears from history. It became the purlieu of the capital, the Adullam's cave, to which debtors and criminals and slaves escaped, and where concealment was easy. But the Crusaders, ignorant of its reputation and stronger in arms than in exegesis, regarded the place with reverence, believing that to it Saint Paul addressed his Epistle to the Galatians. Many a present priestly inhabitant of Galata entertains the same idea.

During the twelfth century the Venetians and Genoese were fiercely contending for the commercial supremacy of the Levant. Every naval station of the East was the scene of their bloody rivalry. At Constantinople each party occupied a quarter appropriated to itself with its own custom-house and landing-place. More than sixty thousand Italian residents, of whom the Genoese formed the larger number, tormented the city with their interminable broils. In the great fire of 1204, purposely kindled by the French and Venetians of the Fourth Crusade, the Genoese quarter, which lay along the Golden Horn in the northeast corner of the city, was totally destroyed. Many of the sufferers thereupon betook themselves to Galata, both to rebuild their fortunes and to escape the presence of their triumphant Venetian foes. There, shut within solid walls, they rejoiced at the growing weakness of the Latin Empire, and secretly connived with the Greeks for its overthrow.

But Michael VIII, when he restored the Byzantine throne, distrusted the turbulent sympathy of his Genoese allies. He compelled all that people still domiciled in the city to betake themselves to Galata; but he destroyed its walls, and forced its inhabitants to acknowledge his authority. The three conditions he extorted involved the semblance of submission rather than its reality: every

new Podestat, or chief magistrate, sent from Genoa to administer the colony, was, on arrival, to twice bend his knee in the imperial throne-room before the Emperor, and to kiss his hands and feet; all other Genoese dignitaries were to pay the same obsequious homage whenever they came into the Emperor's presence; every Genoese galley, on entering the harbor, was to acclaim the Emperor with the same salute as did the Greeks.

Still, from 1261 to 1453, Galata was an *imperium in imperio*. Its inhabitants were colonists, subject to no law save that of the mother state, in theory the vassals, occasionally the allies, often the open, and almost always the secret, enemies of the Byzantine Empire. Soon they made war against Michael VIII, but were subdued. Once they took refuge in Constantinople from a resistless Venetian force. For future protection against such attack they bought permission from the weak old man, Andronikos II, in 1303, to surround their settlement with a moat which "might be deep and broad," but from which the nearest house "must be at least sixty cubits distant." During the civil wars which rent the Byzantine Empire, they increased their territory, built lofty walls, dug the moat still deeper, and rendered Galata impregnable.

Genoa meanwhile watched over her distant stronghold with scrupulous fidelity. On its preservation depended her mastery of the Black Sea. More than Malta or Gibraltar is to England, was Galata then to the Genoese.

Blinded by their aversion to the Greeks, the Galatese rejoiced at the menacing progress of the Ottomans. In the final siege they were the virtual allies of Mohammed II. Genoese artisans smoothed the road and oiled the rollers on which his galleys with spreading sails passed over the hills into the Golden Horn. On the fearful twenty-ninth

of May, the rude wakening came. The fact they had refused to see was forced upon their unwilling eyes. Constantinople fallen, they were involved in its fall. No resource was left them save like absolute submission. Hardly had Mohammed II quitted Sancta Sophia when the Podestat of Galata brought into the conquered city the keys of the twelve gates of Galata on a silver tray. The conqueror accepted their surrender, ordered the fortifications to be razed, but finally, despising their weakness, allowed the walls to stand.

So the entire wall, fronted by the moat, remained intact forty years ago. Until 1857, the gates were locked at a certain hour each night, and no belated applicant could obtain admission until morning save by payment of a generous fee. The greed of to-day has levelled up the moat, and prostrated the wall. As one stands on Galata Tower, and gazes downward from the giddy height, isolated fragments of masonry catch the eye and indicate the general outline of the mediæval ramparts. But when he threads the streets, he recognizes nowhere any reminder of those frowning fortifications which rendered the Galatæ so haughty and bold.

But though the walls have vanished, the Strada Selciata a picco—the Yuksek Kalderim, the Steep Paved Street—still remains. Up it winds with its uncounted steps, overloomed from top to bottom by the ghostly tower. Close to its foot, on the left, in the Rue Voivoda, is the site of the castle-like palace where, when Italian merchants were princes, the Podestat of Galata dwelt in imperial state.

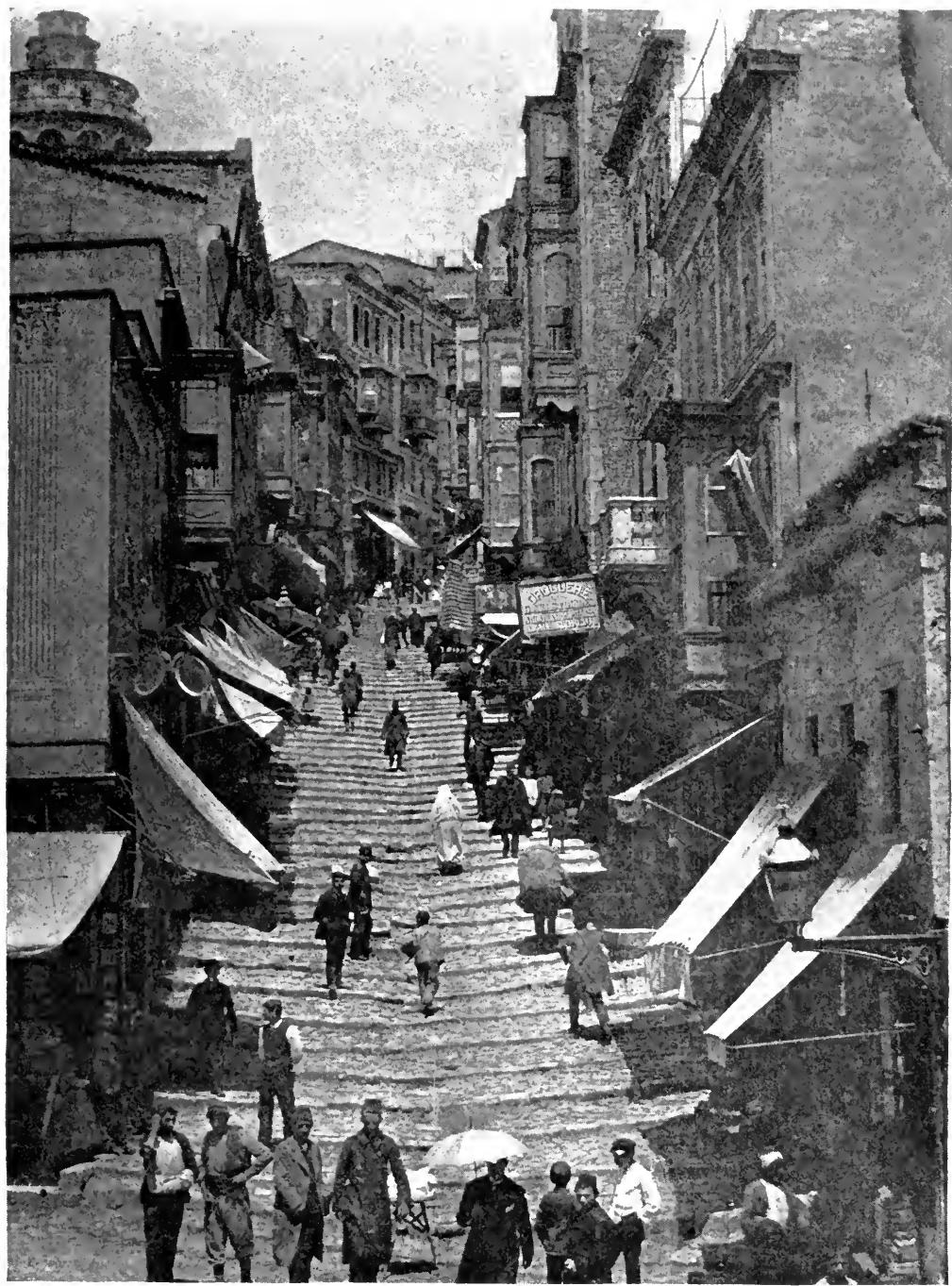
In the same street, a little farther on, stood the house in which over one hundred and thirty years ago the poets André Chénier and Joseph Chénier were born. Galata

has no more precious recollection than the memory of the fair Greek mother, Sante e Omaka, the bride of the French consul Chénier, who in that narrow street inspired her sons with the loftiest aspirations of the past and with the enthusiasm of living nobly. The elder died in Paris upon the guillotine three days before the end of the Reign of Terror. The younger lived on, and enjoyed a world-wide fame. His “*Chant du Départ*” still inflames the French soldier almost equally with the “*Marseillaise*.” The two brothers prepared the way for the romantic drama of our century. In all their literary achievement, as Villemain well remarks, “they always seemed animated by a living memory of the days of their childhood and of their mother’s songs.”

Galata preserves nothing of its oldtime martial air, when its every merchant was a soldier, and its every sailor an adventurer or buccaneer. But its fiery commercial fervor has never cooled. Its Exchange is a pandemonium of clutching fingers and rapacious eyes. Though ever since the Conquest the Ottomans have held the sword, the Christian residents, whether native or foreign, have controlled the purse-strings, and still control them here.

Galata has not only counting-houses, but also many churches and philanthropic institutions, and the whole thought of its citizens is not absorbed in the gain of gold.

The Metropolitan Church of Galata was dedicated to Saint George. Destroyed by fire, it was last rebuilt in 1676. At that time, Louis XIV was at the summit of his power, and was desirous of dotting the world with monuments of his glory. So a black marble slab over the lintel of the inner door commemorates the munificence of the Grand Monarch as its restorer.



THE YUKSEK KALDERIM

The Church of Saint Peter, twice rebuilt, has been in the possession of Dominican friars over five hundred years. It is rich in votive offerings, and a goodly line of devoted priests have served at its altar.

But its most cherished possession will not bear the test of impartial scrutiny. This is a mediæval picture which the fathers believe to be the identical painting once revered by the Greeks as the Madonna of Saint Luke, and associated with a thousand years of Byzantine history. It is a demonstrated fact that the original venerable painting was in the keeping of the Greeks from 1261 to 1453, when on the fall of the city it was captured and divided among some janissaries, who hung the pieces around their necks as talismans. Even the inscription which the friars have placed beneath their reputed treasure, contains many historical errors.

The Church of Saint Benedict is the headquarters of Catholic missions to the East. Henry IV, the white-plumed Henry of Navarre, retook it from the Italians, who had held it thirty years, and restored it to the French. Here, too, is a reminder of Louis XIV the Great. An inscription on the main door transmits the story of his royal generosity to the church. On the left of the nave is the tomb of a woman, than whom none saintlier ever labored for the welfare of the East. Her French epitaph reads: "Here lies Sister Thérèse de Merlis, Sister of Charity, Superior of the French Hospital of the Taxim, who died March 3, 1883, at the age of 73 years. Her children rise up and call her blessed." Few sovereigns ever received a grander burial. Twenty thousand persons, in a common grief, marched in her funeral procession. Here, too, is the grave of the Austrian ambassador, Baron Wysz, who

died in 1569, the first foreign envoy to the Porte who died in Constantinople.

In the gloomiest part of Galata, accessible only through damp and sinuous lanes, stands the Armenian Catholic Church of the Holy Saviour. It is the least uninteresting of the churches held by those Armenians who have forsaken their national religion and accepted the supremacy of Rome. Its chief distinction is derived from possession of a tomb, on which the following epitaph in Latin may be read: "Here lies the body of the most noble hero, Emir Beshir Sahabi, for fifty-six years the pacifier of the Lebanon. Loved of God and man, he was taken to heaven on December 30, 1850." The name of the dead emir now awakens hardly a vague recollection. Yet little over fifty years ago, it agitated all the courts of Europe, and the stately autocrat who bore it held the destinies of empires in his hands. At last he was betrayed to the allied English and Austrians, who surrendered him to the Ottomans. He was kindly treated by the latter, though under constant watch. Ten years later, he who had trod the slopes of Lebanon as a king died in captivity at Kadi Keui.

The four Greek, or Orthodox, churches are near the shore, and not far distant from one another. In almost every architectural detail—absence of a dome, unobtrusive plainness of exterior, and glassy and metallic glitter within—each is typical of the Greek churches erected since the Conquest. The oldest is the Church of the Holy Virgin, surnamed the Caffatiiane, from a picture of the Madonna which formerly stood over a well-curb in Caffa, and was brought to Constantinople after the Conquest of the Crimea by Mohammed II, in 1475. This picture has been enshrined during the last two hundred years in a

heavy sheath of wrought silver. The tombstones which stud the outer court bear many quaint devices, emblematic of the occupation of the deceased. The Karamanlis, or Greeks of Asia Minor, worship in this church. The Church of Saint Nicholas is a sort of Seaman's Bethel, highly colored and brilliant, thronged at all hours by sailors, who seek the intercessions of the kindly saint. Its narthex is a common thoroughfare between neighboring streets. The wealthy and luxurious Sciotes built their Church of Saint John the Baptist in 1734. By a peculiar provision of its founders it is independent of the Orthodox or Greek Patriarch. Strangers from the kingdom of Greece worship in the Church of the Transfiguration.

It is the just pride of the Armenians that they were the first people to embrace Christianity, and that no other national church is so ancient as theirs. So it is fitting that their chief sanctuary in Galata and the oldest which they possess in the capital, should be honored by the name of Saint Gregory, their illustrious Apostle. This attractive edifice was erected in 1436, and consists of three intercommunicating churches. Its altar of black ebony, exquisitely carved and inwrought with mother-of-pearl, is unique. The tiny chapel on the left of the altar contains an ancient picture of Christ—called, in art, a black Christ—which was found hidden in a cave, and is still believed to effect marvellous cures. The episcopal staff in jasper, ebony, and mother-of-pearl is a rich specimen of Armenian art. Near the main entrance, on the right of a patriarchal tomb, undistinguished by any monument, but held in everlasting national remembrance, is the grave of the journalist, Matteos Aïvadian, who died in 1877.

Around the church cluster many Armenian institutions of education and beneficence. One, called the United Societies for maintaining Schools in the Interior, enjoys the generous patronage of the Sultan. Here, too, is the Central Armenian School, founded, in 1885, by the Great Patriarch Nerses. Probably mathematics, a branch in which the Armenians naturally excel, is here carried farther than in any other college in the Empire.

PERA

THE human overflow from Galata northward has given rise to Pera. In its present opulence and extent Pera is a creation of the nineteenth century. It was never enclosed by walls, and is destitute of natural boundaries. Although from the first a centre of diplomacy, it has hardly any history of its own. Stavrodromion, the Cross Streets, is its name among the Greeks. The Ottomans call it Beyoglu, the Residence of the Prince, inasmuch as the exiled Alexios V, Emperor of Trebizond, resided here after his deposition by his ill-starred uncle David. Yet its earlier and more significant appellation of Pera, Beyond, seems destined to outlast all its other names.

Its character is that of cosmopolitan Europe, with almost absolute exclusion of the East. The Mussulman state dignitaries, who sit at its formal banquets and with solemn courtesy attend its formal receptions, seem like exotics on a soil that is their own. Thousands and tens of thousands among the residents of Stamboul have never even trodden the streets of Pera. The Ottoman ladies, whom it allures by its Parisian goods, glance curiously through its windows of plated glass, hurriedly complete their purchases, and hasten home.

Its distinctive features are its churches of many Christian creeds; its schools for both sexes, of every grade and of every European nationality; its palatial residences of the European ambassadors; and its European shops, stocked with all the fabrics of the inventive West.

The embassies vie with one another in ostentation and display. Although straining after effect has been modified in this more practical age, yet still each representative of the Great Powers esteems it a portion of his mission to eclipse his colleagues, or at least to maintain equal state. The ambassador, his palace and attendants, and all his outward show, together constitute a whole which is a sort of pattern or specimen whereby the strength and grandeur of the empire behind him may be judged.

Yet to create superficial impression, however important, is not the chief ambition of these titled diplomats, the splendor of whose appointments and the magnificence of whose income surpass the simpler resources of the President of the United States. The Eastern Question has been for centuries the unsolved, burning problem of European politics, and will doubtless so continue for years to come. Nowhere else is the tireless game of statecraft so uninterruptedly pursued, and so never done. The astutest diplomatic intellects, sharpened and perfected by long experience and varied training, have been despatched hither in a successive line of players from their respective courts, have touched a piece or have made a move, and then have dropped away, and the game has still gone on.

Meanwhile the Ottoman, the shrewdest player of them all, has pitted one against another, has cajoled them each and, even when the issue seemed most dubious, has never wholly lost. The British Embassy in Pera stands on land

presented by the Ottomans to Great Britain in gratitude for British aid against the French in 1801; the French Embassy on the Bosphorus likewise stands on land presented by the Ottomans to France in gratitude for French aid against the British in 1807. The unsightly shaft in the British cemetery at Scutari commemorates assistance against Russia afforded the Ottomans by both Great Britain and France in the Crimean War; another shaft, far up the Bosphorus, indicates the spot where, in response to the call of Mahmoud II, a Russian army landed in 1833, and by the significance of its presence preserved to the Sultan his imperilled throne.

The different embassies are more remarkable for commodiousness and size than for any other architectural feature. The Russian and the German occupy commanding positions: the former, comprising a main structure with broad wings, is imposing as seen from the Golden Horn; the latter overlooks the Bosphorus. The British Embassy is a vast rectangle, visible far up the Golden Horn. First erected in 1801, while Lord Elgin—memorable for his spoliation of the Parthenon and for the Elgin Marbles—was ambassador, it was destroyed by fire in 1831, and again in 1870, after which it was restored in its present form.

The migration of the ambassadors from Stamboul, where formerly they were expected to reside “so as to be under the Sultan’s eye,” has been gradual. Even to the close of the seventeenth century the ambassadors of Poland, of Ragusa, and of the King of Hungary—under which title the Emperor of Germany accredited his envoy—still dwelt in Stamboul. For many years the French ambassador, who was the earliest to remove across the bay, lived in Pera, apart from all his colleagues, in a

house first assigned him by Souleïman I, the unswerving ally of Francis I. The intimate alliance between the Ottoman Sultan and the French King, "the first important event in the diplomatic history of Pera," was negotiated here. In this alliance the Protestant Reformers had no share; yet it had momentous influence upon the destinies of the Reformation. Grape-vines covered all the slopes, and for more than a hundred years the French ambassadors often dated their letters from "the vineyards of Pera." The present French Embassy is the fourth which has stood on the same spot. It is elaborate in appearance, constructed in 1838, in the style dear to Louis Philippe, and surrounded by charming gardens.

Though Austria long since ceded Venetia, she still retains the palace wherein dwelt the Baillis of Venice accredited to the Porte. This has been in her possession ever since 1815, when the Congress of Vienna reduced Venice to the rank of an Austrian province. The other embassies are of less interest and importance.

It is to be regretted that the United States possess no fixed habitation for their representative to the Sublime Porte. The conditions of life in Constantinople so differ from those in other European capitals that what might elsewhere be an injudicious acquisition is almost a necessity here. The Ottoman Government with its habitual hospitality would readily grant a plot of land, whereon a simple, inexpensive, and appropriate structure might be erected. Expenditure for such a purpose would be an ultimate economy, both to the United States and to their representative. It would not only diminish the latter's annoyances, but increase his efficiency. It would, above all, convenience those who require his services. Now the American Legation is so subject to spring and autumn

removal from place to place that its appropriate emblem is a carpet-bag rather than an eagle. The traveller with urgent business or even the resident, unaware of the latest change of residence, often wastes precious time, chasing for hours through an extended capital after the office or the dwelling of his Minister, which, like an *ignis fatuus*, seems constantly fleeing before him.

So near each other as to accentuate the contrast between them are Somerset House and the Tekieh, or Convent, of the Mevlevi Dervishes. The former structure serves as a philanthropic and educational centre, and is specially devoted to the needs of the British community. The name commemorates an eminent Scotch divine of varied learning and wide sympathies.

The tekieh, in the midst of turbaned tombstones, and peopled by inmates in ultra Oriental garb, seems out of place in modern European Pera. But the very existence of the dervishes anywhere is an anomaly and contrary to the intent of the Prophet Mohammed, who declared there should be "no monks in Islam." The wise lawgiver's prohibition could not stem the ascetic tendency in human hearts. The sect of the Ouveïs was founded in 657, twenty-five years after the Prophet's death. They resembled the Akoimetai, or Sleepless Monks, in that their worship was ceaseless. Since then at least one hundred and fifty other orders—orthodox and heretical—have gradually arisen, and their membership must be reckoned by tens of thousands. Though permitted to marry, they are austere in every other sense. While avoiding many excesses of Christian monasticism, they have developed other and equal extravagancies of their own.

Each sect rallies around some special central idea, worships according to its own ritual, and is marked by

some peculiarity in its attire. The headdress is the most distinguishing feature, varying in size, shape, color, material, and specially in the plaits or folds of its turban. Constantly in their hands are rosaries of thirty-three, sixty-six, but most often of ninety-nine beads, always terminating in one other bead larger than the rest. The rosaries are used only with religious intent, never negligently or as diversion, and each bead is significant of a beneficent name of the Deity. These are the "ninety-nine beautiful names" which Edwin Arnold, in his "Pearls of the Faith," has wrought into ninety-nine poems, among the most devout and spiritual in the English language. Discountenanced secretly by the clergy, the dervishes, on account of their poverty, austerity, and fanaticism, are revered by the common people, and are to-day justly esteemed a mainstay of Islam.

The tekiehs are always simple and unostentatious structures, usually of wood. Such is that of the Mevlevis at Pera, though the chapter is among the wealthiest of the order. A large gateway, surmounted by the toughra, or imperial seal, and a barred and grated mausoleum of dervish saints, over which rises the peaked, brimless hat, challenges the attention of the passer-by. In the spacious courtyard is the peculiar pride of the dervishes. This is an enormous ivy, which has apparently forgotten how to climb, and grows like a tree. On the left, are the graves of Mussulman dignitaries and holy men. In the strange company sleeps the French soldier of fortune, the Count de Bonneval. He embraced Islam, became grand master of artillery, and is known in Ottoman history as Achmet Pasha. The monument of the adventurer is still erect, and bears the following half-mournful epitaph: "In the name of Almighty God, Who alone is eternal. May the

All Holy and Most High God have mercy upon the faithful of both races, and forgive the Koumbaradji Pasha Achmet. Redjeb 18, 1160."

Directly opposite the entrance is the tekieh. The main room, differing from that of the other orders in shape, is circular. Above and below run galleries for the reception of spectators. The dervishes, unlike the celebrants in mosques, are glad of the presence of visitors. Over the entrance is the station of the orchestra, and on either side are the latticed chambers of the Sultan and of Ottoman ladies.

The services commence with the namaz, or canonical prayer. Then the dervishes seat themselves in a circle upon the sheepskins, and remain for several moments apparently absorbed in silent devotion. Their heads are bowed, their eyes closed, their arms folded upon their breasts. The Sheik chants a hymn to the glory of Allah. Then he calls upon the assembly to repeat with him the fatiha, or first chapter of the Koran.

He closes his solemn invitation in these words: "Let us repeat the fatiha in honor of the holy name of Allah, in honor of the blessed legion of the prophets, but above all of Mohammed ul Moustapha, the greatest, most august, and most magnificent of all the celestial envoys. Let us repeat it in memory of the first four Caliphs; of Fatima the Holy; of Khadidjah the Chaste; of the Imams Hassan and Housseïn; of all the martyrs of the memorable day of Kerbela; of the ten evangelists; of the virtuous consorts of our holy prophet; of all his zealous and faithful disciples; of all the consecrated interpreters; of all the doctors, and of all the sainted men and women of Islam.

"Let us, moreover, repeat it in honor of Hazret Mevlaneh, founder of our Order; of Hazret Sultan ul Oulema, his

father; of Seïd Burknanuddin, his teacher; of Sheik Shemseddin, his consecrator; of Valideh Sultana, his mother; of Mohammed Ala Eddin Effendi, his son and vicar; of all his successors; of all the sheiks; of all the dervishes, and of all the protectors of our institution, to whom may the Supreme Being condescend to grant peace and piety. Let us pray for the constant prosperity of our holy society; for the preservation of the very learned and very venerable General of the Order, our master and lord; for the preservation of the Sultan, the very majestic and very merciful Emperor of the Mussulman Faith; for the prosperity of the Grand Vizir, and of the Sheik ul Islam, and for that of all the Mussulman hosts, and of all the pilgrims of Mecca.

“Let us pray for the repose of the souls of all the instructors, of all the sheiks, of all the dervishes of the other orders; for all men of good life; for all who are eminent for their works, their gifts, and beneficent acts. Let us finally pray for all the Mussulmans, both men and women, of East and West; for maintenance of all prosperity; for deliverance from all adversity; for accomplishment of all salutary desires; for the success of all praiseworthy undertakings. Finally, let us entreat God that He deign to preserve in us the gifts of His grace and the fire of His holy love.”

In response, the assembly intone the fatiha: “Praise to God, Sovereign of the Universe, the Merciful, the Compassionate, Sovereign at the day of judgment. It is Thou whom we adore; it is Thou of whom we implore the aid. Direct us in the narrow path, in the path of those whom Thou hast heaped with Thy benefits, of those who have not deserved Thy wrath, and who go not astray. Amen.” The Sheik recites the tekbir, an ascription of glory to God,

and the salatvitir, the prayer daily offered before dawn. Then all is ready for the mysterious circular dance which characterizes the worship of the Mevlevis, and from which they are commonly called the Whirling Dervishes.

All the dervishes rise. With the precision of automatons they file before their sheik. Every feature of their demeanor and bearing, every smallest detail of posture or gesture or immobile rest, is prescribed by a fixed ritual, and has a symbolic meaning. These details are countless ; to the non-Mussulman often appear puerile, and from their number and minuteness escape the most inquisitive stranger. The Sheik bestows his benediction on each approaching figure with a peculiar wave of the hand which resembles a magnetic pass.



THE WHIRLING DERVISHES

As the moment draws near for the whirling to begin, the aspect of the votaries changes. The stolid, passive, pensive forms seem waking like war-horses at the first blast of the trumpet. The leader of the procession makes his last salutation to the Sheik. Then on the heel of the bare right foot he commences to revolve. His head is bent low over the right shoulder, and his eyes are half

closed. Both arms are extended : the right is raised aloft, palm upward, to signify petition for and reception of divine blessings ; the left is depressed, palm downward, thereby indicating that the blessings are received, and with self-renunciation are bestowed on others.

Then another dervish in like manner begins to turn ; then another and another, till all have joined the whirling company, and the room reveals only a dizzy maze of circling forms. Each revolves not only upon himself, but around all the rest. Circle swings in intricate circle, and the relative position of each is in constant change throughout the hall. The long white robes, hanging to the feet, slowly distend by the rapid motion, and at last stand at right angles to the wearer. Yet, though the space is small and the participants are many, never does robe graze robe, nor hand collide with hand.

All the time the faint and soothing music of the flute-like neïk and the tambourine sustains and animates the devotees. The velocity of motion becomes greater, and the absorption of the actors more intense. The pallid faces of the zealots seem transformed. On many a countenance dawns an expression of ecstasy, and all seem moving as if in a delicious dream. So the living labyrinth glides on for eighty or ninety minutes. Only twice is the motion interrupted by brief pauses, during which the Sheik offers prayers. In times of great emergency or public distress, he himself takes part, having his station as a revolving sun in the centre of his human planets, and repeating prayers in Persian appropriate to the occasion.

At last the fatiha is again repeated, and the fantastic but graceful rites are done. To the Christian, however wide his range of expression and thought, it is hard to

associate the idea of worship with these circling mazes. Nor do the Mevlevi dervishes themselves agree as to the exact meaning of their observances. Perhaps thus they imitate their pious founder, who in excitement or spiritual exaltation would spring from his seat and turn round many times. Some hold that thus they best abstract their minds from all external objects. Others claim that in this manner they set forth the revolutions and hence the celestial worship of the stars. The most assert that the circle, the only perfect figure, represents Allah, who alone is perfect, and doubtless in the physical exercise the groping devotees seek likeness to God.

The churches in Pera are numerous, suiting every form and degree of faith. Only two have a history of over two hundred years, and none are remarkable for either architecture or size.

The most prominent educational institution is the imperial Lycée of Galata Seraï, modelled after a French Lycée, and officered by a splendid corps of more than eighty instructors. The Lycée is a special pet of the present Sultan. It was founded in 1869, and located in an imposing building in the heart of Pera. The majority of its seven hundred students are Mussulmans, but equal facilities are afforded to all, irrespective of religion and race. Though in this polyglot empire, languages constitute an essential and leading part in a young man's education, yet there are comprehensive courses in the various branches, of science, in mathematics, literature, history, and philosophy. The college perpetuates the name of Galata Seraï, or Palace of Galata, first erected in the fifteenth century on the same site by Bayezid II. At that time all the region north of the Golden Horn was called Galata by the Ottomans. Under Souleïman I, the reconstructed palace

served as a training-school for the itcholans, or imperial pages ; and the chief instruction given was “to read, write, ride, draw the bow, and chant devotions.” Burnt down in 1831, and again in 1849, the present magnificent edifice was at once erected.

To enumerate all the other institutions existing in Pera for young men, would be to draw up a bewildering and lengthy catalogue of foreign names. The name college is applied to various establishments, differing largely from one another in their curriculum, but almost all well conducted and affording a good education. Some are attached to foreign Church Missions ; some are built upon private liberality, and others are the speculations of private enterprise.

The colleges and high schools in Pera for young women merit special and separate mention, both from the prominence of the subject and from the distinguished esteem in which they are now held by the general public. The importance, the necessity, of a high education for women is to-day recognized by every Christian community in Constantinople ; such universal recognition is a striking fact. A generation ago, any like idea did not exist or was ignored. In Pera, as in America, it is not thirty years since equal education for the son and daughter was scoffed at as an absurdity or feared as an experiment. In Pera as in America, the problem has been solved with no less satisfactory results.

In this onward march the Greeks have led the van. Their young ladies’ colleges, the Zappeion and the Pallas, have already exercised immense influence in the development of female culture. These institutions are an honor to the race by which they were founded and to the philanthropists by whom they were generously endowed.



RUSSIAN CHURCH OF SAINT NICOLAS

Additional to the thorough and systematic course of study pursued within their walls, the Zappeion especially is architecturally one of the noblest monuments of Pera.

Adjacent to the Armenian Church of the Holy Trinity is the Arvestanotz, a kind of practical Polytechnic School for young Armenian women. Founded by the sagacious philanthropy of an Armenian gentleman, administered by an efficient corps, thoroughly organized and equipped, it would be difficult to cite an institution more praiseworthy in its object and more excellent in its results.

The School of Notre Dame de Sion, on the outskirts of Pera, conducted by the ladies of that venerable sisterhood, has both a preparatory and an academic course; its students may pass directly from it to the highest professional schools of Paris. Valuable and varied as is the mental training it affords, it aims especially at the cultivation of character and of womanly grace. Many of the most refined and best-educated ladies of Pera enjoyed its advantages.

The Armeno-Catholic college at Pera, belonging to the Society Hamaskiatz, and the school of the Franciscan Sisters of Saint Mary deserve honorable mention. In all these institutions, by whomsoever founded, marked prominence is given to religious instruction. Very great attention is of course devoted to the languages. Instrumental and vocal music are always well taught; at the same time the less showy and more solid branches hold their appropriate place.

Schools of preparatory and intermediate grade abound for boys or girls or for both together. From immemorial custom such a school is connected with every Armenian or Greek church, not only in Pera, but throughout the capital. No matter how poor the parish or how few the families,

if there be a church, the school is sure to be found near by. The foreign residents or their legations have been equally solicitous for their own children, and each among the European nationalities is well provided.

Literary, musical, scientific, and philanthropic societies and clubs are numerous. Some are cosmopolitan in their membership; others are limited to a single nationality. Pre-eminent among them all is the Hellenic Philologic Syllogos. The main object of this society is research, whether archæological, literary, or scientific. Discussion and investigation are encouraged in all fields, save those of politics and religion; the latter subjects are wisely excluded from a body representative of different races and creeds. The majority of its thirteen hundred members are Greeks, but on its roll are also the names of many distinguished foreigners; among them, six Americans. The language commonly employed at its sessions is Greek or French. The publications of the Syllogos are many and varied. Of especial value are its published investigations of mediæval monuments and records. Its library of sixteen thousand volumes, mainly archæological, is constantly increasing. This syllogos is the parent of many other syllogoi throughout the Ottoman Empire. It has also contributed much to the preparation of text-books and the founding of schools. Its first hall, with library and precious collections, having been destroyed by fire, in 1870, the present elegant and commodious building was erected the following year. Altogether this society deserves its wide and most honorable reputation.

The remote outskirts of Pera, stretching still farther northward, have of late received distinctive names. Tata-vola and San Dimitri, inhabited almost exclusively by Greeks, are justly famed for the beauty of their women.

Nowhere in the East is the classic type more often seen. Byzantios says with reason, "Apelles and Phidias might here have chosen the models of their fairest creations." Pancaldi contains the Catholic Cathedral, an impressive edifice planted on a most unfortunate situation. Ferikeui and Chichli evoke but the single memory of death and graves. There are the chief cemeteries of the Catholic, Protestant, and Orthodox Greek communities. In the Protestant cemetery, all the nations holding to the Reformed religion,—Germany, Holland, Great Britain, the Scandinavian States, the United States,—each in its allotted section, inter their dead, side by side.

VI

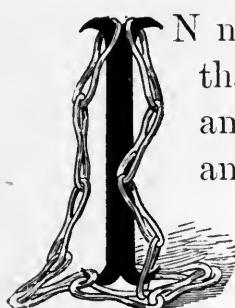
THE BOSPHORUS

There is perhaps no locality in the world surrounded by so many historical souvenirs, and adorned with so many varied gifts of Nature, as the imposing and picturesque strait across which the waves of the Euxine Sea precipitate themselves toward the Mediterranean, bathing with the same billow the shores of Europe and the shores of Asia.—TCHIHATCHEFF.

The Thracian Bosphorus, from whatever point of view we regard it, is of exhaustless interest.—PROFESSOR CLARKE.

There God and Man, Nature and Art, have together created and placed the most marvellous point of view which the human eye can contemplate upon earth.—LAMARTINE.

Upon this planet there is no other stream so wonderful: its equal can be found only, if at all, upon some other star.—PROFESSOR PARK..



N no fitter words can I commence this chapter than with such citations. They are the utterances of men who have studied the science, and thrilled with the history, and gazed enraptured upon the face of the Bosphorus. The first was a leader among Slavic scientists; the second, one of the most renowned English university professors; the third, a French poet, historian, statesman; the fourth is a profound and revered American theologian. With equal admiration, and almost equal eloquence, they pay the tribute of their homage to this incomparable stream.

Hundreds of other writers have as graphically united vividness and truth in their references to the Bosphorus. It has often been described with painstaking and minute research since that early, first narration, composed so well

by Dionysios, of Byzantium, nineteen centuries ago. Yet no author has accomplished more, or could accomplish more, than unsatisfactory indication of some of the more prominent features — æsthetic, scientific, historic, archæologic — along its crowded shores. Enthusiasm and learning may alike be baffled, because there is so much from which to choose. Whoever undertakes its delineation must be painfully self-conscious at the start that his omissions will be manifold more than all he says. For, although

“The world is rich in streams,
Renowned in song and story,
Whose waters murmur to our dreams
Of human love and glory,”

there is not one among them all which rivals the Bosphorus.

To its associations it owes in part its undisputed pre-eminence. There is hardly a nation of the civilized world whose blood has not mingled with its waters. There is hardly a faith, hardly a heresy, which, by the devotion of its adherents and martyrs, has not hallowed its banks. Associations the most dissimilar, the most incongruous, the most distant, elbow one another in its every hamlet and village. The German Emperor, William II, in 1889 disembarks at the same spot which tradition makes the landing-place of that other youthful leader, Jason, with his Argonauts, in that sublime voyage of the fourteenth century before Christ.

The story of the Bosphorus is mythologic and historic ; pre-classic, classic, mediæval, and modern ; Pagan, Christian, and Mussulman ; transmitted and preserved in every form — legend, fable, tradition, poem, telegram — from

before the birth of Herodotus and Homer down to the newspaper of to-day. The past seems the present; the present the past. Fable seems fact, and reality, romance, all equally real or unreal in narration of its record.

Past to the present makes full restitution,
Ages are fused to consecutive years;
Races are wed in one mighty confusion,
Byzas and Mahmoud clasp hands as compeers.

An error of one hundred years, five hundred years, in its chronology half appears a trivial matter, for, in the overflowing, immortal history of the Bosphorus, a thousand years are but a day.

The ancients derived the name from a legend of the Olympian gods. Zeus, omnipotent against all other, could not protect his mistress Io from the tireless pursuit of his jealous wife. Persecuted from land to land, Io reached the eastern shore of the strait. There, transformed into a cow, she plunged into the current, swam across in safety, and hid in the recesses of the Golden Horn. Thus the story of her suffering and daring passage is preserved in the word Bosphorus, Bosporos, the Ford, or Crossing, of the Cow.

The fancy of the classic writers bestowed upon it many other names. Philostratos called it Ekbolai, or Mouth of the Black Sea; Euripides, the Kleides, or Keys; Aristides, the Thyrai, or Doors; and Herodotus, the Auchen, or Throat. To the Byzantines of the Middle Ages, as to many Greeks to-day, it was the Katastemon, or Narrows; to the Crusaders, the Arm of Saint George; to its present Ottoman masters, Boghaz, or the Throat. Nor is its frequent title among modern geographers inappropriate,—the Canal, or Strait, of Constantinople. But its common,

world-familiar appellation of the Bosphorus doubtless antedates the legend of Zeus and Io, and is older than mythology. So doubtless will it outlast all its other names, even as it has survived the discrowned, forgotten gods of Olympus.

In its swift flow it is a river, and in its depth a sea ; yet many a sea is less profound, and many a river spreads with a wider breadth, and pours with a less rapid current. Its average depth from shore to shore between the Black Sea and the Marmora, as obtained by eight hundred and thirty-two soundings, is eighty-eight and three-fifths feet. At no point is the depth of the main channel less than twenty-four and one-half fathoms. Off Yenikeui and Therapia, far up the Bosphorus, its bed is fifty-three fathoms, and off Candili, sixty-six fathoms below the surface of the water. The lateral zones of the main channel are nowhere less than six feet deep, and at many places over two hundred.

So sharply do its submarine banks descend, that large vessels, hugging the land too closely, though in deep water, often run their bowsprits and yards into houses on the shore. Many a shipmaster has paid damages for such unceremonious intrusion, not only of his rigging, but of his sailors, into drawing-rooms and chambers along the Bosphorus. I remember, when making a good-by call upon an English lady at Candili, her matter-of-fact apology for the torn casements of the windows and the disordered appearance of the room. She said that a Greek vessel ran into the house that morning, and that the carpenters had not come to make repairs.

The Bosphorus contains few dangerous submarine rocks or shoals. The locality of these few is indicated by light-houses or buoys. The water is only slightly tinged with

salt, and is marvellously clear. The sands, glittering apparently near the surface, may be twenty feet below.

On a map of whatever scale, each of those familiar straits, which cleave lands and continents asunder, seems hardly more than a silvery thread. Yet, as one sails over their famous waters, the opposing shores on either hand sometimes appear far away. The Strait of Gibraltar, which wrests Africa from Europe, is sixteen miles wide; that of Messina, forcing its way between Italy and Sicily, is from two to twelve; that of Bonifacio, which, like a blade of steel, cuts Corsica and Sardinia apart, is seven miles in width at its most contracted point; even the Dardanelles expands from over one mile to four.

But the illusion as to distances, created by the map, is reality as to the Bosphorus. Off Buyoukdereh, where it attains its largest breadth, its hemmed-in waters broaden to only nine thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight feet, or about one and four-fifths miles. Between Roumeli Hissar and Anadoli Hissar, they shrink to one-sixth of these dimensions, or to sixteen hundred and forty-one feet.

Its general direction is north, northeast, and south, southwest. Its length from Seraglio Point to a line stretched between the two lighthouses at the mouth of the Black Sea is sixteen and one-sixth miles. But its course is so broken, and so shut in by hills, that it resembles an inland lake rather than a river or strait. The European bank is nineteen and one-quarter miles long, and the Asiatic twenty-three and two-thirds. Throughout their entire length, the two shores maintain a striking parallel. Where one bank is straight, the opposite is the same. Each convex bend on the European side finds a concave indentation on the Asiatic. Each European bay

is answered by a corresponding Asiatic promontory. Eight promontories thus advance boldly toward eight retiring, timorous bays.

This startling conformity of outline, this rough adjustment of shore to shore, carries imagination backward across countless ages to the time when titanic forces here rent Europe and Asia asunder. The awe-stricken ancients handed down the tradition of how the pent-up, resistless waters of the Black Sea tore through valleys, and levelled mountains, in their sudden, southward rush toward the Mediterranean. The Cyanean Islands at the mouth of the Black Sea, and the entire upper Bosphorus, bear unanswerable testimony to their volcanic origin.

The Bosphorus never feels the influence of tides. From the vast bosom of the Mediterranean the evaporation is enormous. The contribution of its rivers, moreover, is small in comparison with that of the mighty streams which deluge the Black Sea. So here the flow southward is constant.

“Like to the Pontic Sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont.”

The current sometimes attains a velocity of four, and even five, miles an hour. So violently does it rush by the promontories of Arnaoutkeui and Roumeli Hissar that the strongest boatmen are unable to row against it. This has given rise to a peculiar guild, or craft,—the yedekdjis,—whose whole business consists in towing vessels up the stream.

Yet, despite the swiftness of its current, Tchihatcheff, than whom no scientist is more careful and exact, asserts

that the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn have seventeen times been partially or entirely frozen over since 330. Zonaras, once commander of the Imperial Guard, and finally an ascetic monk at Mount Athos, says that in 755 "whoever wished, walked from Chrysopolis (Scutari) to Galata without hindrance as upon dry land." The Patriarch Nikephoros I, "a man most holy," declares that in 762, when he was a youth, "people traversed the strait more easily on foot than formerly in a boat." During the reign of Osman II, in 1621, bullock teams crossed upon the ice from Asia to Europe. The devout Mussulmans attributed the rigor of that winter to the aversion of Allah for the boy Sultan. During the present century, both the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn were skimmed over with ice in 1823, as was also the Golden Horn in 1849 and 1862.

By a strange phenomenon, if the south wind prevails, the superficial current is reversed, though the inferior current continues its accustomed course. Then the waters on the surface are piled tumultuously back upon one another, and the quays, which are several feet above the ordinary Bosphorus level, are flooded and perhaps made impassable. At such times caiques and smaller boats do not dare to venture upon the tempestuous surface.

Sometimes a strong wind blows northward from the Marmora, and another wind as strong blows with equal violence southward from the Black Sea. Then, as one gazes from some central point like Roumeli Hissar, he beholds ships under full sail majestically approaching each other from both directions till at last they are only two or three miles apart. Between them lies a belt of moveless sea, into which they are forced and on which they drift helplessly about and perhaps crash into each other's

sides. This is a duel royal between Boreas and Notus, and may continue for hours. Gradually the zone of calm is forced north or south. At last one wind withdraws like a defeated champion from the arena. The ships which it has brought thus far, drop their anchors and wait, or else hire one of the numerous steam-tugs which are paddling expectantly about. The ships which have come with the victorious wind triumphantly resume their course, and meanwhile their sailors mock and jeer their fellow-mariners, whose breeze has failed them.¹

Of all its many descriptive epithets, ancient and modern, none have clung with more persistent tenacity than the simple, early adjective of "fishy" Bosphorus. Seventy edible varieties of fish, familiar to connoisseurs, sport in its waters. Some have their permanent haunts within the stream. The most are migratory. The instinct of the seasons moves them northward or southward with the birds. The strait is their only possible highway between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, their summer and winter homes. From March until June and from August to December, men, poised in the quaint perches high on piles above the water, and constantly on the outlook, watch for the flash of their gliding forms. The various fishy tribes, at intervals of days and in countless shoals, succeed one another. The watchers, trained by long experience, with sharp eyes pierce the crystal depths and know what fish are passing or are almost come. Then, the signal given, every advantageous spot is quickly blackened over with hundreds of fishing-boats, and their generous harvest never fails.

¹ The average annual temperature of the water is about $1\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ Fahrenheit higher than that of the air. In winter, it is $14\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ higher; in spring, summer, and autumn, it is $3\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$, 4° , and $1\frac{3}{4}^{\circ}$ less.

Would some Izaak Walton ask what are the classes and the habits of the swimming creatures, which thus to-day within the Bosphorus fall victims to the hook or spear or net? All this Aristotle best describes in his treatise upon the "Fishes," which he wrote more than two thousand, two hundred years ago.

Along both shores extends a line of mosques, palaces, and humbler dwellings, which are cut from the water by a narrow quay. This fringe of habitations broadens into many a village, which clammers like ivy along the hill-sides and pushes in amphitheatric form up the ravines. On the European side this succession of adjacent edifices is almost continuous till within five miles of its northern extremity. The Asiatic side is less densely populated: here a tiny plain, or a grove of trees, or a projecting cliff, cuts the continuity of its houses.

After the last northward bend of the Bosphorus the whole aspect changes. As if to mark the sudden transition, Giant's Mountain, six hundred and sixty feet in height, the loftiest elevation on the strait, rises abruptly from the water, and dominates the view. Up to this point every natural feature has embodied the perfection of calm though varied beauty, humanized by the homes of men. Now, beyond, the villages become rare and the houses scattered, and man and nature appear appalled by the nearness of the Black Sea. Frowning and precipitous cliffs, their faces whitened and polished, beaten smooth in storm and winter by thunderous waves, form the appropriate portal through which one enters that tremendous sea, so awful to the ancients, and so justly dreaded now.

THE EUROPEAN SHORE OF THE BOSPHORUS

To merely recapitulate the successive names which in different centuries have been borne by each bay or headland or human settlement upon the Bosphorus, would fill pages with a polyglot and heterogeneous list. Around each cluster the multiform and accumulated legend, history, and association of more than three thousand years. As I begin to conduct the reader's fancy along the European shore to the Cyanean Islands and the Black Sea, and thence in a parallel excursion southward along the Asiatic shore, I realize how superficial must be the attempt.

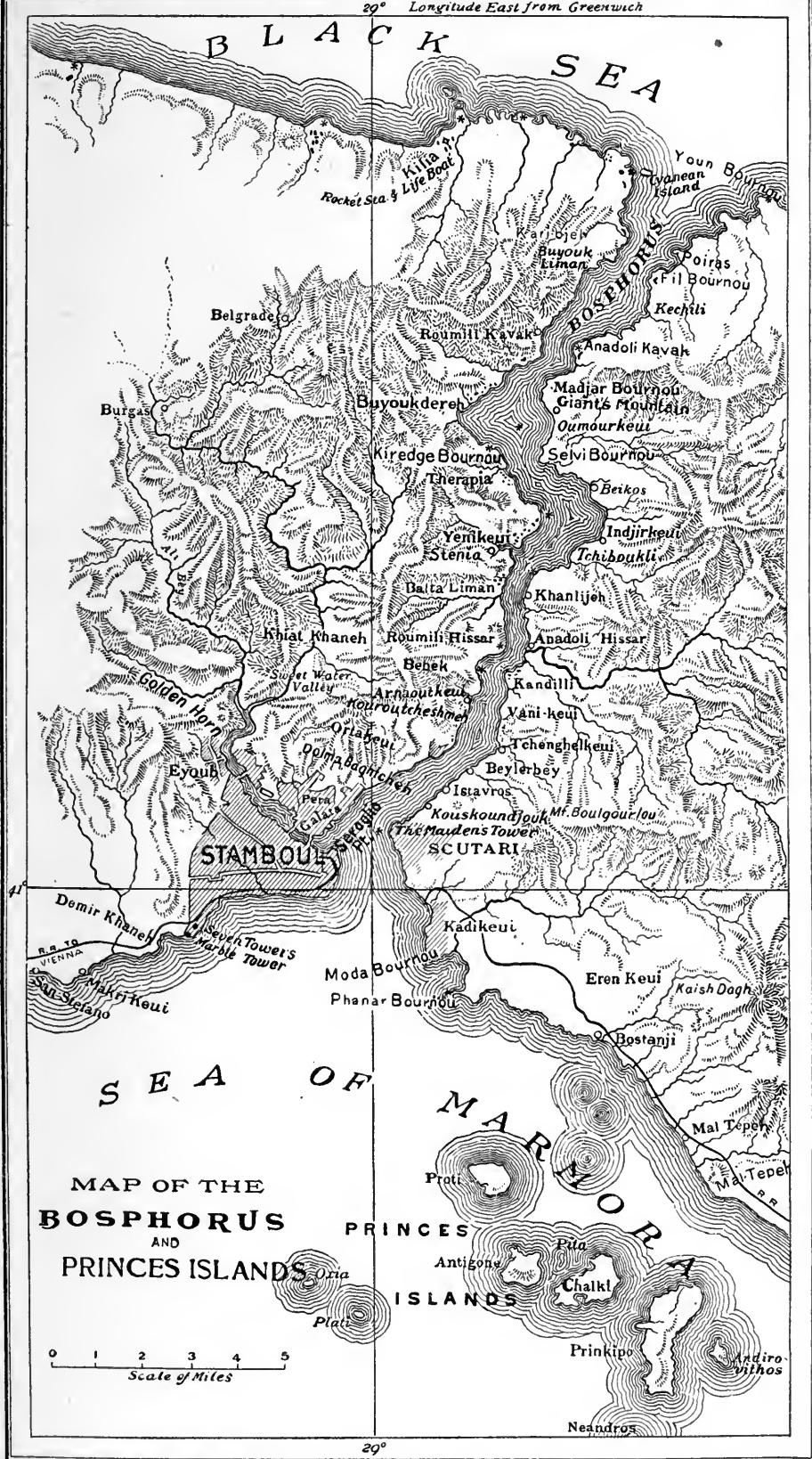
“Not lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake’s level brim”

than must be the rapid glance we cast, while everywhere there is so much to bid us linger.

The junction of the Golden Horn and Bosphorus was formerly indicated by an elongated and narrow bay on the east of Galata. This bay has been filled up by the Ottomans. The grimy, though impressive Mosque of Kilidj Ali Pasha, the dingy fountain of Achmet I, and the Artillery Esplanade, embellished by Sultan Abd-ul Aziz, mark its site. Close by is the elegant Mosque of Mahmoud II, erected in thank-offering to God for the destruction of the janissaries. The locality is now called Top Khaneh, or the Cannon Foundry, from the extensive works that stretch along the strait.

Here in 1701 a splendid palace was constructed by the fierce Kapoudan Pasha, Housseïn Mezzomorto. This daring sea-rover had been during seventeen years a chained

29° Longitude East from Greenwich



MAP OF THE
BOSPHORUS
AND
PRINCES ISLANDS

Scale of Miles

29°

CONSTANTINOPLE

galley-slave on a Christian vessel. When at last he obtained his freedom, his all-absorbing passion was to pay back to the Christians what he had suffered during his captivity. Once, after a desperate battle, in which he had performed prodigies of valor, he was left for dead. Restored to life, he received the sobriquet of Mezzomorto. He conquered Scio, three times defeated the Venetians, and made the Christians tremble at his name. When appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Ottoman navies, he stipulated that, even when received in solemn audience by his sovereign, he should never be required to wear anything save a common sailor's usual suit. So, while the other pashas glittered in silk and gold, Mezzomorto was the plainest dressed and most distinguished of all.

The various names of the next city quarter well illustrate how cycles in the life of the Bosphorus overlap one another. The Ottomans call it Salih Bazar, the Tuesday Market, because on that day itinerant merchants here bring their wares for sale. Its earliest name was Aian-teion, from a temple which the Megarians raised to a hero of the Trojan War, Ajax Telamon. In the time of Christ it was Elaion, the Olive Orchard; also Palinormion, the Place of the Returning, inasmuch as a colony which had set out was forced by an adverse wind to come back here; and sometimes Sponde, the Spot where the solemn drink-offering was anciently poured out.

All this region was converted by Souleïman I into a magnificent private garden. Thus he assured himself a delightful view from Seraglio Point, and made certain that no prying eye, gazing southward across the strait, should penetrate the secrecy of the seraglio. The Palace of Mahmoud I, Nessat, or the House of Mirth, the Palace of Damat Ibrahim Pasha, Emn Abad, or the Habitation of

Safety, like the luxuriant garden, long ago entirely disappeared.

On the place where they stood, close to the shore, are now two palaces, absolutely alike, it is said, in every detail. They were erected by Mahmoud I for two nieces whom he loved equally. To prevent possible jealousy, these palaces on their completion were assigned to their new possessors by lot. A dispute as to whether the lots were fairly drawn alienated the sisters, and brought to naught the carefully devised precaution of their imperial uncle.

In 626, the Avars, then besieging Constantinople, came to this point and kindled signal-fires for their Persian allies, who were then encamped in Scutari. But as neither party possessed ships or the materials from which to make them, both remained in impotent fury upon their respective sides, and were unable to effect a junction. Here then stood the memorable Church of the Maccabees, or the Church in the Olives, which Constantine had rebuilt in the form of a cross, and which, until near his death, he intended should be his mausoleum. It was first erected in the second century, and under four bishops was the Episcopal See. Inland, high on a superb site, may still be seen the Mosque of Djéanghir, which Souleiman consecrated to the memory of a beloved son.

To the neighboring quarter of Fundoukli the pleasure-loving Mohammed IV frequently came on a visit to Housseïn Agha Fundoukli, a wealthy Ottoman, who died over two hundred years ago. The Sultan would spend the entire day in fishing from the palace windows of his host, which overhung the Bosphorus. The captives of his line, the Sultan usually sent as a high distinction to his favorites. Each such remembrance was a costly honor, for the

privileged recipient was required by etiquette to present the bearer according to his rank with at least a hundred piastres a fish, and often with five times as much. Here in classic times was a heroon of the Egyptian king, Ptolemy Philadelphos, whom the Byzantines gratefully revered for assistance afforded them during siege and famine. The jutting point of land, under its classic name of Delphis, or the Dolphin, and Charonda, reminded of the legend of the shepherd Chalkis. So divinely did he play the lyre that every day a dolphin came to listen, lifting its head in ecstasy from the water. Charondas, another shepherd, envious of Chalkis's music, killed his pet. The sorrowing musician built a monument, and inscribed upon it the words, Delphis and Charondas.

Here, according to a tradition so attested as to seem authentic history, Saint Andrew came preaching Christianity three years after the Crucifixion. Weaving into the sacred story "the golden woof-thread of romance," the Byzantine Christians loved to tell that the Bosphorus reminded the Apostle of his native Galilee, and that the first company which met to hear him was made up of fishermen like himself. Here he remained two years, and consecrated Stachys, the "beloved" of Saint Paul, first Bishop of Byzantium, and organized a church, from which the Eastern Orthodox Church with its hundred million communicants has grown. After the Conquest the Ottomans appropriated to themselves all the more commanding and desirable locations, expelling from them the Greeks. So, of necessity, the Christians abandoned Fundoukli with its sacred memories, and from that time it has been only Moslem. It is crowded with mosques and dervish tekiehs, but has not a single Christian church.

After Fundoukli comes Kabatash, the Rugged Stone.

In its long-ago ruined breakwater, vestiges of which may still be seen, the ships of Rhodes used to anchor, and hence the place was commonly called the Port of the Rhodians.

All the way thus far, a steep and beetling hill, packed on its side and summit with sombre wooden houses, has formed the picturesque background of the narrow shore. Now the hill recedes, and the luxuriant valley of Dolma Baghtcheh takes its place. This valley was once a deep inlet of the Bosphorus, and its principal harbor on the west. On its southern bank rose a temple of Apollo. Here, according to the legend, the Scythian Tauros moored his galley of fifty oars and worshipped in the temple when, like a knight-errant of mythology, he was on his way to Crete to rescue the imprisoned Pasiphae from her relentless husband, Minos. Jasonian was the ordinary name of the harbor among the ancient Greeks, from the current tradition that here Jason and the heroes of the "Argo" disembarked. Here, too, in 1203 the soldiers of the Fourth Crusade, who had sailed across from Scutari, furiously sprang from their ships into the sea and charged the Greek army, drawn up sixty thousand strong along the shore. "And know ye," says Villehardouin, himself in the fray, "that never was harbor more proudly taken."

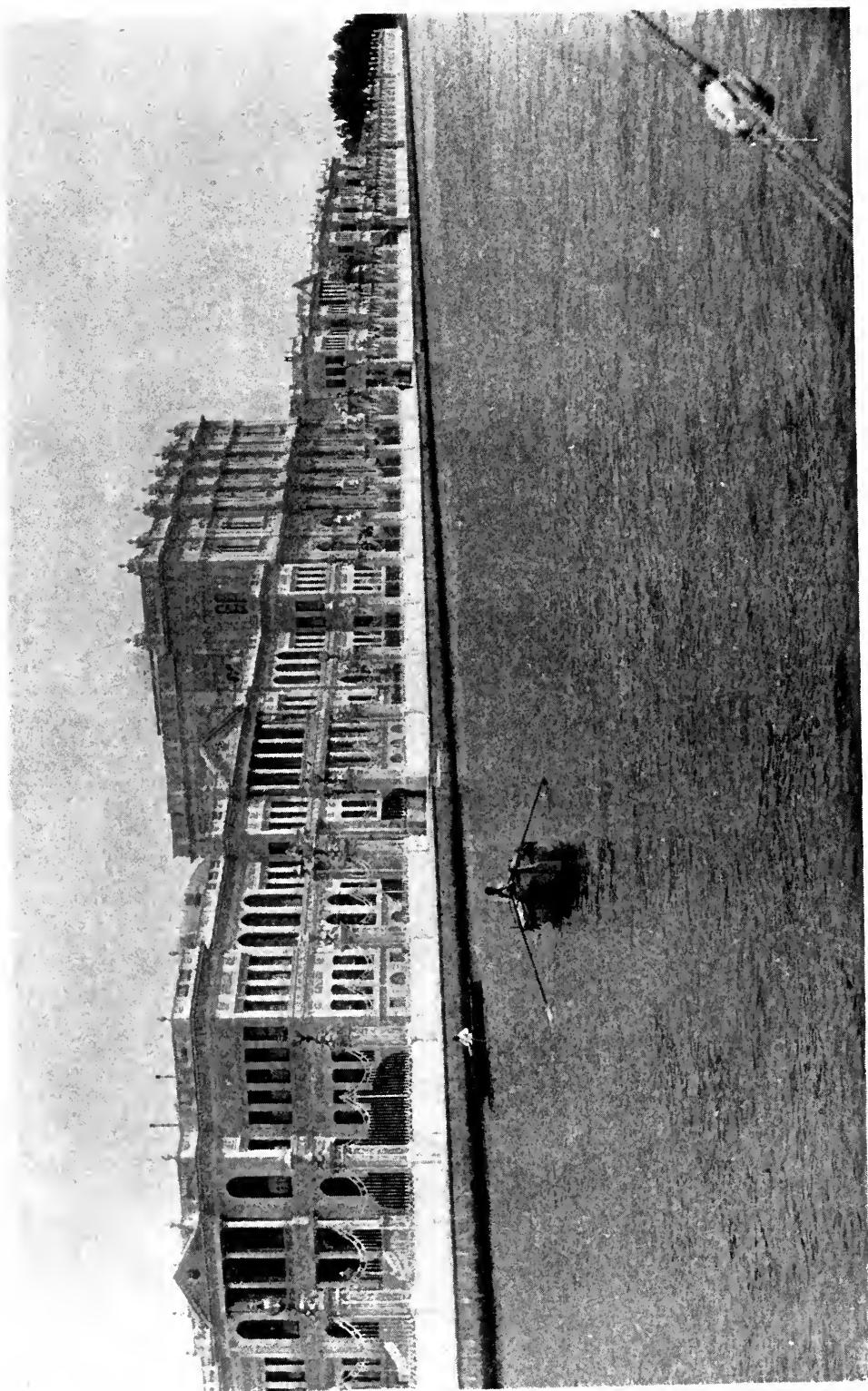
Here, during the final siege, were anchored the ships of Mohammed II, all alike rendered useless by the impassable chain that closed the entrance to the Golden Horn. Despite the enormous host which besieged the city on its western side, Ottoman's success at best was doubtful as long as the Golden Horn was held by the Greeks. That chain it was impossible to break, and the discouraged Ottomans confessed that, however great their numbers, on the sea they could not cope with the Giaours. A

leader less ingenious, or possessed of fewer resources than the persistent Sultan, would have despaired.

The genius and audacity of Mohammed inspired him with a daring plan. He resolved to transport his galleys over the solid land and launch them from the hills into those very waters, from which the well-defended chain had so far shut them out. He ordered a broad plank highway to be constructed from the inner extremity of the harbor up the ravine, over the level top of the plateau, and down the ravine of Kassim Pasha on the other side of Galata. Immense quantities of oil and grease were poured upon the wooden road to render its smooth surface still more slippery. Hundreds of rollers were prepared. Sixty-eight ships, with sails spread to catch the favoring breeze, were drawn in a single night by long files of soldiers on rollers to the top of the plateau; then they were let down with the resistlessness of fate into the Golden Horn. The chain was thus rendered useless, and the investment of the doomed city was complete.

During the reign of Souleiman I, this harbor was completely filled up by Khaïreddin Pasha, known to Christian history as the terrible Barbarossa. All the labor was performed by sixteen thousand Christian prisoners, whom he had captured in his Mediterranean raids. It has borne ever since the name of Dolma Baghtcheh, the Vegetable Garden; it was the boast of Khaïredin that on it he had made to grow "the finest cabbages on the Bosphorus." The Mosque, erected by the Valideh, or mother of Sultan Abd-ul Medjid, the Ministry of the Civil List, the Imperial Stables, and the southern wing of the white marble palace of Dolma Baghtcheh, occupy a portion of the artificial site.

Near the water is a tekieh of the Mevlevi, or Whirling Dervishes, over which, under Mourad IV, the ascetic Sheik



PALACE OF DOLMA BAGHTCHEI

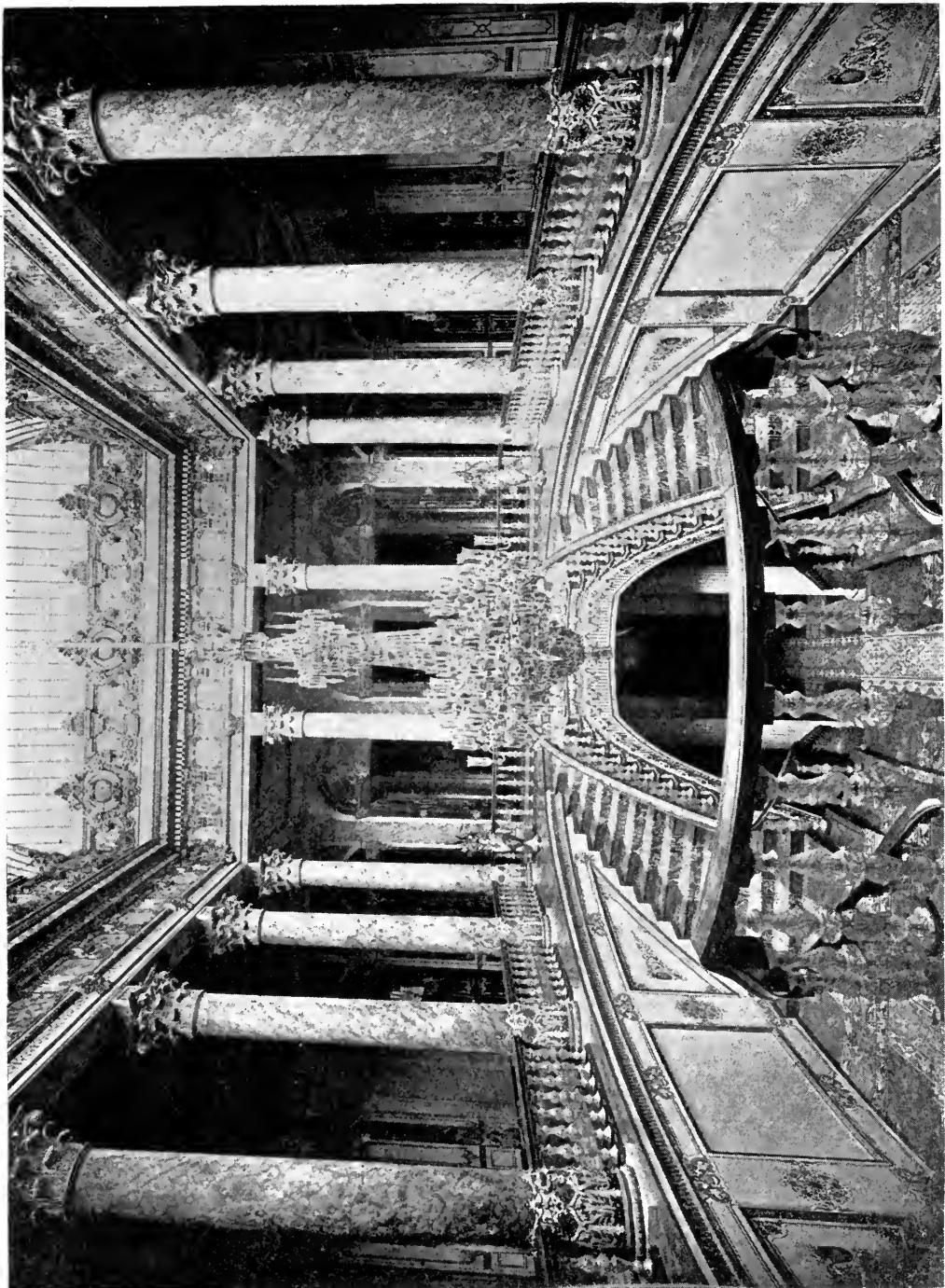
Hassan Dedeh presided till he reached the age of more than fivescore years and ten. His successor and son-in-law, Yusouf Djellalin, never attained like length of days, but surpassed him in outward fervor. Often, while teaching, he became “excited by divine emotion, and recklessly cast himself from his pulpit upon the heads of the worshippers below, and thus on the floor of the sanctuary applauded the mysterious Mevlevi dance.”

The whitened ruins, visible from the water, are the foundations of an imperial mosque, begun by Sultan Abdul Aziz when at the summit of his power. His sudden deposition left his purpose incomplete; and the vast and tumbling piles are both the emblem and the monument of his reign.

As in caique or steamer one glides northward, the view along the European bank unfolds in still more sumptuous majesty. The far-stretching, snow-pure Seraï, or Palace of Dolma Baghtcheh, with its interminable, dainty wings and its profuse carvings, delicate as lace, is in its whole effect ethereal as a dream. Its foreground is the strait, with its ever-sparkling waves of deep Ionian blue; its background is the hillside, covered with the mazes of the Imperial Park, and clothed in perennial green. A pearl, placed between a turquoise and an emerald, each jewel multiplied in size and loveliness many million-fold, is the fittest simile to picture the palace and its peerless setting.

In describing this palace, two eloquent tourists, the French Théophile Gautier and the Italian Edmondo de Amicis, have taxed the vocabulary of admiration to the utmost. “An architectural conception, unique in its kind,” it is also the vastest palace in the Ottoman Empire. Its founder, Sultan Abd-ul Medjid, laid no restriction on

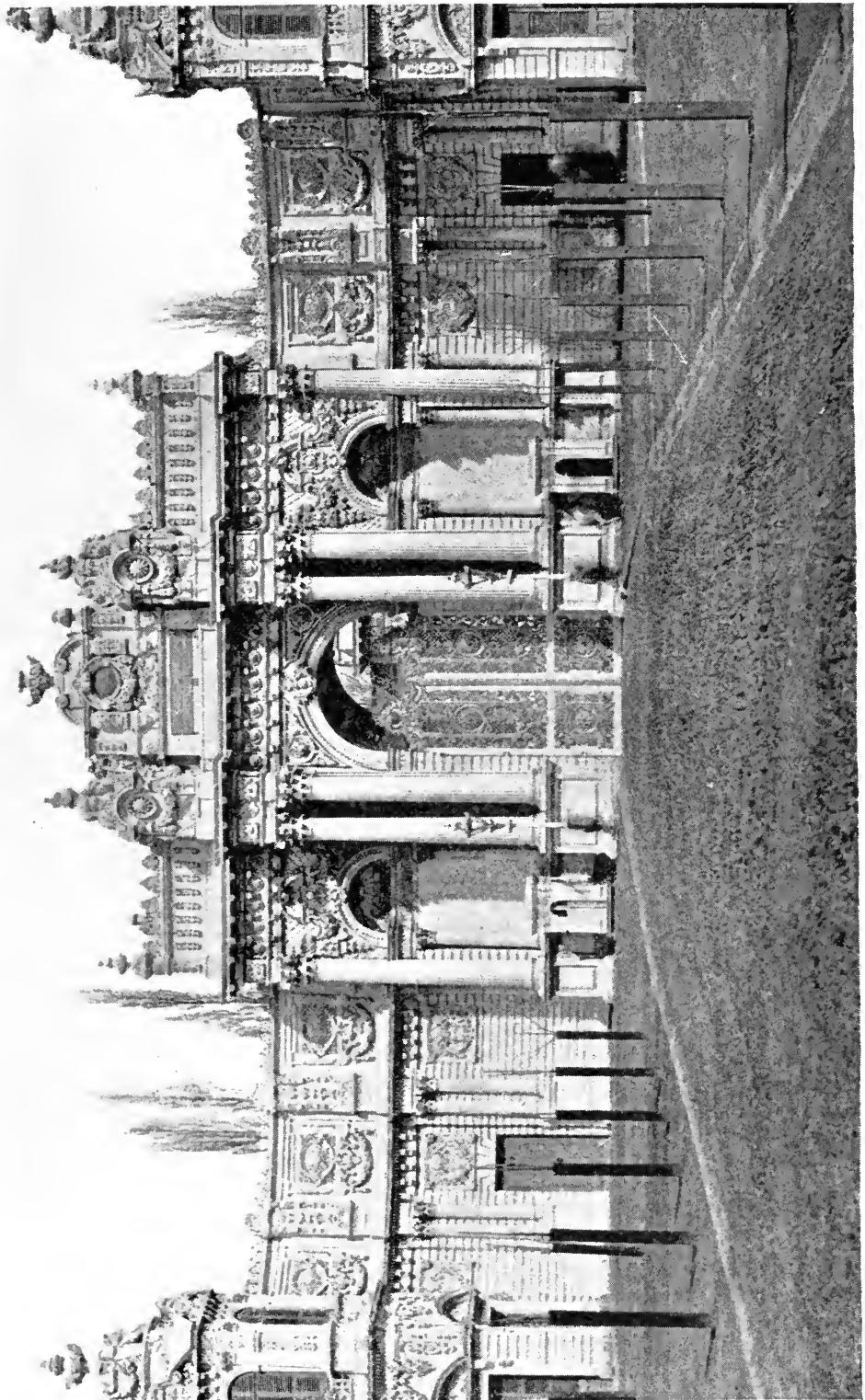
THE CRYSTAL STAIRCASE IN THE PALACE OF DOLMA BAGHTCHEH



his Armenian architect Balian, and left him absolutely free in the matter of expenditure and in the exercise of his taste. Only one condition was imposed,—that the edifice when complete should surpass every palatial dwelling which any sultan anywhere had beheld. Variety and ostentatious prodigality are its prominent characteristics. It became the favorite residence of three successive sultans, Abd-ul Medjid, Abd-ul Aziz, and Mourad V. Within its walls was the rude awakening of May 29, 1876, when, startled from his early morning sleep, Sultan Abd-ul Aziz learned the verdict, rendered against many a sovereign since the days of King Belshazzar, that his kingdom was numbered and finished and given away. There, too, his father, Sultan Abd-ul Medjid, had died, and there his successor, Mourad V, overwrought with excitement, lost his reason. Thus much of imperial history the palace has beheld in its brief existence of forty-two years.

I shall attempt no picture of this imperial abode. Though many times I have passed through its resplendent portal, and climbed its crystal stairway, and wandered along its inlaid halls and through rooms whose floor and wall and ceiling are of alabaster, I carry with me now, as I carried with me then, only a sense of bewilderment and dazed confusion. Broad tables of malachite and lapis lazuli and vert antique; curtains so heavy that they would stand erect in their massive tissue; plate mirrors, the largest ever made; candelabra of cut glass, flashing the light from three hundred and thirty-three silver sockets, a mystic number; every Western as well as every Eastern splendor in color and gold: recollection and words fail in the endeavor to recall and describe them.

The throne-room occupies the centre of the palace. It is over one hundred and fifty feet in length, and almost



A GATE OF THE PALACE OF DOLMA BAGHTCHEH

square. Colonnades, consisting, not of single pillars in rows, but of lines of Corinthian columns, grouped in fours, support the dome. Light brown is the prevailing color, but the capitals and cornices are gilded. The ceiling is rich in frescos by the French artist Sechan. No throne-room in Europe is more effective in its *tout ensemble*.



THE BATH-ROOM IN THE PALACE OF DOLMA BAGHTCHEH IN
CARVED ALABASTER

Here are still celebrated all the grander civil and political ceremonies of the Empire, and such national religious rites as do not from their nature require performance within the consecrated walls of a mosque.

In stateliness and perfection of detail the most impressive of all these ceremonies is the Act of Homage, performed at daybreak on the beginning of the great Moslem



THRONE-ROOM IN THE PALACE OF DOLMA BAGHTCHEH

festivals, the Buyouk and the Courban Baïramps, by the civil, military, and religious officials of the Empire. The Sultan, wearing his sword and the silk-tasselled crimson fez, but otherwise attired like a plain, black-coated American gentleman, takes his seat upon a wide, deep-backed throne. This is always on the northern or inner side of the hall. From each arm of the throne hangs a broad silk sash of green and red, about four feet long, and bordered by narrow fringe. The Sherif of Mecca, the guardian of the sacred Kaaba, approaches unattended. The Sultan rises to his feet, and the Sherif slowly repeats a prayer. As soon as the prayer is finished, the great dignitaries in solemn file are to march in through the colonnade on the west.

The civil functionaries first come forward, headed by the Grand Vizir. They advance with measured step, not directly toward the throne, but in a line parallel to the inner side of the room. When just opposite the throne, the Grand Vizir changes his direction, moves slowly toward it, and casts himself prostrate as if to embrace the Sultan's feet. In this act of utmost humility he is representative, not of himself primarily, but of the entire nation, which thus, in the person of its highest minister, proclaims its absolute submission to its absolute lord. But the Sultan does not allow the Grand Vizir to complete his homage: he bends to raise him, and addresses him with a few kindly words. The Vizir then steps backward to the western side, but retaining his relative position as head of the line.

After him advance the other cabinet ministers. Each in a posture of profound humility raises his right hand from the floor to his lips and forehead; then stooping, he kisses the end of the silken sash, which afterward he lifts

reverently to his forehead ; then humbly he salaams once more, and steps backward behind the Grand Vizir to the next vacant place. The Sultan remains standing until the homage of the ministers has been paid. Then he seats himself once more, and the great pashas and heads of the various subject communities approach in turn according to their rank.

High up in the Ambassadors' Gallery, whence a few favored guests look down, the suppressed excitement of keen interest is everywhere visible. The obsequious officials appear awe-stricken, and many a countenance wears an expression of terror. But the Sultan's pallid face is as impassive as marble. Each individual he regards with a fixed, unchanging, indifferent look. Girt by the mightiest of his realm, he reduces them all to common, equal nothingness. He, the centre of the glittering pageantry, is the only unmoved human being in the great assembly. Rarely does he address a remark to any except his Grand Vizir, and then his words are cherished as a most distinguished honor, and handed down like heirlooms in the family of the recipient.

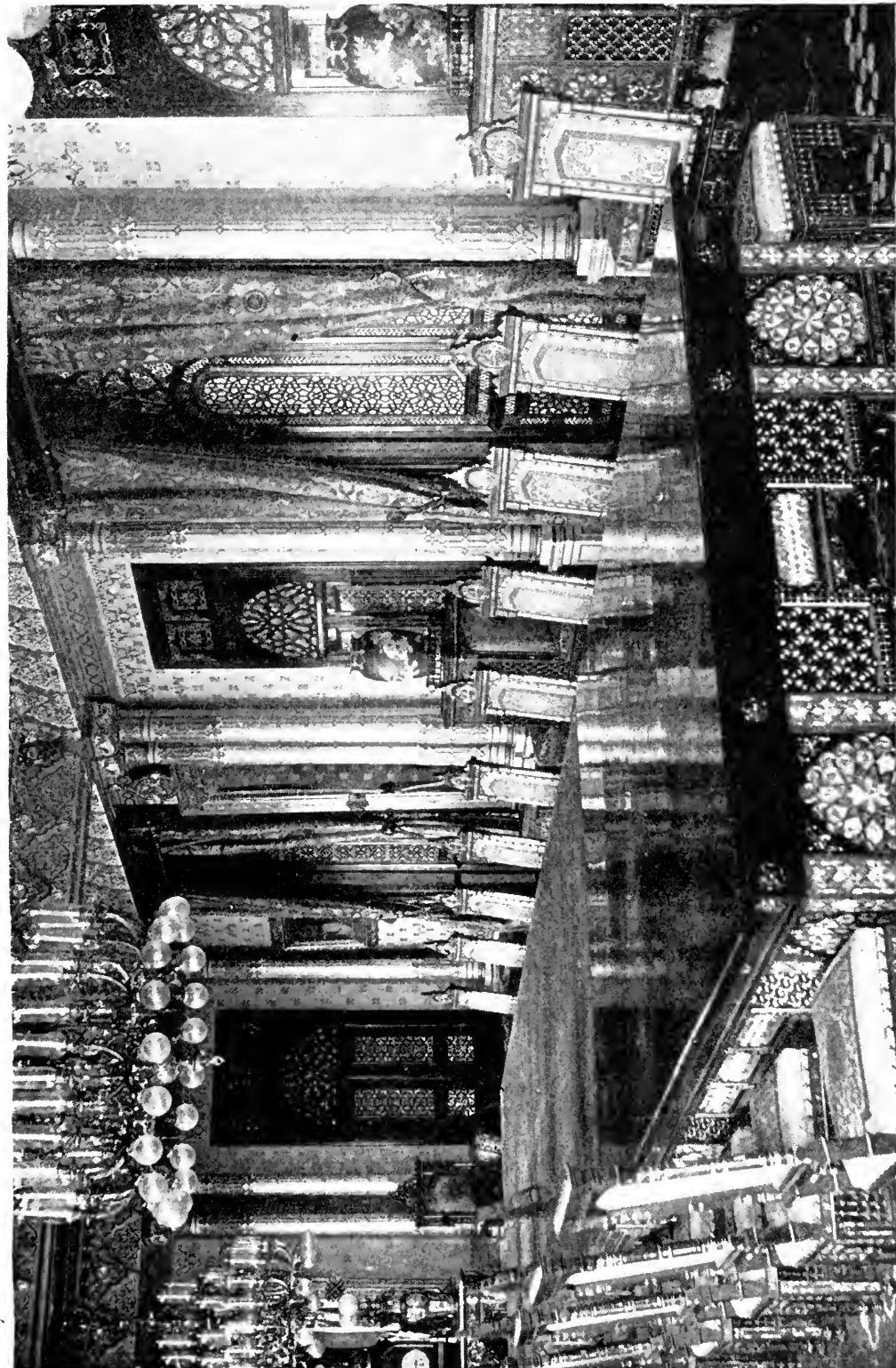
The military and naval officers, the marshals, admirals, generals, and senior colonels follow next in order. They traverse the room to the farther or eastern side, and draw up in the line fronting that headed by the Grand Vizir. Their military homage is rendered with equal solemnity, but with less outward expression of humility. It is a curious fact that the foreign officers in the service of the Sultan are far more servile in their bearing on such occasions than are the Ottomans.

Last of all come the oulema, the clergy, the highest order in the state. The civilians and the military glitter with brilliant uniforms and decorations, and gilded

lace. The clergy, clad in long flowing robes of green or black, their snowy turbans adorned at most with a narrow strip of gold, wearing an air of abstraction and of apparent indifference to earthly pomp, seem like beings of another and a more exalted sphere. Moreover, their type of countenance is distinctively Ottoman. Unmixed in race, in their veins courses the blue blood of Islam and of the Osmanli. At their approach the Sultan rises in recognition of their holy office, and remains erect until the last priest has passed. He bows his head as the Sheik-ul-Islam, the Sherif of Mecca, and the Cazi-Askers of Roumelia and Anatolia group themselves in a quartette and intone a prayer. Then the Sheik-ul-Islam embraces the sovereign on the left shoulder, he being the only subject to whom such equality with his master is allowed. The remainder of the clergy, as they draw near, assume an almost sitting posture.

When the last tribute has been paid, the monarch retires, and the ceremonial is over. But it has been marvellously effective and imposing. With the regularity and automatic precision of a perfect machine, in a stillness the most absolute, save as broken, at the appointed moments, by the clanging music of the imperial band, five hundred or even more of these officials have, each in the order appropriate to his rank, pledged his allegiance and submission.

After the foreign guests have disappeared from the gallery, and his titled subjects are gone, the Sultan resumes his place upon the throne, and receives his personal attendants and servants. There is no dependent so lowly, caiquedji or scullion, that he does not appear before his master. The entire preceding scene is repeated with the same order and regularity. In the popular mind the

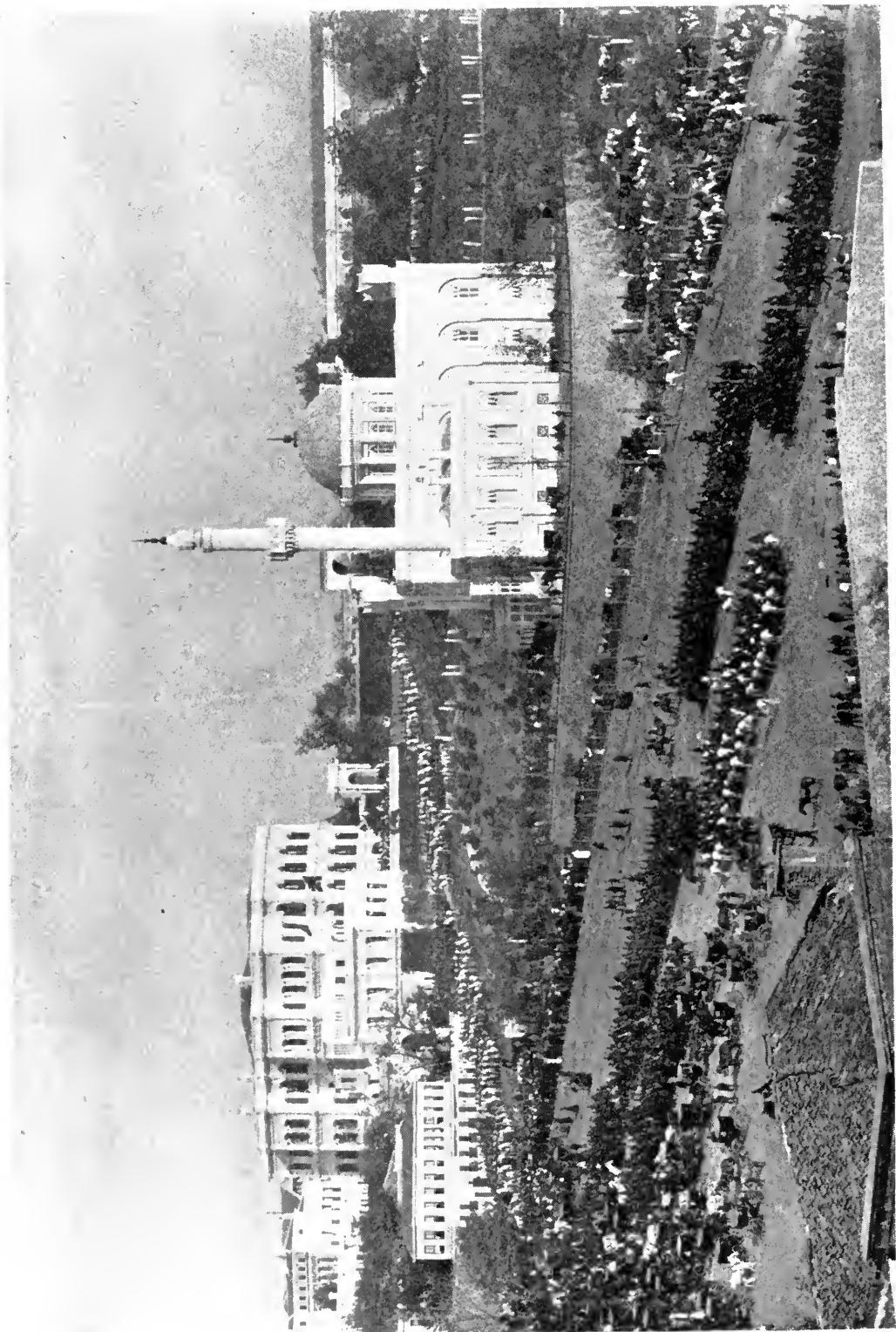


DINING-HALL OF YILDIZ KIOSK

difference is only this: the first ceremonial was the act of the nation performed by its chiefs; the second is the more familiar homage of the Sultan's private household.

Dolma Baghtcheh Seraï has never been loved by the present Sultan. Yildiz Kiosk, or the Palace of the Star, is in better keeping with his refined and simple tastes and his unostentatious habits. From the passing steamer, its elegant outline can be discerned on the crest of the grove-clad hill which overlooks the palace of Dolma Baghtcheh. Yildiz Kiosk is the creation of Sultan Abd-ul Hamid II. Since its completion he has resided there. It is a two-storied structure of white marble, resembling rather the dwelling-house of an opulent private gentleman than an imperial palace. The basement contains the rooms of servants and attendants. In the first story are the offices of the marshal of the palace, the soldier Osman Pasha, whose obstinate defence of Plevna against the Russians gave him immense distinction, and of the second chamberlain. The second story is occupied by His Majesty. Here the foreign ambassadors are accorded formal receptions, official presentations are made, and state banquets given.

The reception-room, wherein the envoys of different powers present their credentials, is a large, high-studded apartment fronting the Bosphorus. It was my valued privilege to be present, together with the Hon. S. S. Cox, when Gen. Lew Wallace was received, as Minister from the United States, by the Sultan. The Oriental formality observed a hundred years ago on such occasions has given way in these later days to a modern etiquette, as rigorous, but more dignified, more simple, but no less imposing. The Ottoman ministers of state are drawn up in line on the right of the sovereign, one hand upon the hilt of the

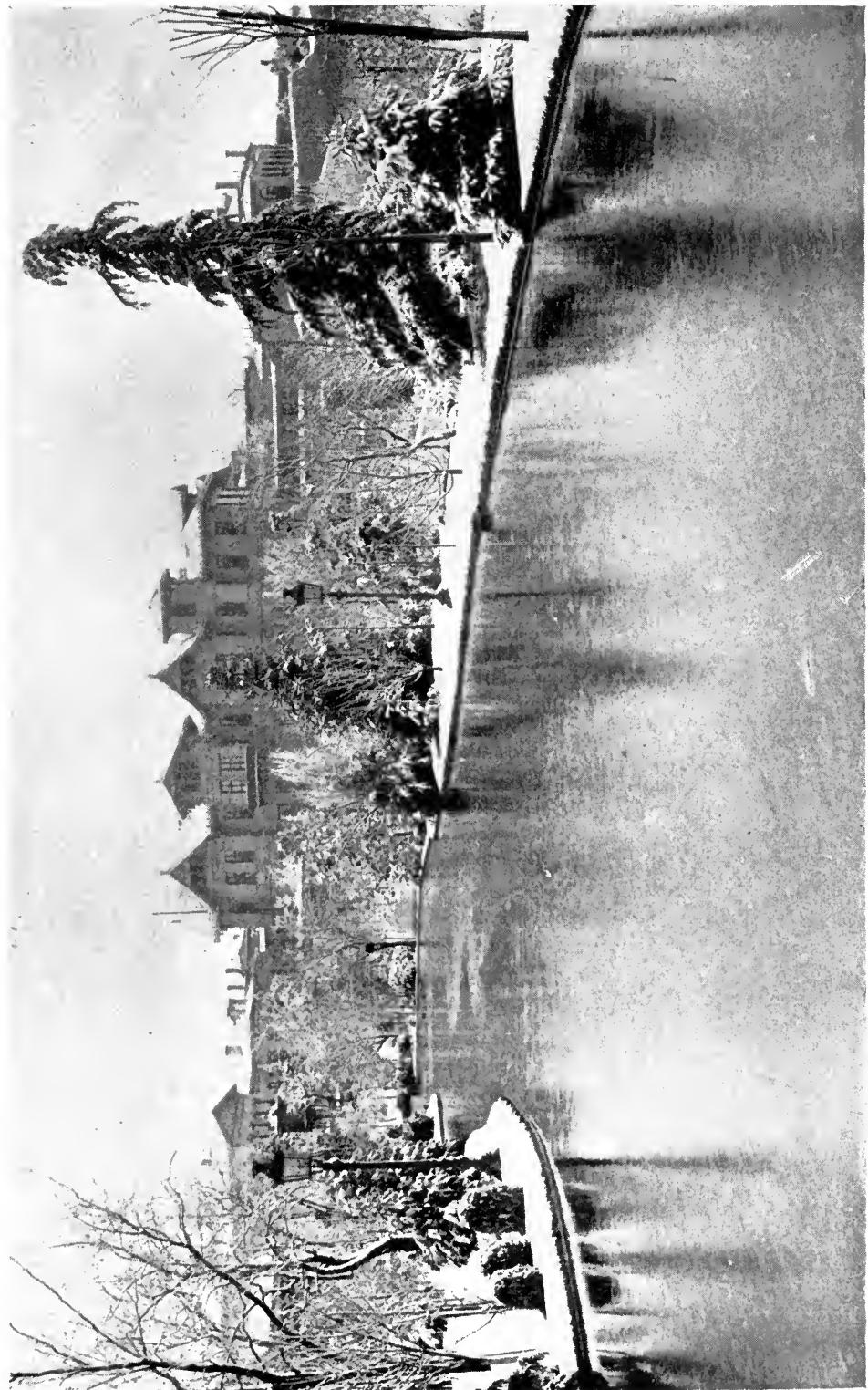


YILDIZ KIOSK AND RECEPTION TO THE GERMAN EMPEROR IN 1889

sword, and the other upon the breast in an attitude of profound humility. The position of the envoy is in the centre of the room. On his right is stationed his first dragoman, or interpreter, and his suite are behind him. Between two windows on the farther or southern side stands the Sultan. The Ottoman Minister of Foreign Affairs and the Grand Master of Ceremonies are on his left.

The envoy presents his credentials, and states to his dragoman what he has to say. This the dragoman translates in Turkish to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who in turn repeats it in a low, hushed voice to the Sultan. In a similar manner the Sultan transmits his formal reply to the envoy. Then follow a few courteous remarks of welcome and kindly interest on the part of the sovereign, to which the envoy responds with equal courtesy. The formal leave-taking salutations are made, and the now accredited minister retires with his suite, all walking backwards till outside the apartment.

The guests are then entertained by the Ottoman ministers with cigarettes and Turkish coffee in an adjacent room. The cigarettes are presented with amber-mouthed jasmine holders. The coffee is served in the daintiest cups, which sparkle with diamonds. Then an invitation is tendered to return to the reception-room, that the strangers may have the opportunity of admiring its many beautiful details. An American is astounded at seeing the name "G. Washington" on an elaborate picture which constitutes the main mural ornament of the stairway. The British artist whose work is thus distinguished was a kinsman of our national hero and first president. Admirable pictures adorn the walls. Two, representing wild scenes along the rugged Norwegian coast, by an illustrious



KIOSK IN THE PALACE GARDENS

Armenian painter, Aïvazofski, are intensely realistic. But as the stranger gazes from the windows, between which the Sultan stood at the reception, he realizes well why the present occupant of the throne has fixed his residence here. The banks of even the peerless Bosphorus nowhere else afford so commanding a site, and nowhere else display so transcendent a view. "Oh, the rich burst of that bright sea and shore!" No other sovereign on the globe can contemplate from his chamber-windows a scene which approaches this. Sultan Abd-ul Aziz indeed erected a summer cottage here; yet it is strange that, until the accession of the present Sultan, not one of the sceptred successors of the conqueror has realized how matchless is this situation, and how dazzling the landscape it reveals.

Glorious as is the wide-spread spectacle by day, it is sometimes rendered even more enchanting by the splendors of the night. At the anniversary festivals of the Mevloud, or birth of the Prophet, and of the birth and accession of the Sultan, Seraglio Point and all Stamboul and Scutari, and the entire Asiatic and European banks, are luminous as seas of liquid fire. The myriad minarets of the mosques, the front of every palace and private dwelling, the masts and rigging of the ships, the trees in the gardens and parks, are hung with multi-colored lamps, which seem innumerable as the stars. Lights, arranged in fiery emblems or fashioning Arabic texts from the Koran, are hung high up in distinct relief against the sky. Over the lustrous waters flit thousands of caiques and tiny craft, each with its burning lamps, and each glittering as it moves. No other city in the world is itself such an arena for pyrotechnic pomp. The coruscated fireworks of France and America are without a Bosphorus to reflect their

blaze. As, at such an hour, the Sultan looks forth upon his capital, transfigured into the likeness of a celestial city, even his calm soul must sometimes swell at the consciousness that all this is his.

The Hamidieh, or Mosque of Abd-ul Hamid II, is situated a little distance outside the enclosure of Yildiz Kiosk. Of graceful proportions and harmonious coloring, but of



SULTAN SELIM III GOING TO MOSQUE IN 1789

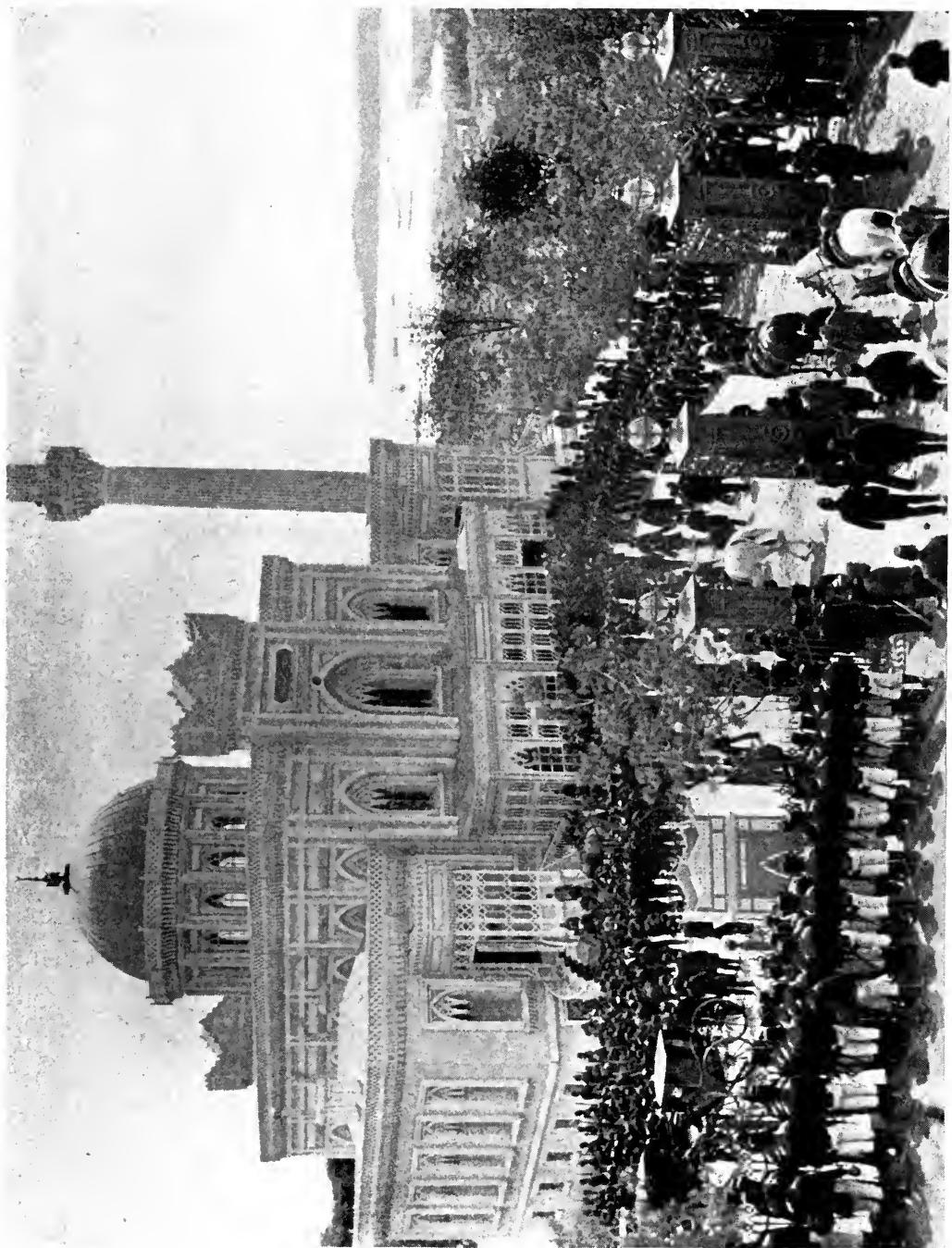
small dimensions, it is eclipsed in size, though not always in beauty, by many an imperial mosque. The voice of its muezzin, as he calls from its minaret to prayer, is unusually sonorous, and his accents float over the hills like organ-music. Scrupulous in the discharge of every religious obligation, the Sultan never misses his Friday prayer, and this is the sanctuary he best loves. The duty of presiding at this solemn office has been incumbent upon the Ottoman sovereigns ever since 1517, when Selim I con-

quered Egypt, and was thereupon hailed as Caliph. No inclemency of weather, however severe, no physical ailment, however acute, has been allowed to stand in its way. While thus bowed in worship, the monarch is regarded as the high-priest, representative of his people. Through him the whole Mussulman world offers up its petition, and with still lips waits while its master prays.

The visible part of this ceremony, the selamlik, is attended with all conceivable display. Regiments of the best-clad and best-drilled Ottoman troops line the approaches. A countless crowd of both sexes, and of every age and rank and creed, block the streets, and overflow the hillsides and slopes along the way. Ambassadors and foreigners fill the chambers overlooking the route of the procession.

“ Arms at rest, along the way
Stands a statuesque array;
File on serried file is seen,
Turbaned with the sacred green;
And as far as eye can view,
Bayonets of steely hue
Catch the midday sun and throw
Back the scintillating glow.
Yonder marble mosque is where
Goes the Sultan for his prayer;
Yonder carpet fine is spread
For his royal feet to tread;
And this guardian throng must wait
Till he signs to ope the gate.”

Preceded by a gorgeous and numerous suite, the Sultan appears. A deep-voiced shout of “Padishah Tchok Yasha!” Long live the Sultan! rends the air. Now, by Oriental etiquette, each umbrella or parasol must be folded up, not an opera-glass be open, not a cough or human



THE SULTAN GOING TO MOSQUE

voice be heard. He passes over the carpet spread for his feet, and enters the mosque ; but the thousands linger for his reappearing. At last he issues from the open door. Petitions, even from the humblest, are thrust upon him. He takes his seat within his carriage or mounts his steed, is rapidly borne away, and the selamlik is done.

The village of Beshicktash winds in the rear of Dolma Baghtcheh Seraï, and, on its northern side, emerges from obscurity to touch the Bosphorus for a little distance.



KHAÏREDDIN PASHA

Mainly inhabited by Ottoman officials and dependants of the Palace, it breathes an Eastern air, and all its history or former life seems lost in its existence of to-day. Mosques, founded and maintained by Moslem opulence, dervish tekiehs, the abodes of Moslem piety and penury, and tombs, reputed holy because containing the

ashes of saintly Moslem dead, alternate with one another.

From its landing-place, the Sacred Camel, blessed by the oulema, and laden with offerings for Mecca, is embarked each year for Scutari, thence to head the procession of pilgrims in their weary journey to the holy cities of Arabia.

The most revered possession of the place is the turbeh, or mausoleum of the sailor, Khaïreddin Pasha, or Barbarossa, on whom Ottoman pride still bestows the title of "Sovereign Lord of the Sea." The mighty captain sleeps, as is fitting, close to the water, which he reddened with

so many victories, and over which he so many times returned in triumph, his galleys laden with Christian slaves and Christian spoil. Above his bier is suspended his green silk battle-flag, tattered in fight, and now dropping in fragments through age. In its centre, a hand is wrought over a two-edged sword, the famous zulfacar, or double-bladed weapon of the Caliph Ali. At its corners are the names of the first four successors of the Prophet, and near the staff, a militant passage from the Koran. To the ceiling is attached a monstrous, globular, bright-colored lantern, which formerly hung from the mainmast of his war-ship. Until a recent date, every admiral, before departure with a fleet, used to offer his devotions within this mausoleum, as if soliciting from Allah glory and success, like that of his terrible predecessor. The not distant Orthodox Greek Church of the Repose of the Holy Virgin has its own pathetic association with the exploits of Barbarossa. It was there that his Christian captives, hopeless of any human aid, were allowed to come and pray.

Even the name Beshicktash, the Five Stones, is a legacy from Barbarossa, being derived from five marble pillars, which he set up at the water's edge, and to which his war-ships were moored. It was indeed a place of pillars. Here Romanos I, who was dethroned just six hundred years before the death of the great admiral, had erected two of such unusual size that the Greeks called the region Diplokionion, or the Double Columns.

Achmet I clung to the village with special affection. It was his birth-place. He aspired to construct a palace, not upon the shore, but in the middle of the swift-flowing stream. With a sudden frenzy of enthusiasm, the entire population rallied to his assistance; each household in the

city furnished one workman ; each head of a family labored himself. Haughty janissaries and sipahis, who had never performed any manual labor, carried earth. Pashas and vizirs stripped themselves of money. A pier, eight hundred paces long, was thrust out into the water. At its farther end, before three months had passed, there rose, as by enchantment, a fairy fabric, that seemed to hover between the sea and sky. Before another three months were over, a violent storm rolled down the strait, and swept pier and palace, and almost their memory, away.

Ever after the Conquest, Beshicktash was a favorite summer resort of the sultans. The Ottoman writers dilate with eastern grandiloquence on the ceremonies and pomp attendant on their successive removals. But the palaces, wherein the sultans sought diversion and change, were showy, fragile structures, hardly more stable than the one Achmet I had reared upon the sea. Each reign built its own, brushing aside those of its predecessors like autumn leaves.

Sultan Abd-ul Aziz resolved that his proposed palace, called Tcheragan Seraï, should be more commanding and more permanent. On it he lavished, it is commonly believed, more than one hundred and fifty million francs, or thirty million dollars. In it Oriental and Saracenic art expended all the opulence of its invention. Stone and stucco were disdained in its construction and decoration. There is only the costliest marble of every variety and hue everywhere. In its conception and execution, it reveals the luxurious taste of its prodigal founder. Eager as a child to take possession of its toy, he slept one night under its roof before the edifice was completed. Some untoward circumstance — an evil dream, or unfavorable omen —

changed all his delight into sudden aversion, and it is said he never entered its doors again. A few months later, in one of its dependent structures,—that nearest the guard-house on the north,—almost forgotten by the millions, who seven days before had been obsequious to his nod, cared for only by his mother, by a favorite sultana, and a few attendants, faithful to the last, the dethroned sovereign died his tragic and inexplicable death, on that bright Sunday morning of June 5, 1876.

More imperial than all this fringe of palaces, and to last when they are crumbled, is the host of unfading cypresses, planted centuries ago by the pious hand of the humble dervish, Abali Mehmet.

A little farther on, the white mosque of Sultan Abd-ul Medjid, shattered by the earthquake of 1894, but still fair in its partial ruin, advances toward the water, and indicates Ortakuei, or the Village Between. Here Thasians

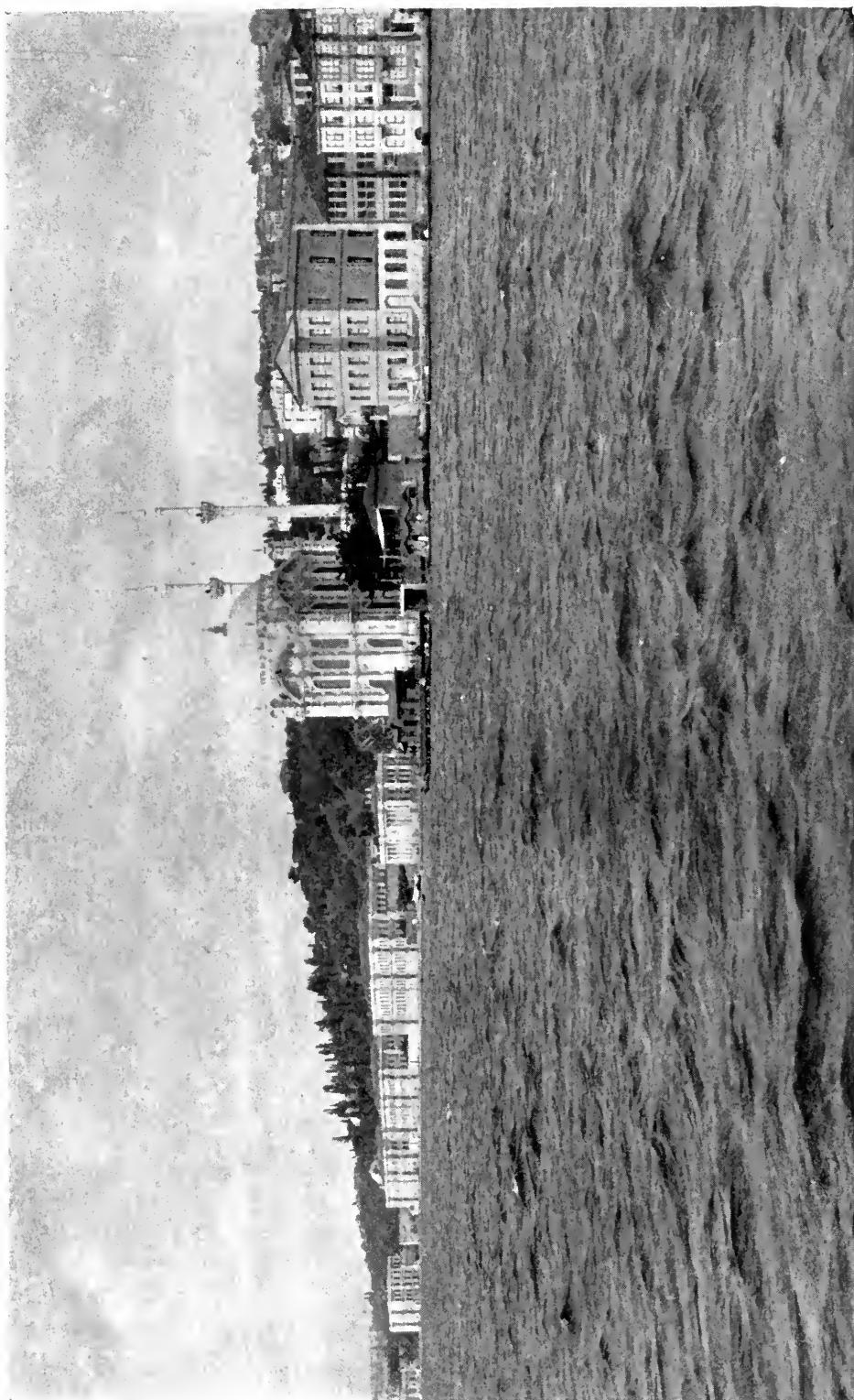


PASSAGE IN THE PALACE OF TCHERAGAN

planted their colony of Archeion in the mythologic days of Chalkedon and Byzantium. Here Basil I, the Macedonian, erected the far-famed Church of Saint Phokas. Here dwelt the Patriarch John VI, the Roger Bacon of the East, the Byzantine wizard, reputed a proficient in the black art, and a protégé of the evil one. Here, on the little cape of Defterdar Bournou, was the temple consecrate to the Old Man of the Sea, whatever his name,—Nereus, Phorkis, Proteus, or the father of Semistras, Jason's pilot on the Euxine. Esteemed unhealthy by the Ottomans, the ravine and hill were long abandoned to the Christians and Jews. The latter have found on its wind-swept summit a dreary resting-place for their dead. When the Ottomans realized, at last, how attractive was the shore, they rapidly took possession; but its occupation seemed to bring misfortune to the Ottoman magnates who built upon it. Here lived the grand vizir, Damat Ali Pasha, whose palace elicits two pages of dazed description from Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and who himself died a heroic, but useless death at the fearful battle of Peterwardein. Here, too, was the palace of an earlier grand vizir, Kara Moustapha Pasha, who was overthrown at the siege of Vienna, by the Polish king, John Sobieski, and whose skull, stolen from his burial-place at Belgrade, is to-day on grisly exhibition in a museum at Vienna.

Along the course thus far, Seraglio Point and Stamboul have been visible in minaretted panorama to each backward look. After the last sharp bend in the shore, one turns and finds almost mournfully that they have disappeared from view. Precipitous and rugged on the left, the rocky hill of Kouroutcheshmeh, the Dry Fountain, climbs up into the sky. Once its bald plateau was crowned with a temple of the Egyptian Isis. On the

VIEW SOUTHWARD FROM ORTAKEUI



spot where the goddess of the Nile had had her mournful altar, the Stylite saint, Daniel of the Bosphorus, built his lofty pillar, in 464. On its narrow top, he remained twenty-seven years without once descending to the ground, enduring —

“ Rain, wind, frost, heat, hail, damp and sleet and snow,
Battering the gates of heaven with storms of prayer.”

Tradition, immortalizing folly no less than fanaticism or failure, has dubbed the tiny bay with the name Parabolos, the Heedless, from the fishermen who were accustomed here to cast their nets, regardless of current or wind or the season of the year.

The bay is a safe anchorage always dotted with vessels. Tradition says that, on his return from Colchis, Jason landed here, and spread out the Golden Fleece. One is for the moment startled at the words “Jason’s Wharf” in great black letters on a stone building near a pier. However, the words have no reference to the ancient mariner, but to the British steamer “Jason,” which used to coal here during the Crimean War.

Kouroutcheshmeh, as well as Arnaoutkeui and Bebek, the two villages nearest on the north, is inhabited mainly by Christians. Lechevalier, as he sailed by, a hundred years ago, remarked the sombre appearance of their blackened wooden buildings. Until recently the Christians were forbidden to paint their houses, so that the dwellings of a subject and non-Moslem race might be recognized at once. Nevertheless, a far-reaching influence has gone forth from this dingy village. Many a prince and diplomat of Moldavia, Wallachia, and Samos has been born here. With its churches and schools, it was the congenial residence, and sometimes the refuge, of the Greek patri-

archs in those dark days immediately subsequent to the Conquest. One Greek school especially, founded by the Mourousis family, and taught by men eminent for their learning, patriotism, and piety, had a notable share in the revival of Greek education and of Greek national life.

Arnaoutkeui, the village of the Albanians, was a desert waste in 1468. Then Mohammed II peopled it with captives from Albania, who, bereaved of their invincible leader, Scanderbeg, could not resist the arms of the Sultan. The Albanian type of the settlers has entirely disappeared ; the descendants of the exiles are now among the proudest of the Greeks. A horrible fire, in 1887, in a single night destroyed over fifteen hundred houses. The cluster of dwellings on the north, occupied by the survivors, was speedily erected by public philanthropy, largely through the efforts of Lady White, the wife of an illustrious British ambassador. The churches, with the tombs of the patriarchs, Sophronios I and Gabriel III, escaped the conflagration.

The current rushes by with so terrific force that boatmen cannot contend against it. Hence came its mediæval name of *Mega Rheuma* among the Greeks, and of *Akindi* among the Ottomans,—the Great Current. Dionysios of Byzantium, who loved the marvellous, declares that in his day the crabs had to abandon the water in their peregrinations, and to crawl over the land to smoother water above, and that their frequent passage wore a deep track in the rocks. The classic name was *Estiai*, from a temple of the goddess Hestia ; the Christian name, *Michaelion*, from the archangel Michael, who replaced the disrowned Poseidon as lord of the Bosphorus.

Constantine built here a church to the mighty archangel. Justinian replaced it by one more magnificent,

and Isaac Angelos, seven centuries later, by one larger still. Mohammed II, in 1452, razed every Christian structure between Ortakeui and the Euxine, and thus obtained materials for his castle at Roumeli Hissar. The great church of Saint Michael was then destroyed, and its fluted marbles built, with the wreck of a hundred other churches, into the terrible fortress. The Greeks cherished the sacred site of their historic sanctuary, and at last reared upon it the still standing church,—the largest but one in the capital, dedicated, like its predecessors, to the foremost of the archangels.

At Arnaoutkeui, on orthodox Epiphany in the early morning, is celebrated the ancient ceremony of the Baptism of the Waters. In the midst of an immense concourse, the bishop, clad in his episcopal robes and attended by his clergy, repeats the customary prayers, and waves a golden cross before the crowd. Then suddenly he throws it into the stream. The boldest and strongest swimmers plunge into the fierce current to rescue the consecrated emblem; nor do they desist until one, more fortunate than the others, lifts it above the waves in triumph, and brings it to the shore rejoicing.

On the north, the vast palace of Sultan Seraï stands haughtily apart from every other structure. In front, sentinels are always on duty, and long-limbed, narrow-shouldered, hideous black eunuchs are constantly leering at its gates. Every window is thickly latticed; every curious gaze of the passer-by is thwarted by its well-walled seclusion. When Sultan Abd-ul Medjid died in 1861, the ladies of his household were shut up here. For the imprisoned beauties there was no deliverance from its jealous guardianship except through marriage or death. The hand of an ex-sultana is a costly prize to

which only the most opulent would aspire ; nevertheless, a few have been wedded. Death has been more presumptuous, and some of the caged ladies have been called forth by him during the slow passing of these four and thirty years. Many still remain, possessors of a brief memory and without a hope.

Bebek is the ancient Chelai, famed for its grove and temple of Artemis. There is no spot upon the Bosphorus more romantic and picturesque. It nestles at the extremity of a lovely bay in a deep ravine between protecting hills. A splendid Oriental park, and a kiosk of Mahmoud II, shaded by austere pine-trees, overshadow it from above. At its foot lies a garden, rich in glorious sycamores whose branches rival in size the trunks of majestic trees. Here Selim I built a kiosk, which he called Humayoun Abad (the Imperial Abode), wherein the ferocious Sultan loved to rest. Another and another took its place, till the last was erected in 1801. Hither through centuries the grand vizirs came in secret to hold private conferences with the foreign ambassadors. Here was signed the first treaty between the Ottoman Empire and the United States. The kiosk was finally destroyed by fire. Along the shore on either side are palaces which have been occupied by the bearers of great names in past and present Ottoman history. Of them, Ali Pasha, who died in 1871, and Arifi Pasha, who still survives, are the most distinguished.

The village is a microcosm of the capital. Representatives of a dozen nationalities dwell side by side. Far up the ravine is the rambling, seven-storied pile — once the palatial residence of a sultan's treasurer — in which American missionaries for a time maintained a theological seminary, and in which Dr Cyrus Hamlin founded Robert

College. The palace is now the residence of an English household, and contains a British church. Every Sunday morning its bell rings out with the call to worship and with eloquent reminders of home. From its windows are visible a school of the Lazarist friars, a chapel of the Sisters of Charity, a school and church of the Greeks, and



VILLAGE OF BEBEK

the battered wooden house in which, according to local tradition, Ferdinand de Lesseps was born.

In grandeur of situation and wealth of history, no locality on the Bosphorus surpasses Roumeli Hissar. The stern boldness of its outline is best appreciated from the water, or from the Asiatic shore. The sight must have been awe-inspiring when, in remote prehistoric ages, for the first time it was gazed upon by a human eye. The external features added by man during the last centuries aug-

ment its impressiveness, but they stand in a permanent contrast to one another as startling as the shifting pageantry of a dream. On the top of the hill, against the sky, is the tekieh of the Beghtash Dervishes, the free-thinkers of Islam ; by the shore, the most plaintive and most brilliant-hued of Mussulman cemeteries ; in the foreground, extending up the cliff, the stately towers, now dismantled, but the vastest and mightiest which the Ottomans have ever reared ; on the right the peaceful village, inhabited by the descendants of a warlike, but superannuated race ; on the left the American College, whose name is a synonym the world over of Christian philanthropy, and whose influence is to-day the most potent factor for the regeneration of the East.

Yet the gazer can now behold only a meagre portion of what the promontory has seen in its centuries of watching. Though their footsteps have left no trace on the fleeing waters, this is the spot where, from earliest antiquity, the nations have crossed from continent to continent. At this point is the natural roadway. Nowhere else do Europe and Asia come so near each other, till their boundaries touch in the Caucasus and Ural.

Here, two thousand four hundred and seven years ago, Mandrokles spanned the stream with a bridge of boats for the passage of the army which Darius led against the Scythians. When all was ready, the Persian monarch took his seat upon a throne, hewn in the solid rock on the European side, to witness the slow defiling of his seven hundred thousand men. For a month the host encamped upon these hills, and then resumed their march toward the Danube and Dacia. On the European shore, Mandrokles placed two white marble columns to commemorate the exploit. In the temple of Hera, at his native

Samos, he dedicated a picture of the crossing with the following inscription : “Mandrokles, having bridged the fishy Bosphorus, consecrated to Hera a memorial of the bridge. Having accomplished it to the satisfaction of King Darius, he gained a crown for himself and glory for the Samians.” The columns soon disappeared. The monumental throne, flanked with pillars and charged with cuneiform inscriptions, remained until the Byzantines built over it their state prison of Lethe. The failure of the expedition brought on the Ionian revolt, and the consequent Persian invasions of Greece. Here the Persian foot had first touched European soil. Here Marathon and Salamis and Arbela began. Of the early crossing, Herodotus, most charming of all narrators, best gives the account.

It is a tradition — probable, but impossible of proof — that this is the very point where Xenophon and the Ten Thousand crossed the Bosphorus in their return to Europe after their unequalled march.

The most daring passage is that of the fifteen thousand Patsinaki horsemen in 1049. While serving in the army of Constantine X Monomachos in Asia Minor, they were seized with a sudden wild desire to return to their own country, between the Danube and the Balkans. Deserting in a body, they galloped to the Asiatic shore, and found there no means of crossing. “Then,” as Kedrenos tells the story, “Kalalim, their leader, shouted, ‘Let him who wishes follow !’ and spurred into the sea. Seeing this, one man did the same, and then another, and at once all the host. Swimming as in a race, they crossed, and came safe through, some with their arms, and some without.”

The Bosphorus changes its direction at Roumeli Hissar, and its banks contract. The locality was anciently called Hermaion, from a temple of Hermes, but the lively fancy

of the Greeks has given it many other names, derived from the violence of the current as it dashes by the point,—Laimokopion, the Cutthroat; Phoneas, the Murderer; Phonema, the Roaring; Kyon, the Dog; Rheuma tou Diabolou, the Current of the Devil. The Ottomans call the point Kizlar Bournou, the Cape of the Women, from the tradition of a fair sultana, who, with her attendant train, was wrecked off the promontory, and swept away in the pitiless waves. All the rest have been supplanted with reason by the name Roumeli Hissar, the Castle of Europe.

Though the fortress is in perfect preservation, still it is now only an æsthetic ruin, useless in attack and powerless in defence, despite its height and immensity. Yet no more momentous event ever took place upon the Bosphorus than its erection. When, in 1451, at the age of twenty-two, Mohammed II ascended the Ottoman throne, his all-absorbing desire was the acquisition of Constantinople. No sultan was ever more impetuous, and none was better able to temper natural impetuosity by self-control. The possessions of the Byzantine Empire had been peeled away till almost nothing except its capital was left. To isolate that capital was his first concern. Master of Gallipoli and the Dardanelles, could he make himself likewise master of the Bosphorus, grain-ships would be no longer able to descend from the Black Sea, and the doomed city would be cut off from food and succor.

With an army to which Constantine XIII could offer no resistance, save by ineffectual protests and appeals to still existing treaties, he encamped upon the strait. On March 26, 1452, the Sultan himself laid the first stone. By the middle of the following August the fortress was

finished. The forests of Asia Minor furnished timber. The European shore was made a desert that its demolished churches and palaces might provide marble and stone. Further materials were obtained from still gaping quarries. Michael Dukas, who was then alive, and who perhaps saw the scene which he describes, says that the work was divided out to a thousand master-builders, to each of whom four masons were assigned, and that the common workmen were countless. Every evening gifts, or the bowstring, expressed the Sultan's satisfaction or discontent with the progress of the day.

By a strange caprice, the circumference was made to outline the name of the Prophet and of the Sultan. Arabic scholars assert that the four consonants, Mim, Hēh, Mim, Dal, are best recognized in calligraphic distinctness from the opposite Asiatic side. At the two landward corners, and close to the water, were the enormous round towers, one each constructed by the rival pashas and vizirs, Khalil, Saganos, and Saridja. It was the Sultan's verdict that that of Khalil was thicker, stronger, and of better workmanship than the other two.

The cannon-ball then affixed in the outer wall of the southwestern tower, as proclamation of defiance to the Byzantine Empire, remains in position to this day. So, too, does the Arabic letter Mim on a marble over every gate. So, too, does the human head and bust of porphyry in the western face of the northwestern tower. Ottoman superstition regards the latter as a portion of the body of an Arab woman who jeered at the workmen, and was by Allah converted into stone. Thus she was made to contribute to the undertaking at which she had impiously scoffed. The first blood shed in the fortress was that of two ambassadors of Constantine XIII, put to death in August, 1452.

The fortification completed, the real investment of Constantinople had begun. In the tower of Khalil were placed cannon which launched balls of six hundred pounds' weight. Every vessel on coming opposite was now obliged to furl its sails, and send a boat ashore to pay toll, and receive permission to pass. A Venetian galley disregarded the summons. It was sunk by a ball, and its crew were butchered as they swam to the land. Mohammed placed in the fortress a garrison of four hundred picked men, confided the command to Firus Agha, and returned to Adrianople to press on his preparations for the siege.

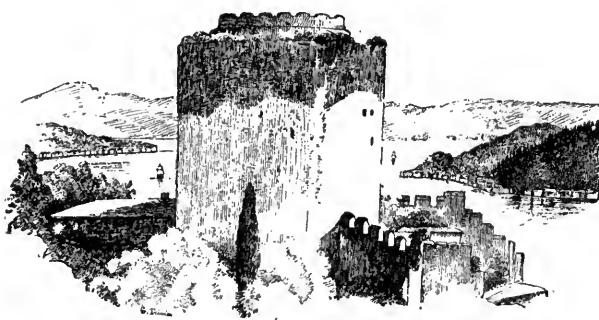
After the fall of Constantinople, the fortress became a prison of state, to whose keeping only persons of distinction were confided. Its first involuntary inmates were a few Knights of Saint John from Rhodes. Baron Wenceslas Wratislaw has left a pathetic narrative of his own three years' captivity in the tower erected by Khalil Pasha near the water. To it he always applies a single descriptive epithet of horror, calling it the Black Tower. Its



THE TOWER OF BLOOD

common name among the Ottomans is no less significant,—the Traitor's Tower, or the Tower of Blood.

Kyril Loukaris, five times Ecumenical Patriarch, friend of William Laud, the Archbishop of Canterbury, donor to England of the priceless Codex Alexandrinus, was strangled in the same tower in 1638. The body of the venerable prelate was dragged by a rope around the neck through the low-arched gate, which opens upon the quay, and thrown into the water. In more recent times,



THE WESTERN TOWER

fortress was used as a common jail for the confinement of criminals and suspected persons, whatever their rank. Executions were frequent, invariably announced by the sullen boom of a gun.

The remains of whoever thus met his fate were tied up in a hempen sack, carried in a small boat a short distance from the shore, and dropped overboard into the sea.

The stronghold, now without either garrison or sentinel, retains nothing of its former martial air. Crowds of children play in its enclosure, and houses perch like nests upon its walls. It is inhabited by a kindly Ottoman population, who intermarry with one another, are esteemed by their co-religionists a peculiar people, and claim to be lineal descendants of Firus Agha and his four hundred. The conical leaden roofs have disappeared; the floorings in some of the circular towers have fallen in or been destroyed; the ponderous outer oaken doors, sheathed in brass and iron, and hung upon their hinges forty years

INNER VIEW OF THE FORTRESS



before America was discovered, are partially decayed. Nevertheless, were the Sultan to return to earth from the paradise where Mussulman heroes go, he would find his fortress almost unchanged.

I stand on Roumeli Hissar

While the rich sunset's splendor pours,
And drink the scene anear, afar,
From the grim fortress' stately towers:
The sky's deep arch above me rolled;
To west, the fiery tints of gold;
And all the rainbow's colors fused in one divine accord,
As if in rivalry intent to glorify the Lord.

Beneath the shade of passing cloud,

Tossed on from wave and silver stream,
The hills, with living souls endowed,
Like grim, defiant Titans seem.
E'en as 'neath childhood's wondering eyes,
The boundless realm of dreamland lies,
So, 'neath me from my airy height far as the eye can see,
O'er Europe's vales and Asia's plains is spread infinity.

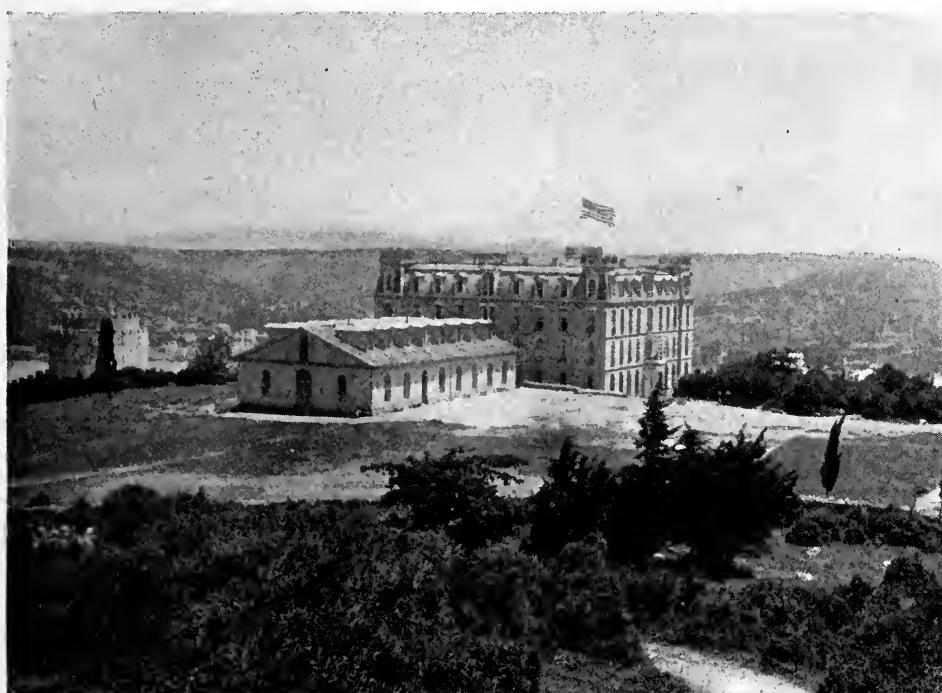
The tinkling bells of distant flocks,

The cypress' sigh o'er Moslem graves,
The peewit's chirp amid the rocks,
The splash of oars in golden waves,
The music of a distant flute,—
All else as death's own stillness mute,
Or silent as yon crumbling wall of the low, dark tekieh,
Whence Turkish fire and dervish zeal long since have died away.

And yet they built this calm Hissar,

Whence one scarce lists a wild bird's cry,
To clanging sound of Moslem war
When the relentless siege was nigh.
Here first Mohammed's boding tread
Smote on the Emperor's heart with dread,
Till, swooping from this eyried height, he made the realm his own,
And on the last great Grecian's corpse built up a gory throne.

Sole vestige of the mighty hosts
Who woke this hill with shout and song,
The white towers stand like sheeted ghosts,
Round which unnumbered memories throng:
The Koran, preached with fire and sword,
With poisoned dart and bowstring cord;
The blackened fields, the trodden grain, the shriek of wild despair
Which four long centuries have not hushed, still reach me through
the air.



ROBERT COLLEGE IN 1871

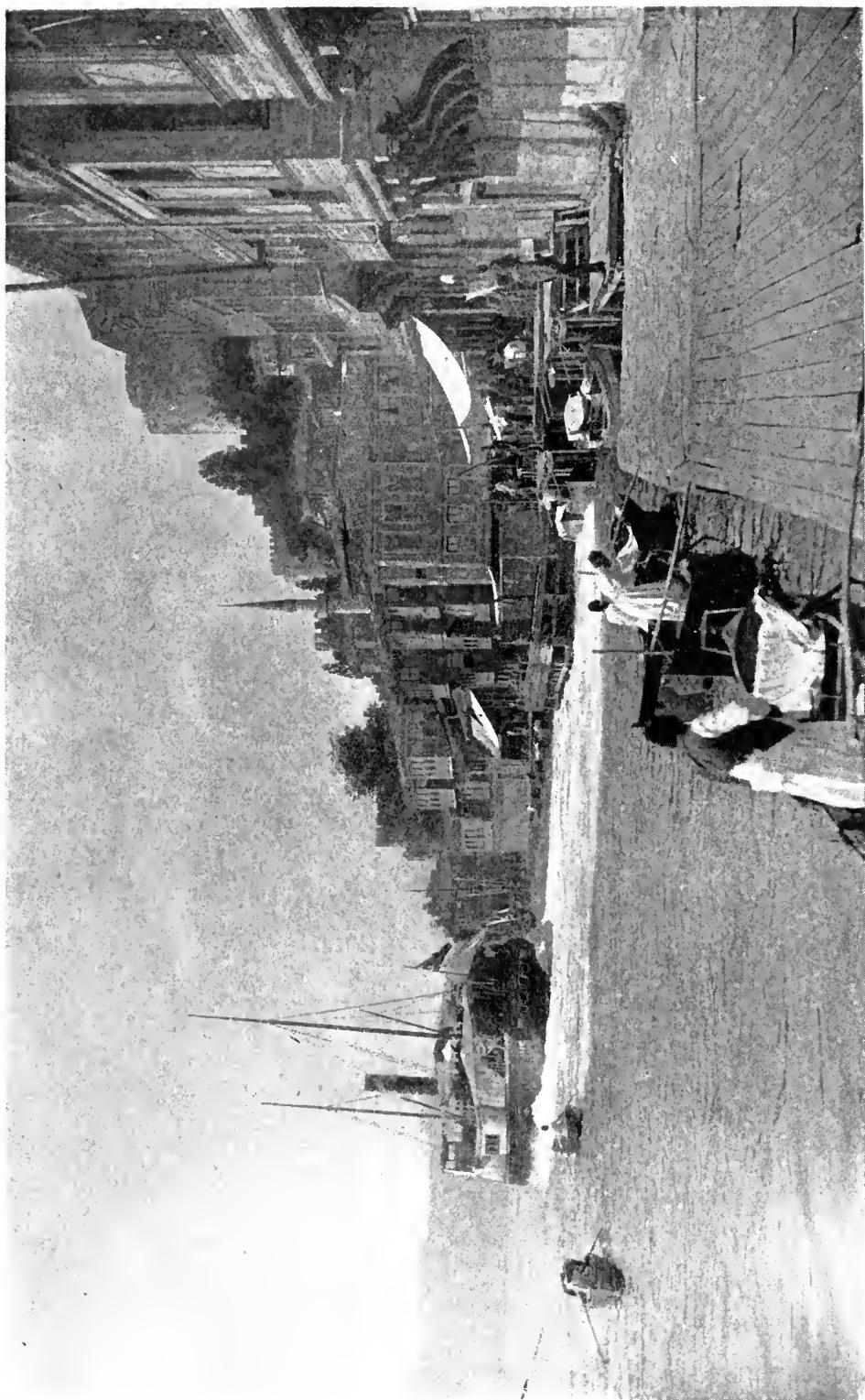
The Fortress of the Conqueror and Robert College! No sharper contrast does the world present than these two structures, whose territories touch, and which are themselves but a stone's throw apart. The college was opened at Bebek in 1863. Outgrowing its quarters, it was removed to Roumeli Hissar eight years later. The chief donor was Mr. C. R. Robert, a wealthy merchant of

New York City, whose name it bears. It was the ambition of its founders to provide for the young men of this strategic centre an education similar in aim and scope to the best attainable in the colleges of America. Any purpose to interfere with religious opinions was distinctly disavowed. The one design was to develop men. No institution was ever more opportunely founded. None was ever planted at a point of wider and more enduring influence. Its achievement and success are in part represented by the many who have received its diploma. Its still larger results in affecting the life of a community and in moulding ideas cannot be adequately set forth. From the grounds of the college a view of exceeding variety and beauty is afforded.

Most of the people of the village live outside the walls of the fortress. The majority are Ottomans. In the death, three years ago, of His Highness Achmet Vefik Pasha, twice Grand Vizir, former ambassador to Teheran, Paris, and Saint Petersburg, at times governor of the largest and most important provinces, the village lost its most eminent inhabitant, and the Empire a patriotic and distinguished subject. A polyglot in speech, possessed of wide and varied learning, simple and unaffected as a child despite the courtliness and dignity of his bearing, the soul of honor, a statesman without fear and without reproach, scrupulously faithful to the requirements of his Mussulman creed, while most tolerant of the beliefs, and even of the prejudices, of other men, he would have been an honor to any race, and embodied all that was best in his own. I recall gratefully the many hours I have passed under his hospitable roof, and pay my reverent tribute to his memory.

On the northern brow of the hill, a small Armenian

STEAMER LANDING AT ROUMELI HISSAR



community cluster around their humble Church of Saint Santoukt. This lady was the daughter of the pagan Armenian king Sanadruch. She was put to death by her own father, who, in his hatred for the new faith, spared not even the members of his own family. The Armenians believe they revere in their ancient princess the first female martyr to Christianity.

The next rift in the hills is Balta Liman, the Harbor of Balta, known in classic days as Gynaikon Limen, or Limen Phidalias. It is a verdant valley, through which wanders a tiny stream, crossed by a romantic bridge. The earlier names perpetuate legends. The first immortalized the heroism of the Byzantine women in the crisis of their just-planted colony. In the absence of the men, Byzantium was attacked by a crowd from the neighboring peoples, who thought the city would thus fall an easy prey. Not only did the women repulse the enemy, but pursued them as far as this valley, which thus became a memorial of their prowess. The second name, like Sappho's Rock in Leucadia, was associated with a tale of love and despair. Phidalia had wedded the gallant Greek stranger Byzas. For this she was cursed by her father, the native King Barbyses, as a traitor to her family and her gods. Tormented by the furies, she fled hither over the hills, and, hopeless of other deliverance, threw herself into the Bosphorus. Poseidon, moved with compassion, touched her with his trident, and converted her into a rock, which for centuries emphasized parental counsels to love-lorn maidens.

The modern name has sterner associations. Balta was a man of Bulgarian origin. Captured in childhood by the Ottomans, he was circumcised and made a Mussulman. Finally, he attained the rank of Kapoudan Pasha, or Chief

Admiral of the fleet. Here his vessels rendezvoused in 1453, when preparing for the final siege. Unable to prevent the victorious entry of five Christian galleys into the Golden Horn, he was bastinadoed by the hand of Mohammed II himself. His life was saved only by the interference of the janissaries, who forced the Sultan to desist, and repeated the saying current among the Ottomans that Allah had given the land to the Mussulmans, but the sea to the Giaours.

The substantial palace close by was the residence of the Grand Vizir of Sultan Abd-ul Medjid, Reshid Pasha, who died in 1857, the co-adjutor and almost tool of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, "the Great Ambassador." In it were signed the treaty of the Five Powers, in 1841, and the convention regulating the Danubian Provinces, in 1849.

Boadjikeui, the Village of the Dyers, borders a hill covered with luxuriant chestnut woods. It is inhabited only by Christians. It possesses a single claim to distinction as the birthplace, and now the residence, of the revered and illustrious Ecumenical Patriarch, Joachim III. Pro-



PATRIARCH JOACHIM III

foundly versed in the theology of his church, educated in Western Europe, a friend of learning and progress, self-sacrificing and tireless in effort to better the condition of his fellow-Christians, he was eminently qualified for the responsibilities of his exalted position. Though idolized by the common people, he encountered the determined opposition of the higher clergy, and, after four years' faithful service, resigned his patriarchate in 1882.

East and north of the chestnut-wooded hill lies Emirghian, esteemed a paradise by the Persians and Egyptians, who crowd under its plane-trees and cypresses, and revel in its grassy gardens. It derives its name from a Persian noble, intrusted by Shah Tahmasp with the defence of the important frontier fortress of Erivan. This stronghold he surrendered to Mourad IV in 1635. Intoxicated with joy at its capture, whereby he was seated firmly on his throne, the Sultan ordered that Constantinople should be illuminated "as it had never been before," and that his brothers Bayezid and Souleiman should at once be put to death. In the murder of the former, Racine found the theme of his thrilling tragedy "*Bajazet*." The written drama, the murder, the fratricidal order, the surrender of Erivan, are links in association to this village, and to the Persian, who, a fugitive from his own country, here squandered in sumptuous living the payment of his treason, and was here bowstrung six years later by Sultan Ibrahim.

On the tiny cape at the northern extremity of Emirghian once stood the temple of the gloomy goddess Hecate. From her the whole region was called Hecateion. The site is occupied by the sumptuous palace built by the fierce Hosrev Pasha, favorite of Mahmoud II, and his most efficient weapon in the destruction of the janissaries. Hosrev Pasha, before his death, rounded out seventy years

of government service, passing off the stage at the age of ninety-five, his eye not dim, nor his natural force abated. The palace finally came into the possession of the Egyptian viceroys. In it died, in March, 1895, the deposed Khedive of Egypt, Ismaïl Pasha, who, together with De Lesseps, created the Suez Canal, and whose name twenty years ago was the synonym of despotic extravagance and achievement.

The Bay of Stenia, the Narrows, half a mile in length, is a miniature Golden Horn. Protected on three sides by hills, unapproachable by the winds which rage without, it is the broadest, deepest, and safest of all the bays of the Bosphorus. Here was the invariable assembling-place of the barbarian hordes which, in the Middle Ages, ravaged the country by land or sea, and even sometimes assailed the capital. On the south side of the bay is the elegant summer palace of the Persian Embassy. There was a temple of Zeus Ourios somewhere near the shore. This Constantine converted into a church consecrated to the archangel Michael. The villagers believe that the modern Greek Church of the Holy Archangels is situated on the very spot.

Yenikeui is fantastic with its buildings, which overhang the water, and with its suggestive airiness. It is a charming place,—cleanly, orderly, and prosperous. The residents are almost wholly Greek, though comprising some wealthy Armenian and Ottoman families. The well-paved streets, the attractive houses, the churches and schools, give to its whole appearance the air of a typical Greek village.

In Yenikeui, Marion Crawford locates the climax of his weird story of "Paul Patoff." One seeks for the street over which Griggs and Balsamides rolled in their mid-

night ride, and he queries where was the house of Laleli Khanum and the cell of Alexander. The real tragedies of which the village has been the scene equal in interest, and surpass in horror, the romantic creation of the brilliant novelist.

Old men still repeat in hushed tones the story of the Douzoglous, though it took place seventy-six years ago. Their family consisted of the mother,—a noble and queenly woman,—and of her grown-up children, five sons and two daughters. The lucrative position of chief goldsmith and expert in precious stones to the Sultan had been hereditary in their house over two hundred years. That family had enjoyed the favor of twelve successive sultans, and had amassed enormous wealth, and acquired distinguished honor. In a night everything was changed. Accusation and condemnation came together. Four brothers were hung from the windows of their still standing mansion. The mother and the daughters died of grief, and their kinsfolk were ruined and exiled. Soon after, their entire innocence was proved, their slanderers were punished, and the surviving brother was set free.

Another house, a colossal ruin, given by the Ottoman Government to the Austro-Hungarian Embassy a few years ago, could unfold a tale almost as tragic. In its erection the Armenian banker, Djezaerli, had already expended over a million dollars, and it was far from completion, when he too was condemned on a sudden charge. His property was confiscated, and he soon died of despair. None dared to come to the assistance of his stricken wife. The dainty lady for a time eked out a meagre livelihood by the humblest labor, but succumbed at last to want and exhaustion.

Ever since leaving Roumeli Hissar, the Bosphorus has

seemed shut in upon the north by the sharp cape of Yenikeui, the New Village. Its imposing headland advances arrogantly into the strait toward the Asiatic shore, which recedes before it; meanwhile, the Bosphorus reverses its former course, swinging by a full right angle from the northeast to the northwest. Despite the light-ship, which gives distinct warning afar, vessels are here often swept landward to destruction by the violence of the current.

As one rounds the point, the landscape changes. For a distance, houses no longer border the narrow quay. An earthwork, with half a dozen guns, is the first reminder that hostile fleets may some day descend the Bosphorus from the north.

Farther on, the imperial Kiosk of Kalender emerges from its background of leafy groves, an exquisite gem of Eastern architecture. On bright summer afternoons its grounds are the gay resort of pleasure-seeking foreigners. In the spring of 1812, in this kiosk, was fought the diplomatic battle between Great Britain and France, on whose issue depended the outcome of Napoleon's Russian campaign, and the whole subsequent history of the French Emperor. Napoleon, at the head of the mightiest army of modern times, was about to undertake his stupendous march against Russia. The united resources of the Muscovite Empire would, perhaps, be insufficient to resist the terrible invader. Russia and Turkey were then engaged in a desperate war; the ablest Russian generals and the flower of the Russian army had long been fully occupied on the southwest. Peace between Russia and Turkey was an absolute necessity to the former, and of the highest moment to Great Britain, the unswerving enemy of France. Every apparent interest of Turkey favored the prosecution of the war. But at Tilsit (1806) she had

been abandoned by Napoleon. The sting of this desertion had never ceased to rankle in the breast of the Ottomans ; at the next Franco-Russian treaty, might they not be abandoned again ?

Mr. Stratford Canning, afterwards Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, then a young man of twenty-five, was Great Britain's representative to the Porte. No other British ambassador to Constantinople has ever approached him in astuteness, persuasiveness, and persistence. General Count Andréossy, the French ambassador, was no mean antagonist. The struggle went on for weeks and months. Finally, one more interview took place between Sir Stratford Canning and the Ottoman ministers in this kiosk. It was continuous, and it lasted sixteen hours. Physically worn out, the Ottomans gave way, and accepted in full the British proposals. In consequence, a treaty between Russia and Turkey was signed at Bucharest on May 28, 1812. At last Kutusoff, Tchihatcheff, and their veterans, were set free to swell the hosts of defensive Russia. Their northward march from the frontiers of Turkey was the beginning of Napoleon's journey to Saint Helena. The calm Duke of Wellington speaks of this achievement of diplomacy, which was crowned in this Kiosk of Kalender, as "the most important service that ever fell to the lot of any man to perform."

The road follows the quay, passing the arched vault of an ancient ruin, in which humble devotion has fashioned a praying-place, where a candle is always burning before a wretched picture of the Virgin. This is the ayasma, or sacred fountain, of Saint John the Baptist. In the "Boyhood of Christ," Uncle Midas refers reverently to this inartistic chapel, and to the worship there offered, as acceptably "as if it had been rendered

with organ accompaniments amidst the splendors of Saint Peter's."

Therapia and Buyoukdereh are unlike all the other villages on the Bosphorus. They are periodically swinging back and forth from populous activity to dreariness and desertion. In winter they are most uninviting habitations, incessantly scourged by merciless blasts from the Black Sea. With the coming of spring, they banish their desolation. Doors, closed and barred for months, are thrown wide

open. The tide of human beings begins its impetuous flow to them from Pera and Galata. Every summer embassy, hotel, and private dwelling



BRITISH EMBASSY AT THERAPIA

bubbles with new-come, overflowing life. The quay, the water, the balconies, the drawing-rooms, are surrendered to emulous display of gayety and fashion, but all of the monotonous European type, with no personality of its own. Yet, though the costume is Parisian, it is a most cosmopolitan assembly that puts it on.

Therapia bends like a crescent around its bay. The German, French, Italian, and British embassies are at short distances from one another, near the shore. The British Embassy is an edifice of indescribable architectural

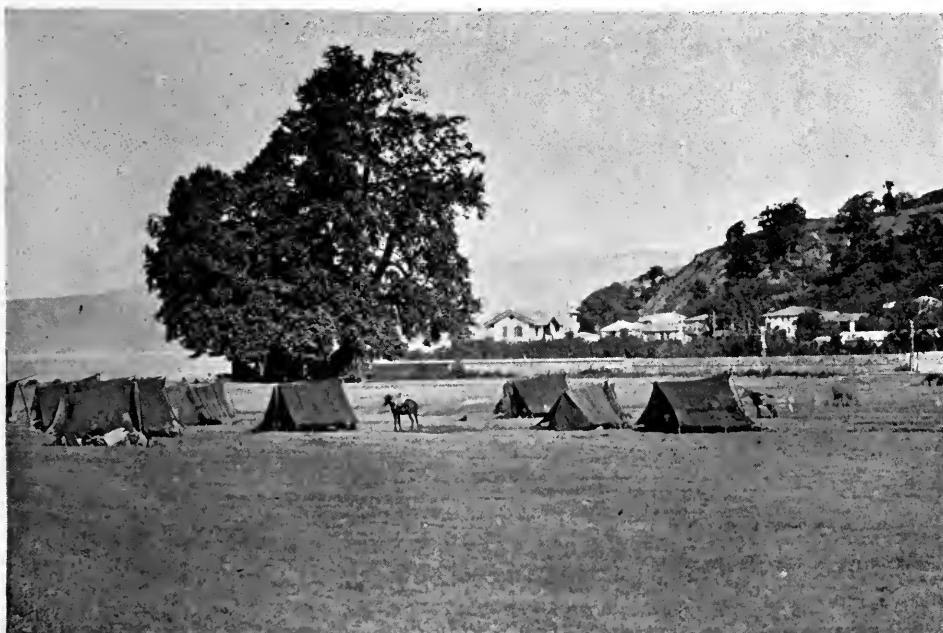
design, overhung by a giant rock and a forest-covered hill, built on the most conspicuous and wind-swept point of the upper Bosphorus. The house, the third from it on the north, quaint in appearance, with ivied terraces and splendid trees, was the summer residence of General and Mrs Lew Wallace. Greek, Catholic, and Protestant churches alternate with one another.

Till long after Christ the name of the village was *Pharmakia*, the Place of Drugs or Poisons,—a reminder of the Argonauts and Medea. According to tradition, Medea, having safely arrived thus far in her flight with Jason from Colchis, deemed her box of drugs no longer necessary, and threw it away. The goodly Patriarch Attikos, in the fifth century, was scandalized that a place of so salubrious air should be burdened with an ill-omened and pagan name. “Let it be called *Therapia*, Place of Healing,” he said, and so it has been to this day. It is the episcopal seat of the Bishop of Derkon, who bears the sounding title of “Very Reverend Lord of the Bosphorus and of the Cyanean Isles.”

The boundary between *Therapia* and *Buyoukdereh* is marked by *Kiredj Bournou*, the Lime Cape, bleak, despite its refreshing plane-trees. From it, through the hills, one catches his first glimpse of the dread Black Sea. To friendly mariners upon that sea, *Kiredj Bournou* flashes a welcome from its lighthouse, and for foes it has a warning ready in its battery of fourteen guns. To the left, on the cliff above, are the remains of a village, its history lost and forgotten, abandoned centuries ago. On the right, in the water, might be seen till recently the boulder, *Dikaia Petra*, the Just Rock, of whose intelligence and integrity the sailors to this day narrate marvellous tales.

The northern winds with unobstructed fury batter the

abrupt, bald hillside. The dreary road continues along the quay, past the long-since ruined Church of Saint Euphemia; past Table Rock, dear to fishermen; past Aghatch Alti, with its six trees and six cannon; past the hamlet of Kepheli, with its memories of Crimean exiles. At last, in the depth of the bay, it attains the wide meadow, Buyoukdereh, the Great Valley, beyond which lies the village of that name.



PLANE-TREE OF GODFREY OF BOUILLON

This meadow was beloved by the ancient and mediæval Byzantines. Their imagination bestowed upon it many endearing names, almost all commencing with Broad or Deep. To the common husbandman it is still pre-eminently the Good Field, because of its fertility. This valley was a frequent and favorite camping-ground of the Crusaders. Near the middle is a monumental plane-tree, or rather a gigantic clustre of plane-trees, all nourished

by a single root. Botanists assert that it has been growing more than nine hundred years. Europeans give it the name, "Plane-tree of Godfrey of Bouillon," from the tradition that this Sir Galahad of chivalry planted it with his knightly hand when bivouacking in this plain with his cross-bearing host. The fairest of historians, Anna Komnena, who was then alive, distinctly states, however, that Godfrey never encamped here, but that his brother Crusader, Count Raoul of Flanders, did, with an army of ten thousand men. The Ottomans name it Kirk Aghatch, the Forty Trees; and Yedi Karindash, the Seven Brothers. They say the last was first employed by Achmet I in memory of his own dead brothers. Under this tree, in 1807, Kabatchioglou and five hundred desperate men formed the conspiracy which resulted four days later in the deposition of Selim III, and the enthronement of Moustapha IV.

Westward may be seen the graceful aqueduct of Mahmoud I. Following the road which winds inland toward the northwest, one reaches the great forest of Belgrade. There are the water-sources and the bends, or natural reservoirs, whence has been slaked the thirst of the capital through so many centuries. There are the hamlets and villages, lost and hidden in the woods, that charmed the fancy of always charming Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. There is the historic settlement of Belgrade, peopled by the unwilling exiles who were brought hither by Souleiman the Magnificent, after his capture of the Servian capital.

The south part of the village of Buyoukdereh is inhabited by Armenians, Greeks, Ottomans, and Jews. North of the steamer landing, it is mainly given up to European foreigners. Every Oriental feature seems eliminated. Its

spacious quay, its stately mansions, its thoroughly western air, stamp it with an individuality of its own. Partly sheltered by the hill, less racked than Therapia by the never-ceasing northern wind, yet always the beneficiary of the delicious coolness, it is in summer the most delightful habitation on the Bosphorus. Justinian erected here a church to Saint Theodore of Tyrone, in which for generations the emperors worshipped on the first Sunday in Lent. It possessed a monastery of the Holy Martyrs, built, in 803, by Saint Terasios, "the most holy and most orthodox," in which he was himself buried. In it the Emperor Leo V confined the Empress Prokopia and her two daughters, after he had robbed their husband and father, Michael I, of the throne.



THE RUSSIAN EMBASSY AT BUYOUKDEREH

The modern church of the Armenians is consecrated to Saint Hripsima, one of the glorious women of their national history. She preferred martyrdom to a crown which might have been hers, had she accepted marriage with a pagan king. In a kiosk in the garden of the Austrian Embassy, Thomas Hope composed his romance, "An-

astasius, or the *Memoirs of a Modern Greek*," which created an excitement in the literary world seventy-five years ago. The Russian Embassy is the farthest north of all the summer ambassadorial structures. It is simple, symmetrical, and elegant. The dark hill and forest behind add to its effectiveness, and make its proportions stand out in graceful relief. Marion Crawford spent many months near by in a romantic kiosk, that seems pendent upon the hill. There he wrote "*The American Politician*" and "*Paul Patoff*," and meanwhile, best of all, won his beautiful bride.

Buyoukdereh ends at Mezar Bournou, the Cape of the Tomb. A sombre title well befits the spot, for the outlook from it is grand and solemn. The opposite Asiatic shore is bare and gaunt, and on the European side human habitations seem left behind. Here in classic times a statue of Aphrodite Pandemos rose above the water, doubtless the offering to her patron goddess of the Megarian Simaithra, a lady equally fair and frail. The name of the quiet inland quarter, Bulbul Mahalleh, the Village of the Nightingales, is appropriate in its suggestiveness of melody and rest. Farther in are Sari Yer, the Yellow Place, where a persistent English company have sunk an untold amount of gold in digging after copper; and Kastaneh Sou, the Chestnut Spring,—an Oriental Eden of chestnut groves and crystal brooks and perfect peace.

Still farther north, adventurous Greeks have perched Yeni Mahalleh, the New Village, upon the hills. It is set in a framework of clayey cliffs, and surrounded by a high-built wall, that the rushing torrents of winter may not wash it away. Enterprise has planted the public garden of Bella Vista in a situation glorious as an eyry. Somewhere here stood the temples of Rhea and Apollo, and after-

wards, on their sites, the churches of the Holy Virgin and Saint Nicholas; but all vestiges of church and temple are equally gone.

Northward from this point both the European and Asiatic banks show visible and continuous marks of volcanic origin. The plateau west of Yeni Mahalleh is described by Choiseul Gouffier as "a veritable Phleorean plain, the burned soil of which presents traces of numerous little craters, once breathing-holes of subterranean fires, which have calcined all this region, and reduced the greater part of the soil to a real pozzolana."

Fortifications, antiquated and abandoned, and modern earthworks, glistening with the newest cannon, succeed one another at every advantageous point as far as the Black Sea. The earlier are entirely the work of the Ottomans, erected in that proud day when for war and battle the Ottoman looked only to himself. Then comes the later period when French engineers, De Tott, Tous-saint, Meunier, and their fellow-countrymen, planned and supervised the construction of every fortress. Their defences, superseded in the march of change, are now patched and utilized,—worn-out military garments mended with new cloth. To this class belongs the renovated semi-hexagonal stone fortress of Telli Tabia, with its twenty-four guns, near Yeni Mahalleh. Most recent of all are the earthworks, so constantly modified, or "strengthened and extended," that their chronic condition is incompletion.

From an early period in their history, the Ottomans have placed a peculiar, almost superstitious, reliance in the possession of artillery. They believe to-day that their capital is impregnable. Their confidence might be justified if there were no other military road to Constantinople than down their narrow strait. The frequency of earthworks

in the upper Bosphorus and the multitude of guns behind them constitutes a formidable show. To estimate the real efficiency of these defences in some possible future war, numerous other factors must be taken into account.

The hamlet of Roumeli Kavak, the European Poplar, is the most northern station served by the local steamers. The tiny village is a growth around the stone fortress, erected in 1628 by Mourad IV, to prevent further incursions of the Cossacks. Two years before, like birds of prey, a horde of that savage people had swooped down over the Black Sea, in a hundred and fifty of their broad flat-bottomed boats, and had sacked and burned every settlement on the Bosphorus as far as Boadjikeui. The fortress was rebuilt to the sound of drum and fife in 1890.

Such sudden raids by their northern neighbors were through the Middle Ages the dread of the Byzantine emperors. On the top of the hill behind Roumeli Kavak, they built a powerful castle, with a thick, high wall, descending from it to the shore. Thence a mole of adequate proportions was prolonged part way across the strait, and a chain stretched from it to the Asiatic bank. A like wall ascended the opposite Asiatic hill to an even stronger castle. Thus the entrance was effectually closed against attack by sea. The whole outline of these mediaeval ramparts can be traced, and the still standing ruins of the castles, especially on the Asiatic side, are majestic. Part of the mole has been destroyed or washed away; but as one glides over it in a boat, he can discern its entire form, surprisingly preserved, in the transparent water. Its eastern end, where the chain was fastened, is indicated by a buoy.

Here, too, are the yet existing remains of the artificial harbor, where, during the days of the Byzantine Empire,



ENTRANCE TO THE BLACK SEA

all vessels, inward or outward bound, anchored and paid toll. It is a curious example of the tenacity of tradition that the Ottomans, who themselves had no personal acquaintance with the spot, call these scattered rocks Gumarouk Iskelessi, the Custom-House Pier.

Somewhere in the vicinity, in different ages, were reared three structures of surpassing splendor, — the Temple of the Byzantines, the Serapeion, and the imperial Church of the Incorporeals. The first grew from a votive altar, attributed to Jason, and its memory is preserved by Strabo; the second is immortalized by Polybios; the third, re-erected and re-enriched from age to age, was at last torn down by Mohammed II, to be built into his fortress of Roumeli Hissar. The site of them all is absolutely lost. But the fishers' perches, the daghlians, lift their fantastic forms above the water, as like daghlians have risen over the same wavy spot through thousands of years. Though the storied temples on the shore are gone, these most rustic fabrics of the simplest human craft remain in grotesque possession of the bay.

In a sequestered vale close by, north of the Ottoman battery of Siralache, is the Holy Fountain of the Virgin, the Mauromoliotissa. The ground in the vicinity is thickly strewn with ruins. A place so isolated and austere appealed to the ascetic devotion of the Middle Ages as a most appropriate site for a religious retreat. There in the eleventh century, the Empress Eudoxia, wife of Constantine XI, and afterwards of his successor Romanos IV Diogenes, founded the Monastery of the Holy Virgin, the Mauromoliotissa. In 1071, her second husband, heroic, but ill-fated, after a reign that is a romantic tragedy, lost his crown and life. The only refuge open to the de-throned Empress was this monastery. There her head

was shorn of the long silken tresses of which, in brighter days, she had been so proud, and was wrapped round with the coarse black veil of a Basilian nun. There she passed the last twenty-six years of her checkered life. There she composed the work on history and mythology which seems almost fragrant from her touch, and which she entitled "Ionia, or the Bed of Violets." The monastery was renowned for the saintliness of its inmates.

" She
Dwelt with them, till in time their Abbess died.
Then she, for her good deeds and her pure life,
And for the power of ministration in her,
And likewise for the high rank she had borne,
Was chosen Abbess: There, an Abbess lived,
 and there, an Abbess, past
To where beyond these voices there is peace."

In a subsequent century it was abandoned by the nuns and appropriated by monks. At the universal overthrow of 1453, two monastic cells escaped destruction, and were tenanted by successive hermits until 1713. That year, having without express permission dared to rebuild their chapel, which had fallen down, they roused the fierce anger of the fanatic Grand Vizir, Damat Ali Pasha; the recluses were put to death, and the cells and chapels demolished. The death, full of suffering, of their persecutor a few years later was considered by the Christians the punishment of his crime. The place is sacred in the affections of the Greeks. Annually, on the fourth of September, they throng the deserted vale with that strange blending of religious fervor and gayety which characterizes Eastern piety. The chanted prayers of the priest, and the ringing voices of children, wake alternate echoes in

the spot, silent and sepulchral as the grave, on every other day throughout the year.

Not far distant is the Chrysorrhoas, the Golden Stream, in whose bed it is asserted may be found sands of gold. At its mouth the Thracians reaped a rich, but infamous



BAY OF BUYOUK LIMAN

harvest, with false lights alluring incoming vessels to destruction. The inhospitable Bay of Buyouk Liman, the Great Harbor, now commanded by a frowning battery, is the ancient anchorage of the Ephesians,—vessels from the opulent city of Diana having the immemorial custom of mooring here.

The whole European shore above Roumeli Kavak is not so much the domain of history as the realm of the two

brother antiquaries,—the student of geology and the lover of myths.

It consists of a precipitous, rocky cliff, destitute of verdure, but of a greenish tint, and only at rare intervals intersected by a ravine. Millions of rounded stones and rocks are set in its face, apparently clinging by some invisible attraction, and ready to fall. As one passes in a boat under its threatening brow, he almost hesitates to approach too near for fear of the waiting avalanche. Yet to dislodge the smallest pebble is not easy, so firmly is it held in the adamantine grip of the hardened mass. Dr. Clarke, the erudite Professor of Mineralogy at Cambridge, England, calls the whole “a remarkable aggregation of enormous pebble stones, of heterogeneous masses of mineral substances, polished by the friction of the waters, and enclosed in a coarse, natural cement. . . . These substances had first undergone the violent action of fire, and afterwards, in consequence of their long submersion under water, that sort of friction to which they owe their present form.”

Tasalandjik Bournou, the Cape of Rocks, was the ancient Aphrodision. At its foot lay a safe and sheltered harbor, from which, up winding, narrow paths among the frightful cliffs, Aphrodite called the storm-tossed mariners to the waiting welcome of votaries in her temple. Near the harbor rose the Generous Rock, so called in irony from the ships to which it had given destruction, and from the human beings to whom it had given death. To them who had scaled the height, now in the intoxication of rest, with the awful Euxine beyond, and spectral death escaped below,—

“Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.”

Pappas Bournou, the Cape of the Priest, concealed Panion, the Grotto of Pan. Over it lowered, as lowers to-day, an enormous mass, thousands of tons in weight, threatening through thousands of years its imminent fall. Within were seats in the natural rock, the home of the nymphs and of the great god Pan. The seats and the overhanging mass are there, but Pan and his nymphs are gone, and an Ottoman battery holds their place.

Somewhere on the European bank, near the mouth of the Bosphorus, were the court of the blind soothsayer, Phineus, and the haunts of the Harpies, his hideous tormentors. Apollonios, the Rhodian, narrates the legend with most minute detail. The moment a morsel of food approached the lips of Phineus, the Harpies rushed from their lurking-places and snatched it away, meanwhile defiling the ground with their horrid droppings and the air with a loathsome stench. Their victim was cursed with immortality. His skin, drawn tightly over his bones by utter emaciation, prevented their falling apart. The oracle had foretold that the Argonauts were to release him from his tormentors, and also that from him Jason was to obtain such counsels as would enable him to pass the hitherto impassable Cyanean Rocks.

These two islands, placed as guardians on opposite sides of the Bosphorus, always swung together and crushed between them whatever endeavored to enter the Black Sea. Then they instantly swung back to their original position. If any living thing once got through in safety, they were henceforth to be immovable forever. On their arrival, two of the Argonautic heroes, Zethes and Calais, the winged sons of Boreas, put the Harpies to flight. They were about to destroy the foul monsters, but Iris, the messenger of Zeus, descended from the sky, and swore by

the river Styx that they should never come back. When Phineus had appeased the hunger of years, he gave his benefactors so shrewd advice as fully repaid his debt. He bade Jason advance the “*Argo*” as near as possible to the line the Rocks would traverse, and then to let loose a dove from the vessel’s prow ; then instantly, as they flew apart after crushing the feeble prey, to row the “*Argo*” boldly forward, and thus pass before the Rocks had time to dash together in a second collision. Jason implicitly followed the counsel. The dove was an efficacious sacrifice ; but so rapid was the movement of the Rocks that, though the “*Argo*” itself passed unharmed, her rudder was caught in the angry clash. One part of the seer’s advice was perhaps the most valuable of all. Said he, “Do your utmost with your oars and sails ; count more upon your arms than upon the prayers which you offer the gods.” The conditions of the oracle had been fulfilled. Living heroes had passed unscathed between the jaws of danger ; “hence,” as Apollonios says, “the islands have been stable ever since.”

With one of the ancient monuments of the Bosphorus, Fable and Tradition have associated the name of Ovid, their most brilliant master. Though the banished poet passed through the strait on his way to exile, there is no evidence that he ever touched its shores. Nevertheless, a high, circular stone pile, long since abandoned of inhabitant, prominent on the height of Karibdjeh, is still called Ovid’s Tower. It is a pleasing coincidence that, some years ago, this tower was pointed out to that prince of modern fabulists, Hans Christian Andersen, as the six months’ residence of Ovid, prince of the fabulists of Rome.

Phanaraki, the Light-house, is the last settlement on the European shore of the Bosphorus. Its magnificent

beacon-light is visible eighteen miles out at sea. The inhabitants of the village are mostly Christians. So strongly is their influence felt that even the ordinary language of the Ottoman residents is Greek. By a custom of former days, still frequently observed, every person on entering the Euxine threw into the water a piece of money as propitiatory offering. Gradually Christian observances have supplanted pagan usage, and the little church of Phanaraki is constantly sought by sailors offering their thanksgivings for dangers escaped, and their petitions against dangers to come.

Kilia, the headquarters of the Black Sea life-boat service, is not situated upon the Bosphorus, but five miles west, on the craggy shore of the Black Sea. Nevertheless, it is connected with the Bosphorus by even more vital associations than any mere geographical tie. Hundreds of human beings, shipwrecked while seeking the elusive mouth of the strait, have been torn from otherwise certain death by the devotion and daring of the members of this life-saving service. The student and the tourist, rapt in contemplation of classic myths and shadowy history, often forget modern heroism. Our Anglo-Saxon names are less euphonious than the vowel-fluted names of ancient and Southern tongues. Among all the figures which have immortalized the Bosphorus, there are none more associate with humanity and honor than those of Palmer and Summers, the captains of this philanthropic company, and of their brave associates.

THE CYANEAN ISLANDS

THESE two islands, set on opposite sides of the Bosphorus at the mouth of the Black Sea, have furnished themes for poetry from earliest antiquity. The lively fancy of the ancients bestowed upon them many descriptive names. To Homer they were *ai Πλαγκται Πέτραι*, Planktae Petrai, the Wandering Rocks; to Euripides, *ai Συνορμάδες*, *ai Συνδρομάδες*, or *ai Συμπληγάδες*, the Synormades, Syndromades, or Symplegades, the Rocks which rushed or dashed together. In the language of the common people, to whom their leaden hue was the most apparent feature, they were *ai Κυάνεαι Νῆσοι*, Kyaneai Nesoi, the Cyanean or Cerulean Islands. The latter appellation has dethroned the rest.

There is no more fascinating excursion in the world than up the Bosphorus to the one still-existing island. It can be undertaken only at certain seasons of the year, and in certain rare conditions of the wind and sea. The difficulty of its accomplishment enhances the charm of the exploit. The Black Sea is usually obdurate, and one may wait perhaps for months before a suitable day arrives.

With a feeling of delight, which time and distance cannot blunt, I recall my last visit, in 1890, to the famous rock. It was necessary to start when the first roseate hues were tinting the sky. The boat followed closely the Asiatic shore, where the current was less strong, and nature seemed more dreamy. The radiant unfolding of the landscape, the tasty freshness of the air from land and water, and the ceaseless warbling of the nightingale, from apparently every tree and thicket, filled the senses with a delirium of content. One might question whether

Eden, with her stream of paradise, was more fair "as Adam saw her prime." The great steamers, never else so grand as when looked up to from a tiny boat, were one after another descending the strait in the early morning after their night on the Black Sea. The whirring swarms of pelkovans, with their shrill cries of lost souls, or of Turkish women who have died childless, almost brushed the boat with their never-pausing wings.

It was one of those most infrequent days when, for a few hours, the Black Sea appears humanized and tamed. It was smooth as a mirror's face, a sea of glass, a crystal sea. Not a breath rippled the tiniest wave into being. One wished to remain motionless on the moveless water. But the boatmen rowed across its mouth with the utmost speed, for they knew that the impatient wind was only waiting to rise and wake the billows to fury.

The Asiatic Cyanean Island has entirely disintegrated and disappeared. The waves have left not a trace of its former site. The same process of disintegration is going on with its European twin, and in some future age the investigator will seek it in vain. During the last three centuries and a half its length has diminished just forty-seven feet. It is now about five hundred and fifty feet long and seventy feet wide; it is sixty-three feet high. It lies due east and west, its western extremity being only three hundred and ninety-five feet distant from the shore of Phanaraki. Between the mainland and the island extends an irregular line of sunken rocks, as if once a sort of natural isthmus.

Looked at from the south, it appears to consist of three distinct masses. The eastern mass is so rent by fissures that from a distance one can gaze through them to the sea beyond. Nearer approach reveals it as a boulder of

agglomerated rock resting on a clayey bottom; as a dark basaltic pile, composed of five sundered portions, each so gashed and seamed that the whole is hardly more than a rudely rectangular succession of disjointed rocks. Farther east, in a ragged line, and rising slightly above the surface of the water, are other disconnected rocks, once part of the island.

The only manner of approach is from the south. A natural platform a few yards square affords a landing-place. Thence, not without difficulty and danger, one may climb by means of the stones conveniently projecting in the volcanic heap to the top of the central or larger mass. Upon it grows neither tree nor shrub,—nothing but red moss and stunted grass.

At its most elevated point stands the snowy cylinder, commonly called, though without the slightest reason, the Column of Pompey. This block of marble, four feet three inches high and three feet two inches in diameter, in relief against the dark background of the hills, is visible far out upon the sea, and gleams like a white, pure star. Around its top is carved a garland of laurel leaves, hanging in deep festoons. It may be that on this very pedestal the Romans placed the Statue of Apollo, of which Dionysios of Byzantium speaks. An inscription near the base, in letters almost two inches long, distinctly legible, though defaced, gives it a humbler, though imperial destination.

DIVO . CAESARI . AVGVSTO.

L . CLANNIDIUS.

L . F . CLA . PONTO.

“To the divine Cæsar Augustus, Lucius Clannidius, the son of Lucius, of the Claudian Family, a native of Pontus.”

Speculation queries which was the Cæsar Augustus whose statue was attached by the now empty sockets to the moss-reddened, toppling base; doubtless, he was one of the earliest of that exalted line. Perhaps he was that autocratic ruler of mankind from whom, in days just before the birth of Christ in Bethlehem, went out the decree "that all the world should be taxed." The pedestal bears no other inscription, or mark of an inscription, whatever.

In 1701, long after the Emperor's effigy had fallen, Tournefort saw on the pedestal a white column, about twelve feet in length, and crowned by a Corinthian capital, which the Ottomans had placed there as a signal to ships at sea. He laments, in his enchanting pages, that it was impossible for his boat to touch, and enable him to examine it near at hand. Bishop Pococke, in 1743, found the shaft prostrate and broken into several fragments, and the capital lying beside them. When, following in the steps of these distinguished travellers, Professor Clarke visited the Cyanean Island in 1800, not a scrap of column or capital could he discover. Thus, from generation to generation, the fall, the mutilation, and the disappearance of many another monument on the Bosphorus may be traced.

The soft marble of the pedestal has been somewhat worn away on the northern side by the tempest and time. Its hacked and battered lower portion shows the marks of intentional violence. It is a fact to be regretted that they were inflicted by an American hand. In 1801, the commander of a frigate of the United States climbed to the top of the island, accompanied by some under officers, and by a number of the crew. One of the officers, eager for souvenirs, ordered a sailor to hack off some fragments

from the sculpture round the base. The sailor did his best with a blacksmith's hammer, and with lamentable success. An English author with proper indignation condemns the barbarity of the act. By a strange coincidence, that very year Lord Elgin, with longer-continued and more shameful vandalism, was despoiling the Parthenon of the priceless treasures which time and the Ottomans had spared.

Standing on the top of the splintered pedestal, one commands a view equally beautiful, grand, and suggestive. By a great, semi-circular, southward sweep, the high, craggy European shores form the entrance to the Bosphorus. Their peculiar shape accentuates with plausibility the theory of Choiseul Gouffier. He believes that here, cycles ago, was the rim of an immense crater; that the southern, inner, landward half is what we see before us, and that the northern, outer half has been beaten down by the resistless action of the Black Sea. The tradition of an awful convulsion may have first inspired the horror with which the ancients regarded that unknown sea. Tossing masses of moving lava may have fathered the legend of the ever-swinging Symplegades. "The gods are hard to reconcile;" but the sentence which Apollonios puts on the lips of Juno in her talk with Thetis, "Wandering rocks where simmer horrible tempests of fire," may have this very meaning. Nevertheless, it is better to let the old myths survive, and not mangle them by the cold dissecting-knife of attempted and fallible explanation.

For the geologist, who would find a wealth of investigation here, I will transcribe two passages from the learned works of M. Tchihatcheff and Dr Clarke. Both of these scientific men studied the Cyanean rock with profound attention.

Says Professor Clarke : "Perhaps nowhere else has ever been seen the union in a mineral aggregation of the substances of which it is composed. One can even believe that they were mixed together by the boiling of a volcano, for it would be easy to recognize in the same mass fragments of differently colored lava and specimens of trap, of basalt, and of marble. The fissures reveal agate, chalcedony, and quartz. These substances are seen in thin, arenaceous veins, not half an inch thick, a sort of crust deposited subsequently to the formation of the stratum of the island. Agate is found in a vein of considerable extent at the bottom of a deep fissure, not over an inch wide, bordered by a green substance like certain lavas of *Ætna* which acidiferous vapors have decomposed."

The researches of M. Tchihatcheff are more recent. He says : "The island is mainly composed of volcanic ash-beds, often regularly stratified, presented as breccia, with particles so minute that the rock assumes the appearance of a compact, heterogeneous mass, or as coarse conglomerates, composed of voluminous pieces or even of veritable blocks of black doleritic porphyry most frequently colored red by a thick crust of oxide of iron. All these blocks, generally angular, are cemented by a yellowish paste, and form, as does also the breccia, very solid rocks. At several points, but specially in the lower part of the island, the fine grain of the breccia alternates with the coarse conglomerate. Finally, these different ash-beds are traversed by numerous vertical veins of green earth, composed of hydrated silicates of iron and magnesia. These veins, of a clear green, of a compact and ribbon-like texture, and of conchoidal fracture, are exceedingly similar to the strips of green sand of certain cretaceous rocks. They are distinct in a marked degree from the black masses which they traverse."

Each visit to the island, long awaited, always seems too brief. The signal of departure breaks in untimely in the shout of the boatmen, "It is coming! It is coming! We must be off." Already the broad breast of the sea is beginning to heave and swell, and the side of the rock is white with spray. The little boat must reach the shelter of the Bosphorus before the northern wind comes down in its might. With torn hands and slipping feet, one clammers down the precipitous descent. Swiftly he is rowed away, always embracing the receding island with a backward look, always to cherish the memory of the scene, "Where the wave broke foaming o'er the blue Symplegades."

THE ASIATIC SHORE OF THE BOSPHORUS

CROSSING to the Asiatic shore, let us follow its windings southward toward Scutari and Stamboul.

Along its northern capes and bays, traditions of Jason and the "Argo" have clung tenaciously, eclipsing all other memories. Its most northern point the Greeks still call Ankyraion, the Place of the Anchor, inasmuch as the Argonauts there abandoned the stone anchor which had served them thus far, and took one of iron instead. The Ottoman name, Youn Bournou, the Cape of Wool, is descriptive and picturesque. Some stranger of lively fancy must have first employed it as he gazed downward from the height to the stretch beneath,

"Where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool."

From this cliff one best appreciates the majesty and solemnity of the Black Sea. Its ancient grandeur and danger

are minimized in this day of mammoth ships and steamers. But even now let one behold the enormous piles of cloud rolling and hurled toward the narrow gorge of the strait ; let him be deafened by the tempest, crashing mountain billows against the crags,—then he will himself experience something of the awe it once inspired, and, from the hue of its inky depths beyond, will apprehend why, above all other seas, it deserves its epithet of “Black.”

“There’s not a sea . . .
Turns up more dangerous breakers than the Euxine.”

On the south rises the round rock called the Tower of Medea. The earthquake has rent it from top to bottom. In calm weather one may walk to it from the shore, but the water dashes to its summit in a storm.

The cliffs around the bay of Kavakos are tunnelled, almost to the water’s edge, with millions of nests of seabirds. One of the two immense table-rocks in the bay, though submerged in rough weather, is white as snow with their droppings, accumulated through ages ; the other the sailors call Kalograia, the Nun, from the fancied resemblance of its form to a monastic veil. In it is the spacious cave, vaulted like a cathedral, forty feet in height at the opening, and seventy wide, and growing vaster from the entrance ; a natural curiosity, whose floor perhaps a dozen European feet have never trodden, but which is none the less one of the most romantic possessions of the Bosphorus.

The bay is bounded on the south by the Cape of Anadoli Phanar, the Asiatic Lighthouse. The beacon, two hundred and forty-nine feet above the water, sends its blessed crimson light to a distance of twenty-two miles over the sea. At

its foot is the most northern of the Ottoman batteries on the Asiatic side.

The cliffs advance southwest to form Djakkal Dereh Liman, the Harbor of the Jackals' Valley. Here a long tooth-shaped, jagged, disjointed rock thrusts itself into the narrowing Bosphorus. Had not Strabo distinctly told us that the two Symplegades were twenty stadia apart, this disintegrating pile might naturally be taken as the remains of the long-lost Asiatic Cyanean Rock. The water is shallow, and reefs and boulders line the shore.

Poiraz Bournou, the Cape of Poiraz, in this corrupted form preserves the name of the wind-king, Boreas. Here, from a temple on a most fitting site, the sea-god, Poseidon, looked out on his broad dominions. It is possible that the Ottoman stone fortress built by Baron de Tott high up on the beetling crag occupies the very spot. The dizzy fortress of Fil Bournou, the Elephant's Cape, was constructed by the same famous French engineer, who, like the Canaanites of old, took delight in high places.

Fil Bournou, and Kavak Bournou, the next headland on the south, enclose between them one of the most expanded bays on the Bosphorus. Rocks, sometimes burrowed into natural caves, rise precipitously all along the shore, except at infrequent points where deep ravines force their way to the water. So far, all the scenery has been savage and wild. Weary of the stern and frowning landscape, one reaches with relief the beautiful valley and Ottoman village of Kedjili, and the tiny beach, glittering with real sea-sand. It may be that here the ancient pilgrims disembarked on their way to the sacred Hieron. More likely, their chelai, or landing-place, was at the foot of Monastir Deressi, the Valley of the Monastery. There may still be seen the ruins of the once populous Convent of Saint

Catherine, among and around which are now the scattered houses where, in time of foreign epidemic, suspected travellers undergo quarantine.

The superb promontory of Kavak is crowned by a broad plateau three hundred and eighty-seven feet high. Pagan piety, which devoted to sacred purposes whatever was most precious in nature and art, set apart this splendid



THE HIERON

hill for the worship of its deities. This was the ancient, far-famed, world-revered Hieron, or The Holy. On its summits and slopes were reared the twelve great temples of the twelve Olympian gods, and the Asiatic pharos, which gave light to men.

The vastest and most magnificent was that consecrated to the omnipotent Zeus Ourios. Jason was its reputed founder. Its corner-stone was laid, according to tradition, as the thank-offering of the Argonauts for their marvellous success in Colchis, and for their safe return.

Within its guardian walls stood a statue of Zeus, made of gold and ivory. The priceless image long ago became the prey of some forgotten spoiler, but the inscribed slab, formerly fastened at its base, may be seen and read as follows, among the antiquarian treasures of the British Museum: "The sailor who invokes Zeus Ourios that he may enjoy a prosperous voyage, either toward the Cyanean Rocks, or on the *Ægean Sea*, itself unsteady and filled with innumerable dangerous shoals scattered here and there, can have a prosperous voyage if first he sacrifices to the god whose statue Philo Antipater has set up, both because of gratitude and to insure favorable augury to sailors." It is easier to utilize quarried marble than to quarry new. The slab, with other building material, was eventually carted to Kadikeui. There, in 1676, Sir George Wheler saw it, built into the wall of a private house. The temple Constantine is supposed to have converted into a church.

In the temple of Poseidon, Pausanias, after the battle of Platæa, engraved on a brazen bowl the following inscription, which by its egotism and lordly air angered the democratic Greeks: "Pausanias, the ruler of broad Greece, Lacedemonian in race, the son of Cleombrotos, of the ancient line of Hercules, has consecrated at the Euxine Sea to the Lord Poseidon a memorial of valor."

Herodotus informs us that Darius sailed from his bridge to the Cyanean Islands, and then, "seated at the Hieron, gazed upon the Pontus." Whether Darius visited this Hieron, or the one on the European side, we cannot tell.

The Hieron was a place whither pilgrims pressed as to Mecca or Lourdes. It was sufficiently remote to render pilgrimage meritorious, and not so inaccessible as to make the pious journey dangerous or hard. The flocking devo-

tees brought each his filial offering, and the impressiveness of the twelve temples constantly increased with their accumulating wealth. Every accessory combined with the priest at the altar to intensify the hold of a sensuous and idealistic creed. The gorgeous site, the resplendent shrines, the ravishing outlook upon the Bosphorus and the sea, the entire mystic influence of the spot, with ascending incense and sacrificial smoke, contributed to foster superstition and to deepen faith. It was easy to imagine fleeting glimpses of oreads and dryads in the groves, and of naiads sporting with the dolphins in the water. The sacred birds fluttered and soared above the height, or hooted and warbled in the sacred woods. Not even at Olympus or Delphi was the classic worship more strongly intrenched. This was a Gibraltar of the gods.

No spot on earth is now more eloquent testimony of their abandonment and decay. Not even a fragment of broken marble, or a foundation-stone still in place, evokes a query as to their vanished fanes.

“From the gloaming of the oakwood,
O ye Dryads, could ye flee ?
At the rushing thunderstroke would
No sob tremble through the tree ?
Not a word the Dryads say,
Though the forests wave for aye,
For Pan is dead.

“Have ye left the mountain places,
Oreads wild, for other tryst ?
Shall we see no sudden faces
Strike a glory through the mist ?
Not a sound the silence thrills
Of the everlasting hills.
Pan, Pan is dead.

“O twelve gods of Plato’s vision,
Crowned to starry wanderings,
With your chariots in procession,
And your silver clash of wings
Very pale ye seem to rise,
Ghosts of Grecian deities,
Now Pan is dead.”

Though consecrated and theoretically neutral ground, the territory of Hieron was the property of Chalkedon. From that city Byzantium purchased at a great price the right to place a small fortress on the hill. It was a watch-tower rather than a stronghold. During the war with Rhodes, in the third century before Christ, it was taken by Prusias I, King of Bithynia, but was restored on conclusion of peace. After the foundation of Constantinople and the fall of paganism, it was made the strongest fortress on the Bosphorus by the Byzantine emperors. Together with the castle on the opposite European coast, it closed the strait against marine incursion. In the distracted Middle Ages it was more than once besieged. Its most formidable and most illustrious assailant was the Caliph Haroun al Rashid. In the fourteenth century it and the opposite European fortress were captured by the Genoese. The arms of Genoa are still seen emblazoned on its walls, and it is commonly called to this day the Genoese Castle. Towards the end of the same century it submitted to Sultan Bayezid I, the Thunderbolt, and has remained in the undisturbed possession of the Ottomans ever since. Now it is an immense, ivy-mantled, ruined pile,—a place for infrequent picnics, and for more infrequent antiquaries. Over the main entrance, a cross, the symbol of Christianity, surmounts a crescent, the symbol of Byzantium, with the device, XC ΦC ΠC, Christ the

Light to All, or Χριστὸς Φῶς Πασί. Carved crosses are seen on many prominent places. Beneath one cross is the inscription, I X K N, the Lord Jesus Christ is Conqueror, or Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς Κύριος Νικητής. This inscription of Christian confidence does not disturb the serenity of the Mussulman soldiers, whose batteries are planted on almost every spur of the adjacent hills, and whose earthwork of Joros Kaleh, with its forty-four burnished cannon, projects from the foot of Hieron into the Bosphorus. Close to the latter earthwork is the Station, where all vessels arriving or departing must obtain permission from the Ottoman authorities to pass.

In this part of the strait were fought several desperate sea-fights between the Venetians and the Genoese.

The village of Anadoli Kavak is the farthest north on the Asiatic side of those served by the local steamers. No more distinctively Oriental settlement can be conceived. It affords the three earthly delights in which a Mussulman most rejoices,—running water, spreading trees, and rest (*rahat*). The stranger, as he wanders in its listless shade, might almost wonder whether an anxiety or an ambition has ever entered here. On the southern side of its bay the cliff descends so precipitously that the quarries in its side seem fastened there like nests.

Then one reaches Madjar Bournou, the Cape of the Hungarians. On its outer verge Justinian, who did all things grandly, dedicated a church of vast proportions to Saint Pantelemon, the patron of physicians. Some of its columns a thousand years after were placed by Souleïman I in his magnificent mosque. The Ottomans brushed aside the last vestiges of the church when they constructed on its site the most extensive and most heavily armed earthwork on the Bosphorus.

This cape is but the seaward prolongation of Giant's Mountain, which rises behind it. No other natural feature of the strait is so self-assertive and so commanding. It is the unrivalled monarch of the hills and cliffs between Stamboul and the Black Sea. The thick tuft of trees on its summit, surrounding a tekieh and mosque of the Kadiri Dervishes, is prominent for many miles around. From the mass of verdure peers the gleaming, arrowy minaret, its pointed tip piercing the clouds at a height of six hundred and sixty feet above the level of the sea. These dervishes are kindly and liberal-minded. One may mount the circular ascent inside the minaret, just as Byron did, and, emerging on the gallery of the muezzin, drink in the very view on the very spot where the author of "Childe Harold" was inspired with some of his deathless lines. In that masterpiece of a poet's wanderings, when he followed on till he looked "where the dark Euxine rolled upon the blue Symplegades," this was the spot most distant from home pressed by his pilgrim feet.

"'T is a grand sight from off the Giant's grave
To watch the progress of those rolling seas
Between the Bosphorus, as they lash and lave
Europe and Asia."

The hill is called, by the Ottomans, Yousha Dagh, or Mountain of Joshua. It is their tradition that, after the Hebrew hero had conquered the Promised Land, God granted him as his earthly reward the privilege of living, dying, and being buried here. Behind the mosque they show a grave of most peculiar form, over forty feet in length, and hardly more than a tenth as wide, which they revere as that of the son of Nun.

Among the ancient Greeks the name of the mountain

was Kline tou Herakleous, or the Bed of Hercules, and their modern descendants call it the Mneimeion, or Monument of the Greek. Numerous legends are related of its origin and history. There is one frequently repeated by the common people. They say that the locality was anciently a plain. A great warrior died, and was buried here. His surviving friends each threw a handful of earth over his remains. So many and so mighty-handed were the mourners that the funeral pile became at last this mountain. Thus constantly on the Bosphorus does one listen to tales, vulgarized on lips ignorant of mythology and history, but originating thousands of years before in some classic myth or story. This tradition is old as the "Argo," and goes back to Amykos, King of the Bebrykes, accidentally slain in a boxing-match by Pollux, and interred on this hill by Jason and his companions.

Another legend describes the frequent visits of the father to the grave, and his lamentations over his son. So gigantic were his proportions that, seated on the summit, he splashed his feet in the Bosphorus, and sank passing vessels by a breath.

The coast south of Giant's Mountain withdraws inland to Selvi Bournou, the Cape of the Cypress, and forms the ill-omened Oumour Bay. A narrow belt of water, ten fathoms deep, follows the windings of the shore. Between it and the main channel extend the broad and dreaded shoals called Englishman's Banks. They rise to within a few feet of the surface, and many a ship and sailor has rushed on them to destruction. Buoys and a lighthouse now give warning of danger.

An obelisk at Selvi Bournou marks the spot where the tent of the Russian general Mouravieff was pitched in 1833. Those were dark days for the Ottoman Empire,

and for its intrepid Sultan, Mahmoud II. His ambitious vassal, Mehemet Ali Pasha, Viceroy of Egypt, had risen in rebellion, and the Egyptian armies, flushed with the victories of Acre, Damascus, Homs, and Beilan, had invaded Asia Minor. Then, at the desperate battle of Konieh, thirty thousand Ottomans had been left upon the field, and the Ottoman commander-in-chief had been taken prisoner. The Egyptian advanced guard had entered Brousa almost in sight of Constantinople, and Smyrna had received an Egyptian governor.

At no other time in its history of six hundred years has the extinction of the Ottoman power appeared so probable and imminent. Turkey was practically abandoned by her Western allies, who were indifferent or sided with Mehemet Ali.

The Czar Nicolas, however, considered that the overthrow of a sovereign by a vassal was a menace to all thrones. Hence he manifested for the Sultan an efficient and apparently disinterested sympathy. On February 20, 1833, the Russian fleet arrived off Selvi Bournou with fifteen thousand men, who, disembarking, encamped in the adjacent plain of Sultanieh, or the Sultan's Valley. The appearance of the Russians intimidated Mehemet Ali, and roused the Western diplomats from their apathy. The rebel vassal withdrew his forces beyond the Taurus Mountains, and the imperilled Empire was saved.

The obelisk bears the following inscription in Russian : " This plain for a brief season gave hospitality to the Russian army. May this monumental stone preserve the remembrance. May the alliance of the two courts be equally firm and solid. May this event be celebrated forever in the annals of friendship."

The Russian troops remained at Sultanieh during the five delicious months of spring and early summer. In the recollections of those northern veterans, their stay must have lingered as a delightful, life-long memory. Nowhere could they have ever found a more salubrious and convenient camp. The valley is shut in on three sides by hills. Cool, crystal streams provide abundant water. Forests clothe the neighboring hillsides, and giant trees cast their shade here and there in the plain. On the east extends the natural parade-ground, where seventy thousand men may manœuvre. On the south, the plain wheels by a sharp turn westward to the Bosphorus, which it touches at Hounkiar Iskelessi, the Landing-place of the Master of Men.

One disembarking at the famous pier wanders inland, and the restful beauty grows upon him as he advances. Such avenues of imperial sycamores are surpassed nowhere in the world. At last, on the north and left, there lies revealed the calm and spacious magnificence of Sultanieh, as refreshing and as verdant as when, four centuries before Christ, Xenophon and his Ten Thousand pressed its soft turf with their weary feet.

Its ancient name was Aule tou Amykou, the Hall of Amykos, the Bebrycian king, who was a suspicious and perhaps hostile host of the Argonauts. This was a favorite resort of the Byzantine emperors, who in its sequestered glades sought a brief relaxation from their formal state. In one of its rustic summer-houses, in 1185, the worn-out debauchee Andronikos I Komnenos received, in the early morning, the tidings of his deposition, and of the coronation of his foe, Isaac Angelos. Hence the dethroned sovereign, seated backward and bound upon an ass, was paraded, a shorn and despised Samson, along the

shores of the Bosphorus to his merited and yet heroic death in the Hippodrome. Here, in 1147, the French king Louis VII, who afterwards wrought such woe to England and to Henry II, encamped with his army of Crusaders, "the martial flower of France."

After the Ottoman Conquest, it became a favorite hunting-ground of the sultans. Sultan after sultan erected palace and kiosk, always overloaded with titles significant of felicity, eternity, or omnipotence. From long custom, whenever a sultan withdrew hither from Stamboul, the French ambassador at once brought him the rarest fruits and flowers. Here, in 1805, Sultan Selim III, groping after manufactures and reform, established a paper-factory which he soon converted into a woollen-mill, and shortly afterwards abandoned.

Here, in 1833, on the eighth of June, the treaty of Hounkiar Iskelessi was signed between the Russian and Ottoman empires. This closed the Dardanelles in case of war to the enemies of Russia, and ratified the most intimate alliance, offensive and defensive, between the Sultan and the Czar. It was to be binding for eight years. The treaty excited the most violent and bitter resentment among the Western Powers. For a time a universal European war seemed inevitable.

Here, in 1869, Sultan Abd-ul Aziz, in a fairy-like palace reared for the occasion, and with the grandees of his empire in his suite, gave an imposing reception to the Empress Eugénie. In the plain where Xenophon and the Russians had encamped, sixty thousand Ottoman soldiers, the picked men of the army,—infantry, cavalry, and artillery,—defiled in all the pomp and circumstance of war before the French Empress. At night, both shores of the Bosphorus, through their entire length, were lit

with the most magnificent illumination which they have probably ever seen. The Ottoman Sultan and the wife of Napoleon III were then at the zenith of their power. No prophet could have foretold the fast-approaching tragedies of Tcheragan and Sedan.

South of Hounkiar Iskelessi, raised high on successive terraces, arrogant in its prominence, which makes it visible for many miles, is the so-called Egyptian or Chocolate Palace. Ismail Pasha, Viceroy of Egypt, presented it to Sultan Abd-ul Aziz. Judged by its cost, it was a gift worthy of a king. In its erection and adornment over ten million francs had been expended. Its grounds and gardens monopolize all the territory of the point. This was the residence of the Empress during a portion of her stay; likewise, a few weeks later, of the Austro-Hungarian Emperor, Francis Joseph II, who also came on a visit to the Sultan.

The Asiatic shore, even more sinuous than that of Europe, recedes southeast, forming the wide, deep bay of Beykos, the Walnut-Tree. The amphitheatrical valley, fertile and luxuriant, green with trees and bright with flowers, merits its ancient name of the Grove of the Nymphs. Here grew the "insensate laurel" which, when placed as a garland on the brow of any banqueter, maddened his brain. Here Amykos fought his pugilistic duel with Pollux, the son of Zeus. The popular resort of the villagers is a large marble cistern, surrounded by a marble peristyle, and overhung with plane-trees. A crowd of indolent, almost lifeless, loiterers linger around the spot, and listen all day long to the ripple of the water. They find not only fascination, but even intoxication, in the soothing sound. In the bay rendezvoused the Anglo-Franco-Ottoman fleet in 1854, and thence it sailed to the

Crimean War. In the high-perched daghlians, watchers are always peering for the swordfish, which have here their best-loved haunt.

To the southern shore of the Bay of Beykos, as far as the headland of Kandlidja Bournou, less legendary and natural charm attaches than to any other portion of the Bosphorus. The villages that line it are scantily populated and humble hamlets, seldom visited by the great world, almost never the scene of any great event. Yet each possesses some special feature of its own, some beauty of situation or environment, some grove or Oriental garden, which would make it remarked and attractive elsewhere, though so inferior here.

Souleïman I joined a tiny island near the shore to the mainland, built on it a circular and domed kiosk, and there passed many an hour with his imperious consort, Roxelana. A kiosk, a masterpiece of Persian art, took its place. This was the offering of the victorious Grand Vizir, Osman Pasha, to Mourad III, and its materials were brought from Persia on the backs of horses, camels, and men. Its name of Sultanieh superseded its earlier name of Cyclamen, due to the first flower of spring which studded the fields.

Indjir Keui, the classic Sykai, is famous for the excellence of its figs, and to that distinction owes both its ancient and modern name. Here was the palace of the corpulent Achmet Pasha, Grand Vizir of Sultan Ibrahim, but better known to Ottoman history as Hezarpareh, or the Man who was torn to a thousand pieces. Degraded from his high office and bowstrung, his body was thrown into the Hippodrome, and left there over night. In the morning a janissary, passing by, exclaimed that the body of a man so fat must be a certain cure for rheumatism.

The common people, in a mixed frenzy of brutal sport and credulity, chopped the remains of the dead vizir into innumerable tiny portions, and sold them at ten paras the piece. The inhabitants of the village, having been condemned for evil practices in 1762, received a novel punishment. All their coffee-houses were closed for several years; the opening of new ones was forbidden, and the former keepers sent into exile.

Pasha Baghtcheh, the Pasha's Garden, is inhabited only by Greeks. It consists of a group of the plainest, smallest houses, all clustering about the Church of Saint Constantine. However small the population, and however great the poverty, of a Greek community, its first consideration always is to provide a church, and its second, a school.

Tchiboukli, the Place of the Rod or Branch, is entirely Ottoman. It is a pretty place, the perfection of simple contentment and rest. Its name is derived from a Turkish tradition, which also sums up all its local pride. Sultan Bayezid II had removed his turbulent son, afterwards Selim I, from his government of Trebizond, and brought him hither. One day, enraged at his insolence, he broke a branch from a tree and struck him with it eight times. The number of blows was considered the intimation of the number of years during which Selim was to reign,—a prophecy afterwards fulfilled. The branch was thrust into the ground, and grew “like the palm-trees of Medina,” and shielded the village with its shade. A few years ago it was cut down for souvenirs, which were sold at fabulous prices.

Here, early in the fifth century, the monk Alexander founded a Monastery of the Akoimetai, or Sleepless. It seldom contained less than three hundred monks. The brethren were divided into sections, which relieved one

another like the watch on board ship. Each section took up the service at the point which the preceding section had reached. Thus, until a little before the Ottoman Conquest, the voice of thanksgiving and prayer ascended unceasingly from it night and day. Its story is that of an uninterrupted prayer-meeting, or a continuous worship, which lasted more than thirty generations, or almost a thousand years. Remains still indicate the site of the monastery, but it is silent now.

The sandy shore for a distance is unoccupied by houses. The uninhabited strip is utilized by thirteen yellow storehouses, or magazines, in an unpoetic row. In the days when American petroleum monopolized the Eastern market, these storehouses were erected by the government for its reception at a safe distance from dwellings. Now, however, American petroleum is almost driven from the field, and the magazines are always full of the Russian article from Bakou.

Kanlidja Bournou, the Blood-Red Cape, was so called from the former color of its houses as they overhung the water. Many of these dwellings, once elegant and luxurious, are voiceful to every passer-by with their revelation of poverty and decay. There is something pathetic in the broken lattices of the windows, and in the weeds springing in the tessellated pavement of the gardens. The exquisite Bay of Kafess, despite its few prosperous mansions and kiosks, tells the same story of impoverishment and decline. The hillsides are none the less delightful with ivied terraces and leafy avenues of ancient trees. The touch of nature and time imparts an indescribable æsthetic charm to the magnificence left by departed days. One realizes that, when these hills of Kanlidja and Kafess were crowded with Ottoman palaces, and shone with

Oriental display, they were even less beautiful than now.

To a large white submarine rock, formerly near the point, the ancient inhabitants of Chalkedon attributed the ever-increasing prosperity of Byzantium, and their own constant inferiority. Those were days when the fisheries of the Bosphorus afforded a main source of revenue. The people of Chalkedon asserted that the fish, swarming southward from the Euxine, were always frightened by this glaring rock, and swam away from it to the European side, where were the fishing-grounds of the Byzantines. Even when the silvery shoals returned northward in the spring, their unforgotten terror was believed to drive them away from Chalkedon, and westward toward Byzantium.

The Ottoman village of Anadoli Hissar, the Asiatic Castle, is directly opposite Roumeli Hissar, and derives its name from the fortress built by Bayezid I in 1393. The erection of this fortress was the first permanent menace planted on the Bosphorus by the Ottomans against the Byzantine Empire. Sixty years the garrison of that stronghold watched and waited. When the fulness of time at last came with Mohammed II, great-grandson of Bayezid, it, no less than the vaster and more towering structure on the European side, contributed to the closing of the strait, and to the fall of Constantinople. The Ottomans call it Guzeldji, or the Beautiful. High, crenellated walls connect its main square tower with four others, which are circular. Now it is gaunt in its spectral whiteness. Formerly the whole upper portion of the walls was covered with houses, which protruded beyond the parapets on either side, and, though solidly attached, seemed waiting for a blast to sweep them away.

Year after year they defied the wind, but in 1879, in a single day, they were all destroyed by fire.

The Bay of Gueuk Sou, the Sweet or Celestial Water, receives the contributions of the two most important rivers which empty into the Bosphorus. These are the ancient Arete and the ancient Azarion, now dubbed the



CASTLE OF ANADOLI HISSAR

Buyouk, or Great, and the Kutchouk, or Little Gueuk Sou. After a storm or freshet, their alluvial deposit colors the eastern half of the Bosphorus for miles below their mouths with a deep golden yellow. Meanwhile, the western half remains unchanged. The phenomenon is presented of two independent streams pouring down the strait, touching each other all along their course, but not commingling, with everywhere the line of contact not indefinite, but sharply defined.

The Buyouk Gueuk Sou takes its rise in the inland forest of Alem Dagh, which is far more extensive, and contains larger trees, than the European forest of Belgrade. The plains along its banks are vaunted by the Eastern poets as little inferior to the fields of paradise, and as superior to the three paradises of earth,— the plain of Damascus, the yale of Mecca, and the meadow of Shaab Beram in Southern Persia. Gueuk Sou would be hardly less beautiful if it revealed nowhere the touch of a human hand. Its loveliness it owes to Nature, whose work no art can emulate. Nevertheless, the features added by man, the ancient castle, the Ottoman cemetery, with carved and painted sepulchral stones,

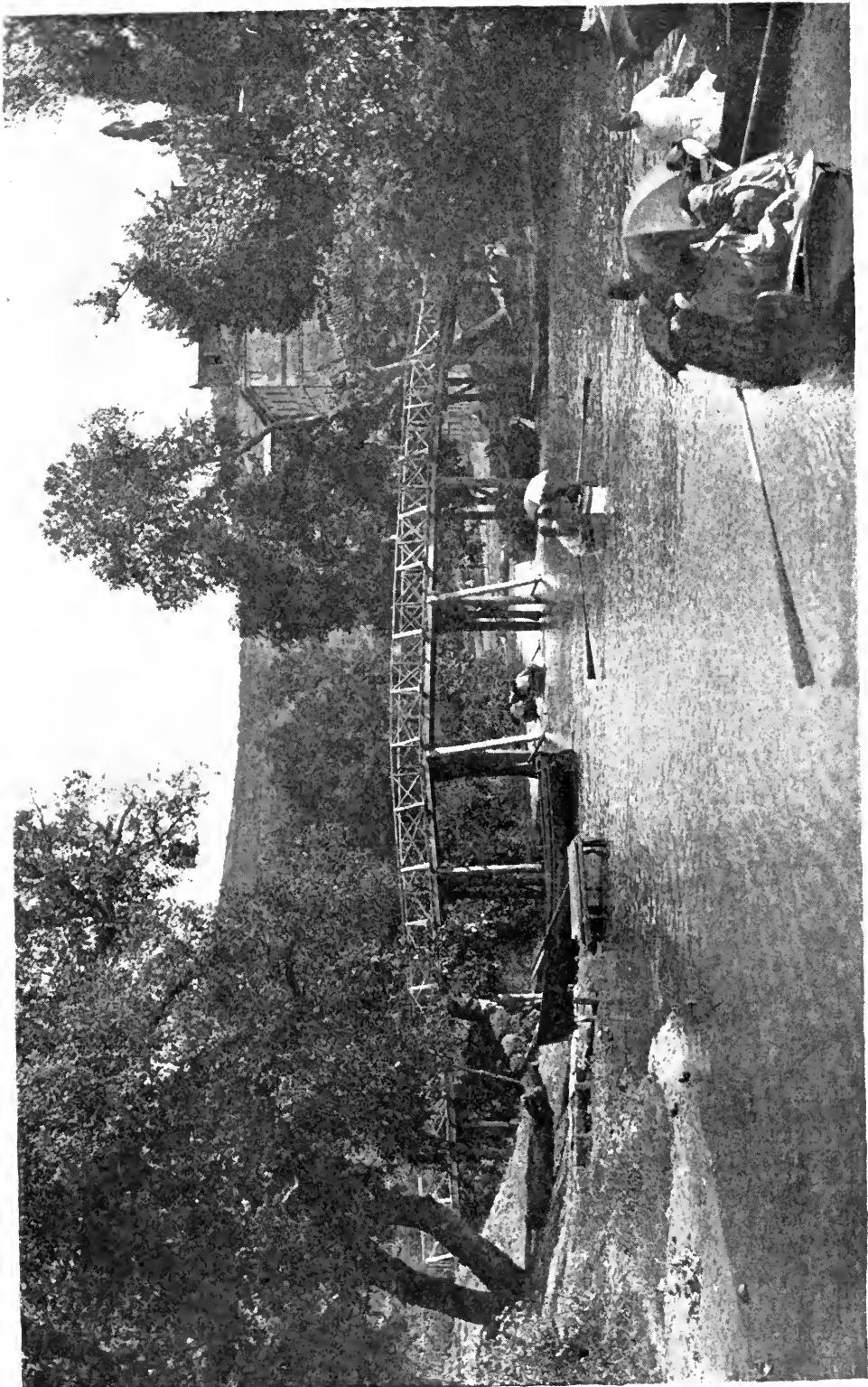
“Where white and gold and brilliant hue
Contrast with Nature’s gravest glooms,
As these again with heaven’s clear blue,”

the rustic bridges, the picturesquely scattered and quaintly constructed buildings, are in harmony with the natural background, and enhance the whole effect. They do not seem creations, but spontaneous and appropriate growths.

Which of the different plains, or what part of the river-bank is the more delightful, it is impossible to say. The Greeks love best to stroll and sing in the wooded recesses far up the stream, where the great trees touch the waters with their pendent branches. Foreign residents instinctively disembark at the broken landing near the upper bridge, and wander towards the left. The plain, which fronts the Bosphorus between the two river-mouths, is dearest to the Ottomans.

The latter has been for centuries the favorite pleasure-ground of the higher class of Ottoman ladies, and, with

THE SWEET WATERS OF ASIA



the exception of the Sweet Waters of Europe on the Golden Horn, the most popular resort of the common people. Formerly on every Friday in spring and summer it was thronged by thousands.

“Sherbet and song and roses, with a love-smile flashed between.”

Though of late years the numbers have largely decreased, every week crowds flock to it still. From an Oriental fountain one may draw the clearest and coldest water.

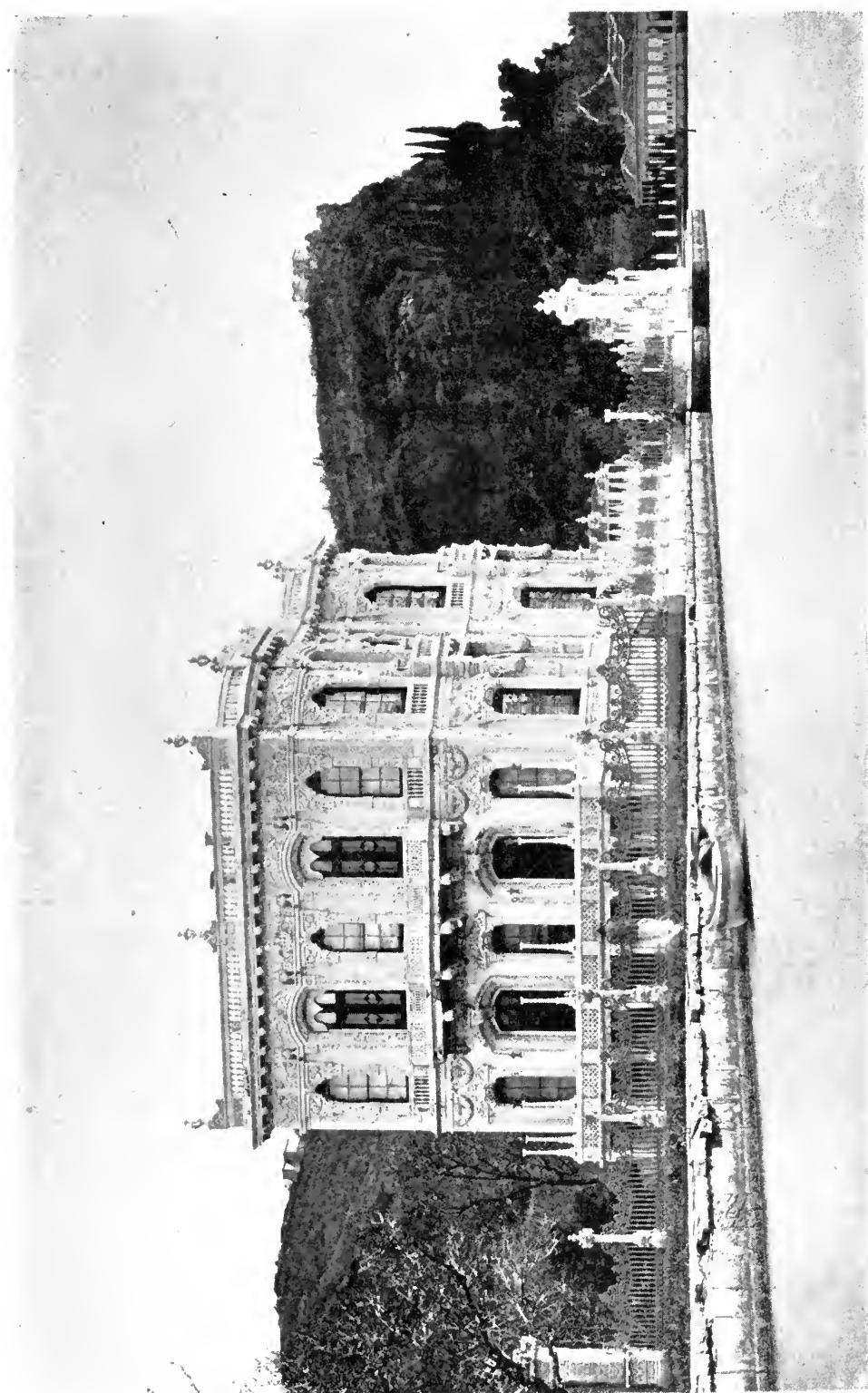


THE FOUNTAIN OF GUEUK SOU

There his refined and sensitive nature took greater delight than in his showier and more oppressive palaces. This kiosk has become the guest-house, where are commonly entertained those foreign princes whose rank is inferior to that of reigning sovereigns. Alexander, Prince of Bulgaria, Milan, Prince of Servia, Nicolas, Prince of Montenegro, Rassam Khan, Commander of the Persian army and also one of the seven-score uncles of the Shah, have been among its more recent occupants.

The outlook upon the Bosphorus is most magnificent.

A plain white marble mihrab fronts Mecca, and indicates the direction whither the prayers of the pleasure-seekers should be addressed. On the south rises the gem-like kiosk, erected in 1853, for Sultan Abd-ul Medjid.

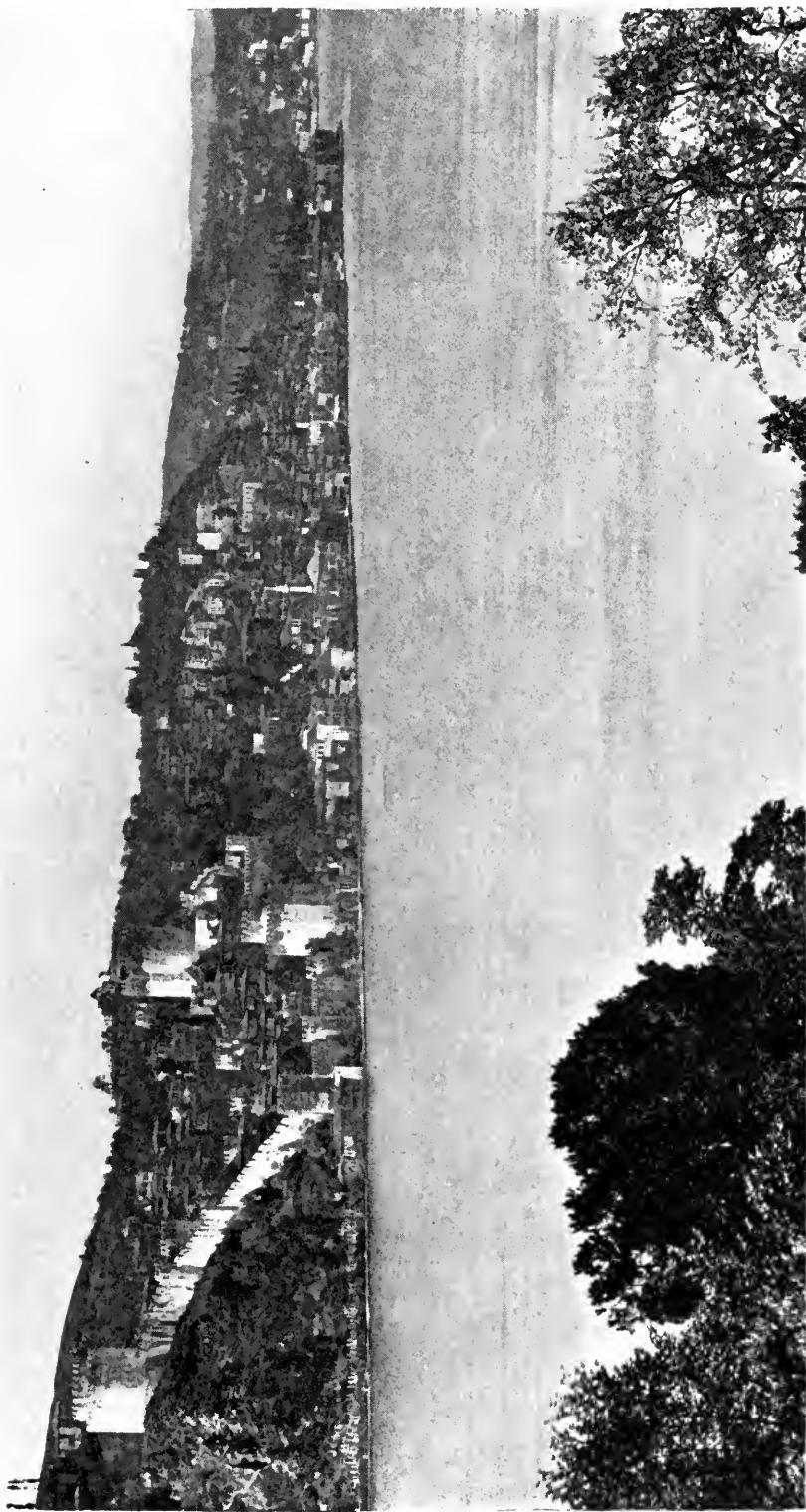


THE KIOSK AT GUEUK SOU

The enchanting trend of the opposite shore comprises the promontory of Arnaoutkeui, the lovely bay of Bebek, and the whole populated sweep northward to Yenikeui. Most prominent and most grand of all is the mighty outline of Mohammed's Fortress, shut within the sublime silhouette of the European hills which bound the western sky.

The genius of General Wallace has invested the White Castle of Anadoli Hissar with a peculiar romantic and poetic interest. His marvellous tale of the "Prince of India" is equally faithful to local topography and to the spirit of that age which it portrays. His characters, whether historic or fictitious, vibrate with all the more reality because the great master never trespasses upon truth in the least physical detail, but describes the rock, the stream, the hill, every feature of the landscape which he touches, with Homeric accuracy. So, as one enters now the river-mouth, between its wide extended osier-banks, the Castle becomes visible from base to upper merlon; in front rises the single, solitary peak that for a time held back the storm from Lael, and the sea-birds congregate around, as of old, in noisy flocks.

Where every natural feature remains unchanged, it seems as if the human actors in the absorbing story were existent and only waiting to reappear. One glances northward, half-expectant of the troop of martial riders, and backward to the west, for the swiftly coming boat of the Princess Irene and the Russian monk. He populates the Castle, now silent, cold, deserted, with its tumultuous, yet obsequious throng. The sounds, which on the ear of fancy break the stillness, are the strange wooing of Mohammed with the tale of Hatim and the astrologic lore of the Prince of India. But the conclusion of the dreamer's argument is as iridescent now as four and a half centuries



VIEW OF ROUMELI HISSAR FROM CANDILL

ago : “Titles may remain, Jew, Moslem, Christian, Bud-dhist, but there shall be an end of all wars for religion. All mankind are to be brethren in Him. Unity in God, and from it, a miracle of the ages slow to come, but certain, the evolution of peace and good-will amongst men.” It was astounding doctrine for the gray fortress to hear, and yet no less unfamiliar there than elsewhere in the world.

South of the plain of Gueuk Sou extends the long, high slender plateau of Kandili, the Lantern. If the tales of the Ottomans are true, the word Kandili has another and a darker meaning as the Tongue of Blood. They say that during the plague of 1637, Mourad IV passed the summer here, and that his inhuman cruelty gave to the tongue-like cape its sanguinary name.

Over the top of the hill spreads the enormous palace of Adileh Sultana, sister of Sultan Abd-ul Medjid and of Sultan Abd-ul Aziz, and daughter of Mahmoud II. From this height, Haroun al Rashid caught his first glimpse of the Bosphorus. Nowhere could he have enjoyed a more imperial view. His glance embraced the greater part of the strait, and included a portion of the Marmora and the mediæval Byzantine capital.

See the grand Haroun al Rashid ride once more through Kandili,
Clad in justice as in armor, girt by lords of high degree:
While the tales of childhood's bosom, gorgeous feasts and glorious
fights,
Trooping, pour through memory's temple from the old Arabian
Nights.

Here the gifted Melling found the richest field for his artistic genius ; and his great work is full of pictures taken from this point.

The charming fountain in the market is the votive offering of an Ottoman lady, Khadidjah Khanoum, on her recovery from chronic disease. On the shore is the palace of the versatile Moustapha Fazil Pasha, brother of Ismaïl Pasha, the Khedive of Egypt, and according to the customs of Mussulman succession, heir to the Egyptian vice-regal throne. The village is the residence of a cosmopolitan native and foreign community, among whom are English and Italian families of prominence. Here the British Consul, Mr Charles James Tarring, composed his work on "British Consular Jurisdiction in the East." The houses upon the quay are endangered by their nearness to the water, the bowsprits of vessels being often forced against them by the current, which is here more rapid than elsewhere on the Asiatic side.

A sudden bend in the shore forms the bay of Vanikeui, named from a wealthy Ottoman, who owned all the adjacent region. The ancient name of the village, Nikopolis, City of Victory, was given in memory of some long-since-forgotten triumph.

Then follows a serrated line of tiny capes and bays. Along the shore, in summer, groups of Ottoman ladies sit the whole day long, seldom speaking, seldom moving, content with the luxury of existence, rapt in silent contemplation of the landscape, to which they themselves impart an added charm.

A narrow road zigzags behind Vanikeui up the hill to the site of an imperial kiosk. Nothing remains of its former grandeur except sombre stone-pines and a crumbling terrace. Here Prince Souleïman, a young man twenty-one years old and of unusual promise, was hidden in 1515 by officers of the palace, and remained secretly confined for over twenty months. Sultan Selim I, the slayer of

his father and of his only brother, had taken umbrage at the presence of his son and heir. To his gloomy soul, that son's existence was the constant reminder of his own mortality, and the threat of a successor. So, when about to march against Persia and Egypt, he gave orders that Souleïman should be put to death. The officers affected to obey, but, at peril of their lives, concealed the prince. When Selim returned in triumph, the dark fit had passed, and he rejoiced unspeakably that Souleïman was still alive.

West of the terrace and the pines is the fire-tower or signal-station, where every conflagration in the city is announced by seven discharges of a cannon. At night, additional fire-signals indicate the locality of the disaster. There, too, during the month of Ramazan, a cannon is discharged at sunset to declare that that day's rigorous fast is done. No music was ever so anxiously and so impatiently awaited, or ever fell on so willing ears, as its deep boom on the sullen, famishing tens of thousands. As the first note falls, the entire aspect of the Mussulmans changes. The ready glass of water is quaffed, the bit of bread is snatched, the cigarette is lighted, and a deep, silent hilarity takes possession of all.

At the foot of the hill are the vine-embowered dwellings of Koulehli, or The Tower. The name is derived from a formidable pile built by Souleïman I, which, after having stood erect two hundred years, was torn down to furnish materials for the Palace of Achmet III at the Sweet Waters on the Golden Horn. Here are spacious and well-kept cavalry barracks, dating from 1827.

Here is the Ayasma or Holy Fountain of Saint Athanasios, greatly revered by the Greeks. It is the only relic of the Church of the Archangel Michael, founded by Con-

stantine, and of the illustrious monastery built around it, and dedicated to the Holy Virgin of Metanoia or Repentance, by the Empress Theodora. Few women have ever equalled the consort of Justinian in active sympathy for, and endeavors to assist, the needy or unfortunate of her own sex. Nor were her efforts limited to any one class of women or to any one form of feminine suffering. Here she founded an asylum for outcasts, the most despised, over whom she extended her personal supervision and care. Speedily more than five hundred repentant Magdalens found a refuge in this peaceful retreat. This monastery was one of the noblest monuments of that glorious dual reign of Justinian and Theodora.

Tchenghelkeui, the Village of the Anchor, attributes its name to Mohammed II. In his boyhood he there discovered a small iron anchor, which he regarded as an auspicious omen for his future career.

Under every form of government, and through every change of dynasty, Beylerbey has well deserved its name, which signifies the Abode of Princes. It was dearly loved by the Byzantine emperors and by the Ottoman sultans. Its history is summed up in the names and the dates of construction and demolition of its many palaces. In 1718, after the disastrous treaty of Passarovitch, it was commonly believed that the Ottomans were exhausted from poverty and weakness, and that the end of the Empire was near. The Grand Vizir, Damat Ibrahim Pasha, strained every nerve to conceal the calamities of war, and to impress the European ambassadors with the immense resources still remaining to the Sultan. He began a series of apparently prodigal, yet shrewdly planned constructions, recalling the days of Souleïman the Magnificent. With seeming utter carelessness of cost, he covered Beylerbey

with edifices of every sort. So splendid did the village become, and the centre of so much activity, that for a time its common name was Pherrach Pheza, the Increase of Joy. The admirable mosque, now standing on the site of one

earlier built by Achmet I, was erected by Abd-ul Hamid I in 1776.

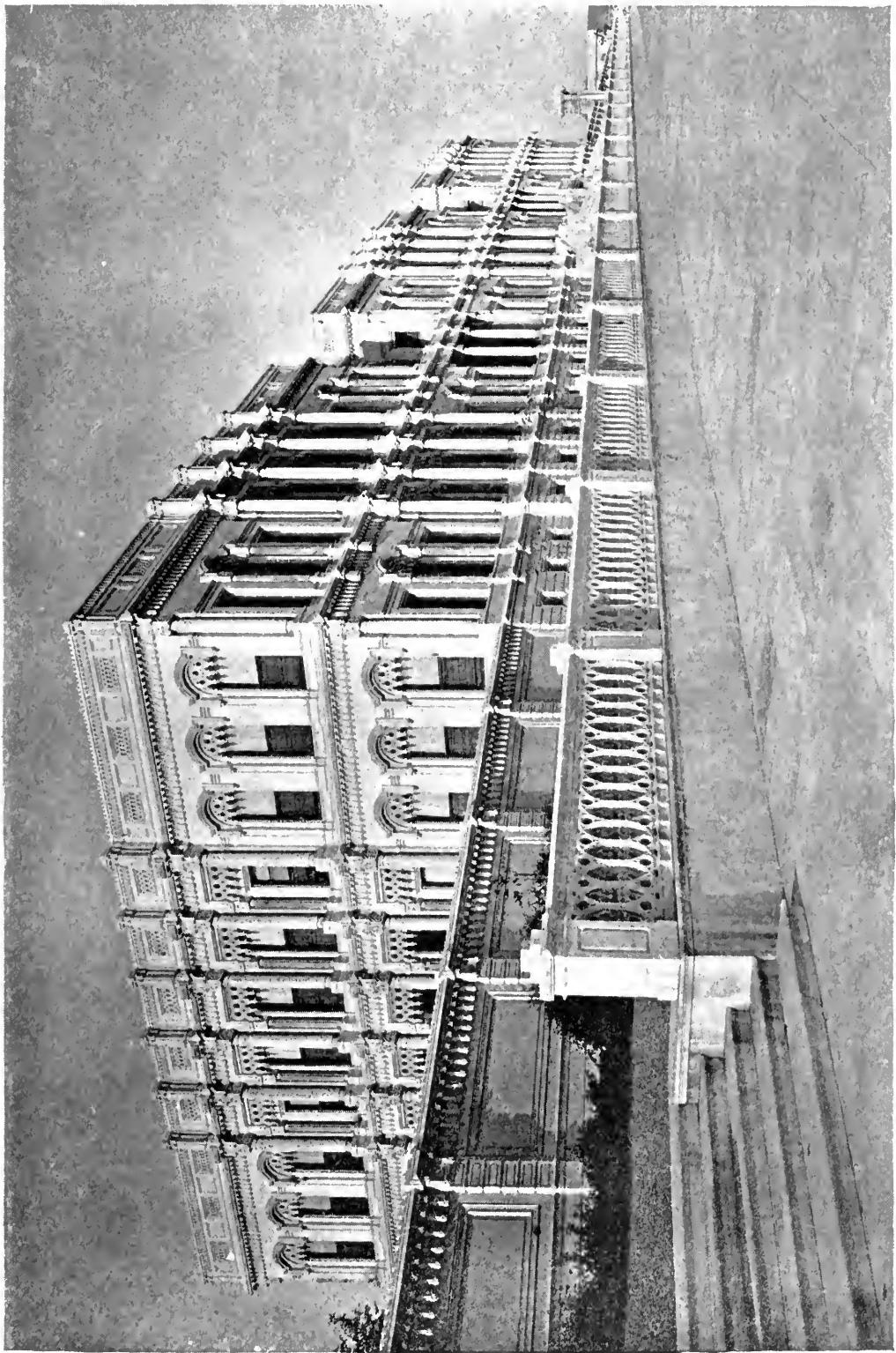
But everything else paled before the palace, raised on the water's edge in 1830 by Mahmoud II. When Lamartine beheld it, he exclaimed in ecstasy that its peer did not exist in Europe. What would have been the rhapsody of the poet-statesman of France could he have looked on the fairy-like creation that to-day occupies the spot! Its predecessor, built of wood, could not content Sultan Abd-ul Aziz.



ABD-UL HAMID I

Shortly after his accession, he tore it down, and began the construction of Beylerbey Seraï, the Palace of Beylerbey. This remains, the fairest architectural achievement of his reign and the most beautiful structure on the Bosphorus. It is a pile of the purest, snowiest marble. No other Ottoman edifice so combines what is

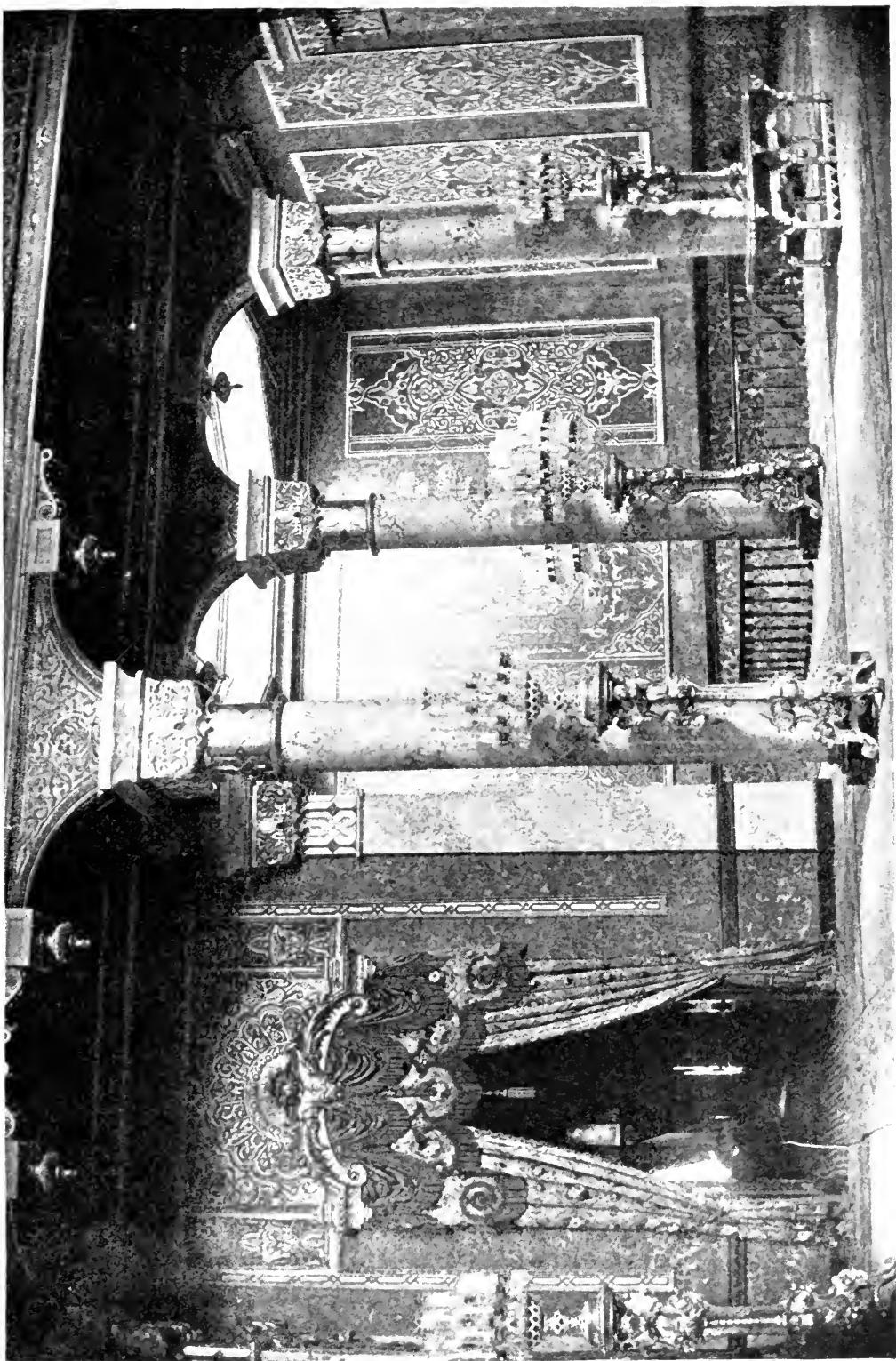
THE PALACE OF BEYLERBEY



most exquisite in Eastern and Western architecture and art. The frescos of the upper halls and chambers, elaborate and profuse, are the work of the foremost Italian artists. The great marble hall below, with its colonnades and fountains, is Saracenic in every detail. The mind can conceive nothing more delicious, more luxurious in its simplicity, more satisfying to every sense, than that magnificent hall.

Of recent years, the palace has been devoted to the reception of royal guests. It was the residence of the Empress Eugénie during the greater part of her stay in 1869. The suite of rooms she occupied was furnished in exact reproduction of her private apartments at the Tuilleries. Here also were entertained Joseph II of Austria-Hungary, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and Nasr Eddin, the Persian Shah. Over all the palace there now hangs an increasing air of abandonment and neglect. As one admires its loveliness from the water, it is hardly less beautiful to the eye ; but every room within bears witness to the fact that the resources of the State are no longer squandered as formerly on imperial bagatelles.

The glorious garden, laid out in 1639 by Mourad IV, and often since beautified and enlarged, spreads over the side and crest of the hill. No mere hasty glance of the favored stranger, permitted to enter its guarded precincts, will reveal its marvels. Moreover, ordinarily the infrequent visitors are more intent on the caged royal tigers of Bengal and on the troops of ostriches, sole reminders of the menagerie of Sultan Abd-ul Aziz, than on the mysteries of glades and walks and sequestered nooks and wonderful outlooks, devised with Oriental skill. Yet all its heightened natural charm could not soothe the moroseness of Mourad IV. As he strolled along the garden, a



A HALL IN THE PALACE OF BEYLERBEY

prey to his own ennui, all light-heartedness and gayety seemed to the sullen monarch a mockery of his gloomy soul. His attendants had orders to shoot down whoever

approached the garden with a happy and contented look.

Leïla Hanoum gives a fairer picture of the garden's later days in her fascinating romance, "Un Drame à Constantinople." After all, human hearts are much the same, whether Christian or Moslem, whether the first real heart-beat



MOURAD IV

throb in the seclusion of the inviolate harem, or in a Western home. Aïcha Hanoum and the gallant Salaeddin, with a brighter memory, though it be all of romance, have exorcised the hill from the dark shadow of the misanthrope.

South of Beylerbey are the cape and harbor of Stauros, the Village of the Cross. The Ottomans have retained the ancient name; but, unable to pronounce an initial *s*

followed by a consonant, have made of it Istavros. Man, encroaching upon the water, has almost filled the bay and straightened the former concave line of the shore. Here, according to tradition, after his work at Foundoukli was done, the Apostle Andrew lingered while on his way to Russia. Here, close to the water's edge, he planted a gigantic cross; and the early converts swore that they would be faithful to the new faith as long as the sacred symbol remained in place. Here, in the bright imperial day of Christianity, Constantine founded the Church of the Crucifixion and surmounted it with a golden cross, which the ships saluted as they passed. Here remains are still identified of the Orphanage of Saint Paul, one of the largest among the many philanthropic institutions of the mediæval city.

The village of Kouskoundjouk spreads along the Bosphorus and far up the hill, covering the sides of a deep and many-ridged ravine. The unsavory stream, which dribbles down in a half-dry, slimy bed, is the ancient Chrysokeramos. The place teems with population, mostly Armenians and Jews. Its Armenian Church of Saint Gregory the Illuminator is an architectural curiosity, being the only Armenian sanctuary in the capital which is surmounted by a dome.

The Greek Church of Saint Pantelemon preserves the name, and perhaps occupies the site, of one of the most historic churches in Constantinople. It was founded during the sixth century in that brilliant period of the Justinian dynasty, and was dedicated to the Holy Virgin. Among its cherished relics it claimed remains of Saints Peter and Paul, and of a host of lesser martyrs. Its dependent buildings included a palace and a hospital. Covered with gilded tiles, it was deemed a marvel as it flashed the sunlight from its burnished roof.

Thither the Emperor, whose life was a prescribed and often tedious ritual, came in state by sea on the twenty-ninth of July, and, disembarking near the present steamer landing, rode upon a war-horse to the church's door. Afterwards it became a female monastery, where many a princess, weary of the world or survivor of a fallen dynasty, shaved her head and assumed the veil. In it was secretly and hurriedly buried in 842, the brave Theophobos, a Persian prince and brother-in-law of the Empress Theodora, whom with his dying breath the Emperor Theophilos ordered to execution. All the highborn recluses were long ago forgotten, and an ascetic Mussulman of the fifteenth century, Kouskoun, has left his name to the place.

Indicating the boundary line between Kouskoundjouk and Scutari is a tiny bay, so banked in marble as to resemble an artificial basin. To it attaches the most venerable of all the Bosphoric legends. Through unnumbered centuries this has been indicated as the spot where Io, transformed into a cow, plunged into the water, and, crossing in safety to Seraglio Point, bequeathed to the strait the name of Bosphorus, the Ford or Crossing of the Cow. Perhaps the Turkish name of the bay, Okiouz Liman, the Harbor of the Ox, is only a coincidence, but more likely a corrupted survival of the myth. In 1886 the desperate exploit of Io was strikingly repeated. A barge, laden with cattle, was wrecked at the entrance of the little harbor. Several of the cows and oxen swam across, and, like the metamorphosed fair one of Zeus, safely came on shore at Seraglio Point.

SCUTARI, CHRYSOPOLIS

THE immense triangular promontory which terminates the Asiatic shore, where Asia advances farther west than elsewhere along the Bosphorus, is crowded with the dwellings and graves of Scutari. Packed in through the wide extent the houses of the living press against one another, and the measureless cemetery is even more distended with the elbowing, superposed habitations of the dead. In a place so seething with humanity, one individual life appears of little moment, while the millions, resolved to their native dust, strip death of terror and leave it only monotonous.

Certain quarters are inhabited by Greeks and Armenians whose central points are their churches of the Prophet Elijah and Saint Paraskeve and of the Holy Cross and Saint Garabet. On the highest eminence of the city are the homes of many American Protestant missionaries. Situated on a splendid site is the admirable American College for Young Women, whence, as also from the homes of the missionaries a beneficent nineteenth-century influence radiates to the farthest corners of the Empire. Yet these native and foreign Christian factors, discordant with the general atmosphere, by sharper contrast emphasize the fact that Scutari is, above all other quarters of the capital, Ottoman, Oriental, Mussulman. From its height it regards Stamboul askance as renegade in customs and temporizing in ideas and faith. Galata-Pera it despairs with a fanaticism that never grows cold, and with resentment at its commercial prosperity and its financial and political power.

Its cemetery is at once its most prominent and most

typical characteristic and possession. Generations before the accession of Mohammed II, the Mussulmans were buried here. After the downfall of the Byzantine Empire, although the entire Bosphorus had accepted the sway of the sultans, this cemetery continued the favorite place of interment for the wealthy, the powerful, and the holy. The life might be passed on European soil, but the last wish of many a dying Mussulman was to sleep in the continent, sanctified by its holy cities of Mecca, Medina, and Jerusalem. From the days of their earliest European triumphs a tradition has existed among the Ottomans that a time was fixed in the book of Fate when, stripped of their ephemeral possessions in the west, their descendants should return to their native continent. They shrunk at the foreboding that some day the graves of their dead in Europe would be trampled by a victorious foreign heel. Millions have indeed on the other side of the strait been buried near the scenes where they lived and died. Nevertheless, an interminable procession of dead has filed from Stamboul and the western shore of the Bosphorus to this hallowed spot.

“ For here, whate'er his life's degree,
The Muslim loves to rest at last,
Loves to recross the band of sea
That parts him from his people's past.
'T is well to live and lord o'er those
By whom his sires were most renowned,
But his fierce heart finds best repose
In this traditionary ground.”

Nowhere else, till within recent years, has the custom been so well observed of setting out a cypress at the birth, and another at the death, of every Mussulman. The hardy tree grudgingly strikes its young roots into the

ground, and only a small proportion survive of those thus planted by pious care. Yet the stranger, with faint conception of the myriads reposing in this cemetery, is almost ready to imagine that the mouldering forms below, and the creaking dismal trees above, are of equal number. As from a distant land one's mind turns back to memories of that mighty hill, the waving, funereal forest stands forth, solitary and distinct, even as its all-pervading majesty dominates alike the living and the dead who rest beneath its shadow.

The meaning of the name Scutari is uncertain. Perhaps it is derived from the Persian ouskioudar, or astandar, a messenger, inasmuch as Scutari is the western terminus of the main trans-Anatolian route from Asia. More likely it comes from scutarii, the shield-bearing guards, inasmuch as a large detachment of that formidable corps was always stationed here under the earlier emperors. Villehardouin describes almost with glee the good cheer he and his comrades of the Fourth Crusade found at the palace of "Escutaire" in 1203.

Its earliest name was Ouranopolis, the Heavenly City. During the Middle Ages it was often denominated Pera, or Beyond, as the settlement beyond the Bosphorus. To antiquity, and until the fall of the Byzantine Empire, it was commonly known as Chrysopolis, the Golden City, by which name to this day the Greeks fondly call it. The suggestive epithet may be applied on account of its accumulated wealth, or because of the treasures stored here by the Persians during their march against the Scythians five hundred and twelve years before Christ. Another derivation links it with the Trojan War, as Chrysoupolis, the City of Chryses. He was the son of Agamemnon and of the maiden Chryseis, whose captivity roused the wrath

of Apollo in answer to her father's prayer, and introduces the Iliad. According to the myth, Chryses, while fleeing the pursuit of Egisthos and Clytemnestra, and seeking his half-sister, Iphigenia, died, and was buried here.

At first it was hardly more than a dependence of Chalkedon. The Athenians, during their brief supremacy, surrounded it with walls, and built a custom-house, where all ships sailing to or from the Black Sea were obliged to pay toll. Xenophon and his Ten Thousand remained here a week, finding a market for their booty. Here in 323 the hosts of Paganism, marshalled for a last hopeless battle, and led by the aged Emperor Licinius, were defeated by the forces of Constantine. Sometimes, during their wars with the Byzantine Empire, the Persians obtained possession of the city; and once, during the reign of the terrible Khosroes II, they held it almost an entire decade. When, after a frightful struggle, the Persian Empire was shattered, and Khosroes dead, and Heraklios returned at the head of his legions to Chrysopolis, no ordinary passage of the Bosphorus was appropriate to such a victory. A temporary bridge was constructed from the Asiatic shore to Seraglio Point, and over it the Emperor and his army made their triumphal entry.

Here, less than a hundred years ago, converged the great caravan routes, which, winding through Asia Minor from Syria and Arabia, from Persia and India, directed hither the rarest and most precious productions of the East. The khans of Scutari were then vast and numerous. Their chambers were always crowded with camel-drivers and merchant princes, and their courts were heaped with countless bales of costly merchandise. Changes in navigation, and the consequent growth of other ports,

have bereft the city of her former revenues, and she sits upon her hill neglected and despoiled.

Almost sole reminder of the long sumpter trains of camels, which strode in continuous files through her streets, it is from Scutari that the Sacred Caravan begins each year its old-time, weary march to Mecca. At its head paces the Sacred Camel, which has been brought from the Sultan's palace, laden with the offerings of the Sultan. Then follows a motley throng of fezzed and turbaned men, with closely shaven heads, and in all variety of attire. This is the official and ceremonious departure; but the practices even of Islam have been modified by the inventions and appliances of the West. Few of the devotees are to make the toilsome, dangerous pilgrimage on foot. They, and even the Sacred Camel, a little farther on will be embarked on foreign vessels and transported to the shores of Arabia by the power of steam.

Scutari possesses many baths, fountains, hospitals, and schools, and every possible institution of Mussulman beneficence.

Second only to its cemetery in impressiveness are its mosques, which, with their vast and shady courtyards, occupy most delightful situations. Were Stamboul, with its larger and more elaborate structures, not so prominent in the horizon, these monuments of art and piety would awaken universal interest and admiration. Five are the work of validehs, or sultanas, who had seen their sons ascend the throne. They are the tribute of maternal gratitude as well as of religious devotion.

Eski Valideh Djami, the Old Mosque of the Valideh, is surrounded by an enormous courtyard, in the quietest, dreamiest, most slumberous quarter of Scutari. It was completed in 1583 by Safieh, Sultana of Selim II, and mother

of Mourad III. Its mihrab, of unusual depth and peculiar form, resembles the apse of a church. Its fountain is a gem of originality and quaintness. Yeni Valideh Djami, the New Mosque of the Valideh, was built by the beautiful Rebieh Goulnous, the Rose-Water of Spring. This lady's life presents strange vicissitudes. The daughter of a village Greek priest, she was passionately loved by Mohammed IV. After his deposition, she was kept in strict confinement for eight years at Eski Seraï. Meanwhile, Souleïman II and Achmet II occupied the throne. The accession of her son Moustapha II, in 1695, restored her to liberty and power. During the remaining twenty years of her life she enjoyed with him, and with her second son, Achmet III, that unbounded influence which the filial devotion of the Ottoman Sultan always accords his mother. Her mosque, begun in 1707, required four years for completion.

Tchinili Djami, the Tile Mosque, was erected by Mach-peïker, Sultana of Achmet I. Both outside and inside it is lined with Persian tiles, so rare and precious that the heart of a connoisseur throbs with covetousness and envy. Ayasma Djami, erected on the site of a Holy Fountain, by Moustapha III, to the memory of his mother, Emineh Sultana, stands on a high bluff close to the water, and serves as a beacon to ships on the Marmora. The Mosque of Selim III, on the right of the prodigious barracks, is the most costly and pretentious edifice in Scutari.

The finest and oldest of all is that erected by Souleïman I in 1547, to gratify his beloved daughter, Mihrima Sultana. It is situated on the long-ago filled-up harbor, once so ample that in it the Athenians constantly maintained a fleet of thirty ships. It is called Buyouk Djami, or the Large Mosque, from its size, and Iskelessi Djami,

or the Mosque of the Landing, as being close to the local steamer-pier. Its poetic name of Ibrik Djami supposes its shape to resemble that of an inverted water-jar.

Scutari is the stronghold of the dervishes. Of their more than two hundred tekiehs in Constantinople a large proportion are located here. The most notable are those of the Halvetis and Roufaïs. In the mosque of the former is chanted every midnight the temdjid, or petition for divine pity upon persons who cannot sleep. This prayer can be repeated only here and in Sancta Sophia, except that, during the fast of Ramazan, it may be offered anywhere at will.

The Tekieh of the Roufaïs is on the outer western edge of the great cemetery. Graves of deceased dignitaries of the order line the path to it from the street. It is a low, rectangular, two-storied building. The larger part of the ground-floor is occupied by the main hall, surrounded by a gallery for spectators. The worship of the Roufaïs has its principal outward manifestation in the frenzied ejaculation of sacred names or words, whence has been applied to them their common foreign title of Shouting or Howling Dervishes. Their full service lasts more than three hours, but is sometimes abridged. Formal rites of obeisance to their sheik and intoning Persian and Arab chants precede the forming of a circle round the room. They stand, pressed against one another, shoulder to shoulder, with eyes constantly closed. Slowly they begin to swing from side to side in perfect harmony, holding the right foot immovable, but advancing and retreating sideways with the left. Meanwhile they shout "ya Allah" and "ya hou." As the frenzy grows, sobs and groans mingle with their cries. As they become wrought to madness, the Mussulman spectators are affected by the

delirium and spring from the gallery to join the line. The mad shout, at first clear and distinct, becomes, on lips dripping with foam, a muffled roar, a sort of pandemoniac yell, which resembles nothing human. More than one dervish, at last physically exhausted, reels forward, and falls in a fit of ecstasy. Afterwards those still possessed of their self-control leap and beat the floor with their feet, and howl even louder. Often after conclusion of the exercises, children, and most frequently babes, are brought in, and placed face downward upon sheepskins. Then the Sheik arises and walks upon them with great tenderness and care, being supported on each side by a dervish. This peculiar application of his presumably holy feet is regarded as beneficial to the child ; and the strange thing is that the children never seem to be injured by the process.

Around the walls of every Roufaï tekieh may be seen hanging numerous instruments of torture. Their use is now prohibited ; but in former times they were employed in self-torment weekly by eager votaries. The zealots cooled red-hot irons in their flesh, and held them in their mouths, and drove knives through their cheeks and arms and thighs. These instruments they called giuller, or roses, from the foul theory that, as the perfume of a rose is agreeable to man, so a wound self-inflicted with the idea of worship is grateful to God.

According to the Roufaïs, constant repetition of the name of God must be acceptable in His ears,—most acceptable when most vehement and loud. In the East, as among the classic Greeks and Romans, it has always been believed that frenzy and inspiration are the same, or at least akin. As the Christian, shocked and saddened, passes from the steaming hall, he should remember, be-

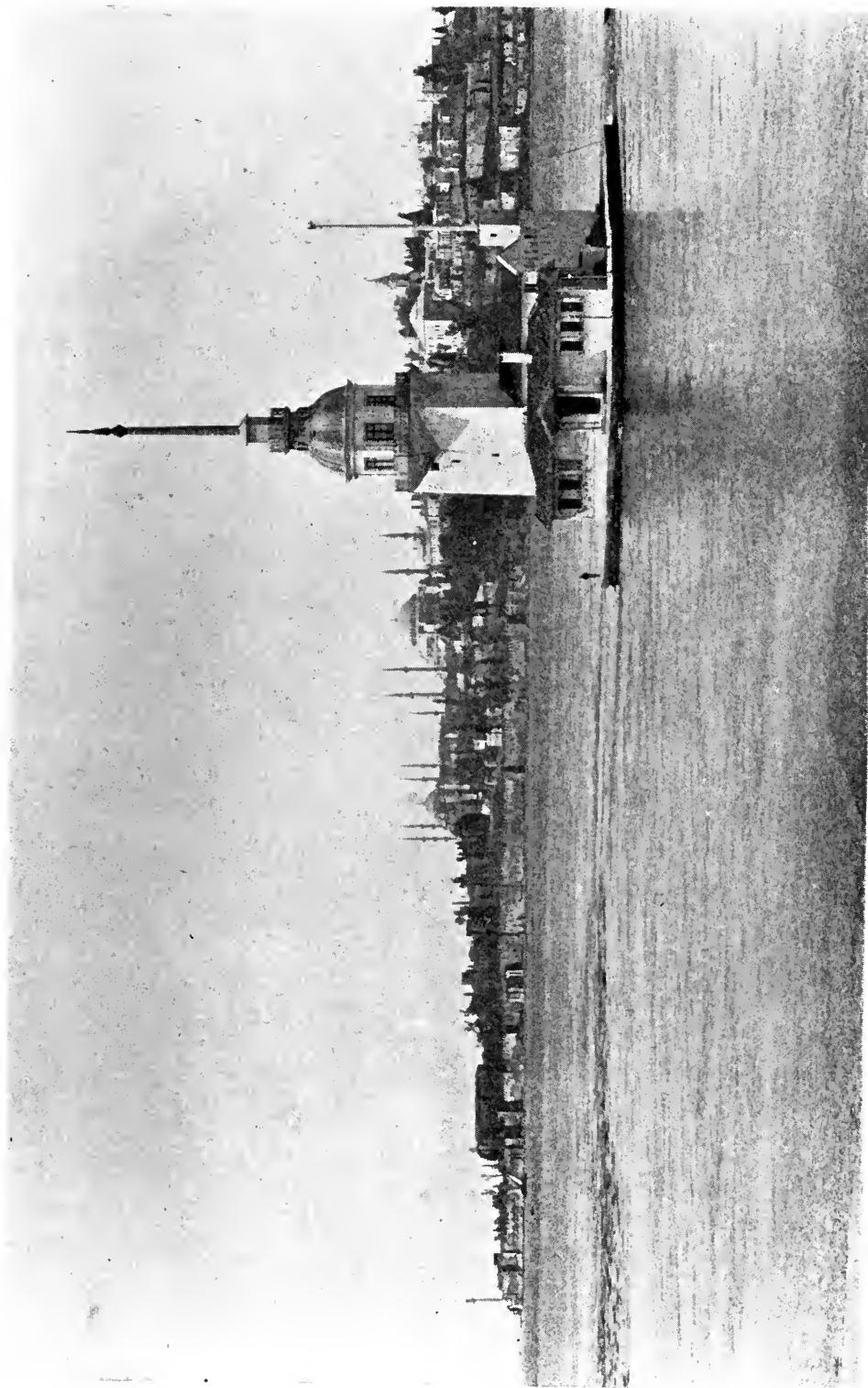
fore he disdains the Moslem, and exalts himself, that practices and rites equally unnatural and grotesque have been tendered in the name of worship by the fanatics of Christianity.

A furlong distant from the extreme west point of Scutari, there rises, on a little island in the Bosphorus, the white, high, spired edifice called by the Ottomans Kiz Kouleh, or the Maiden's Tower. Centuries ago, to a sultan a child was born, of whom wise men read in the stars that she should become the most beautiful maiden in the world, but should die from the bite of a serpent before completing her eighteenth year. Her father believed he could baffle fate by the erection of this tower. Therein, before reaching girlhood, she was confined with devoted attendants. Soon the fame of her wonderful and increasing beauty spread till it captivated the son of the Shah. He fled from Teheran in disguise, and passed his nights in singing Persian love-songs under her window. His infatuation increased, though not even a glimpse of her white hand rewarded his ardor. Meanwhile the maiden fell as desperately in love with her suitor, whose form she saw distinctly and many times from her latticed window.

At last, but twenty-four hours were needed to complete the fateful eighteen years. The lover grew bold, and sent her a basket of Persian roses. As the princess hung over them in delight, a tiny serpent darted from their dewy recesses and fastened upon her arm. The prince, still lingering and singing in his boat, knew from the shrieks and sudden commotion that something terrible had occurred. Springing to land, he found all vigilance relaxed, and rushed to the maiden's chamber, where she lay dying. Asking only that they might perish together, he began to suck the poison from the wound, and thus saved her life.

The astrologers declared that fate had been fulfilled, that the maiden had indeed died, but that love had conquered death. The Sultan accorded the suitor his daughter's hand; away they sped to the Persian court, and lived there happy ever after. The names of the sultan, prince, and princess are omitted in the legend, and are unchronicled by history.

The authentic history of the island does begin with a true tale of love, though one having a sadder ending. Chares, Admiral of the Athenian fleet, which sailed to assist Byzantium against the Macedonian Philip, was accompanied by his wife, Damalis. On arrival here, she sickened and died. Chares, less happy than the Persian lover, could summon her back with no kisses, however ardent. On this island he reared her stately mausoleum. In the marble image of a cow, placed on a shaft above the Athenian lady's tomb, and also in the grotesque punning of her epitaph, almost impossible of translation, is indicated, in a manner common to the ancients, that the word "damalis" is both a woman's name and the Greek for cow. "I am not the image of Io, neither from me does the opposite Bosphoric Sea derive its name. Her the heavy wrath of Hera persecuted of old. This is my monument. I the dead am an Athenian woman. I was the consort of Chares when he sailed hither to contend against the ships of Philip. I then might be called Damalis, but now the consort of Chares; and I enjoy the sight of both continents." Athens itself could have given her sailor's wife no sepulchre more magnificent than this. Every vestige of the monument disappeared apparently before the Christian era; but for centuries afterwards the island rock and the nearest point on the mainland were called by the name of Damalis.



THE MAIDEN'S TOWER

Across the island from Chrysopolis to the Tower of Mangana on Seraglio Point stretched the chain which in case of need closed the Bosphorus. Upon the island partly rested the temporary bridge, over which Heraklios and his victorious army returned from Persia. It was connected with the mainland by a mole, half-sunken blocks of which are still seen. Various fortresses, always strong, though of small proportions, were constructed upon it by the Byzantine emperors. In the one last erected, Dr Neale, in his romance of "Theodora Phranza," lays the dramatic scene of the conspiracy when, at the supreme crisis of 1453, he imagines some of the foremost citizens plotting the fall of the capital. That fortress was destroyed by Mohammed II, and one after another has been built and demolished since. The present structure is the work of Mahmoud II. This is often called Leander's Tower by Europeans, who thus by a strange blunder of locality transfer to the Bosphorus a familiar legend of the Hellespont. It served as a plague hospital in 1836, where pure breezes were thought to accomplish many a cure. It is now employed only as a lighthouse; the island in its old days, whether site of mausoleum or of maiden's bower, was never devoted to a nobler purpose. The novelist, Jules Verne, caps the climax of an impossible story by wheeling his hero, Keraban l'Inflexible, from Scutari to Stamboul upon a rope, suspended from the top of the Maiden's Tower to the mainland on either side.

The great plain of Haïdar Pasha lies in the southern outskirts of Scutari, bounded by the solemn cypresses of the Mussulman cemetery. It is now traversed by the Anatolian Railway, which passes close to the classic Fountain of Hermagoras, and the station and terminus of which are a little farther north. Here every Ottoman army as-

sembled before undertaking an expedition to the East. Here Conrad III, with his German host of the Second Crusade, encamped in 1147, just as Walter the Penniless and Peter the Hermit and Godfrey of Bouillon, with their various detachments, had done fifty years before. The wit of Sir Walter Scott, in "Count Robert of Paris," begins from Haïdar Pasha the ludicrous but chivalric backward march of Tancred and his volunteers, to insure fair fight to the Lady Brenhilda.

The exquisite Bay of Haïdar Pasha is sometimes considered the southern limit of the Bosphorus. Formerly it bore the name of Rufinus, the all-powerful Prefect of the East under Theodosius the Great and Arcadius. On its banks he erected a magnificent summer palace. The plateau which rises steeply above the bay is dear to the hearts of Englishmen. It was given by the Ottoman Government to Great Britain as a burial-place of British soldiers and seamen who died in the Crimean War. No cemetery was ever planted on a more superb and glorious spot. Before it spreads Stamboul, the Marmora, and the Asiatic islands and mountain-peaks. Numerous monuments of naval and military officers line the front. Under great swelling mounds in vast pits are interred more than eight thousand nameless British dead. It is a melancholy fact that lack of food and clothing, and inefficiency of administration, did more to pile up those heaps than did the battle-field or natural disease. Towards the centre rises the huge, commemorative granite shaft, designed by Baron Marochetti. A colossal angel, with drooping wings and pen in hand, is represented at each corner. On the sides of the monument are scrolls, bearing memorial inscriptions in English, French, Italian, and Turkish,— the languages of the four nations which combined against

Russia in 1854. The place has become the principal burying-ground of the resident British community. Its natural beauty is enhanced by all that affection, united with taste and opulence, can suggest to render still more wonderful in its loveliness this earthly paradise of the dead.



BRITISH CEMETERY AT SCUTARI AND HOSPITAL OF FLORENCE
NIGHTINGALE

The square yellow building in the rear, shut off by a high stone wall, awakens memories that are a nation's pride. It is associated with a woman's name,—a synonym of heroism and tenderness,—a name more widely known, and doubtless to be longer cherished in human hearts than that of any titled officer of that wasted war. That building was set apart as a hospital for the British wounded and diseased. In it, by her womanly self-sacrifice, her sympathetic labor, and her strong common-sense,

Florence Nightingale awoke the admiration, and received the gratitude, not only of the suffering and the dying, but of the reverent world.

“Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

“And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

“On England’s annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

“A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

“Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore.”

KADIKEUI, CHALKEDON

FARTHER south than Haïdar Pasha, with conflicting claims to be reckoned the farthest quarter of the Bosphorus and the nearest on the Marmora, is Kadikeui, the ancient Chalkedon. It was founded 685 b. c. by a colony from Megaris, who called their infant city, from its situation, Prokerastis, or the Horn-shaped Promontory. This

first name was soon superseded by Chalkedon, for the origin of which many fanciful explanations are given. Perhaps it came from the neighboring stream Khalketis; perhaps from Khalkedon, the mythical son of the mythical Kronos; perhaps from Chalkas, the priest of Apollo.

One early tradition has clung more tenaciously, and is more often repeated, than any other event in its history. When a few years after its foundation another Megarian colony sought from the Delphic oracle direction as to the site of their proposed city, the reply was given with inspired ambiguity that they should build it opposite the City of the Blind. Answered, but no wiser than before, the colonists sailed eastward through the *Aegean* and the Marmora on an uncertain course. When at last that superb site, then still unoccupied, between the Marmora, the Bosphorus, and the Golden Horn, was revealed to their admiring eyes, they comprehended the meaning of the oracle. Colonists who, when having such a site to choose, had settled at Chalkedon, deserved that their city should be stigmatized forever as the City of the Blind.

An oracle was not long afterwards founded at Chalcedon, which in time became of little less repute than those of Delphi and Dodona.

The city was conquered by the Persians during their march 512 b. c., but was liberated after the battle of Platæa, when it became the unwilling ally of Athens. Throwing off the Athenian yoke, it took sides with Sparta during the Peloponnesian War. Unlike Byzantium, it submitted to Philip of Macedon. Meanwhile, it was the birthplace of Xenocrates the philosopher, and of Thrasymachos the sophist, both of whom were disciples of Plato. It was fought over by Antiochus the Great, and by the kings of Bithynia. Bequeathed to the Romans by its last

possessor, Nicomedes III, it shortly after saw the Roman Consul Cotta defeated beneath its walls, and was held for a time by Mithridates the Great, King of Pontus. Pompey made it a free city and ally of Rome. For a time it enjoyed prosperity and peace. Its wealth enormously increased. Sixty war-ships could anchor in its artificial harbor, which was formed by two prodigious moles, the outer ends of which at need could be connected by a chain.

A crushing blow was dealt by the Goths in 267 when the city was sacked and the harbor filled up and destroyed. Just a hundred years later Valens, enraged that it had embraced the cause of his rival Procopius, demolished its walls, removing the finest blocks to Constantinople, and building them into his aqueduct. Since then the fortunes of the City of the Blind have been dependent upon those of its old rival, the crowned and imperial Byzantium.

Its ecclesiastical history has largely centred in its Church of Saint Euphemia, first erected by Probos, Bishop of Byzantium, with the materials and on the site of a temple of Aphrodite. The church possessed the right of asylum, and any endangered or persecuted person who entered its narthex was safe. In this church Michael III, the imperial charioteer, the dethroned heir of the dreaded Isaurian dynasty, found a tardy tomb, his despised remains being refused burial on the other side of the strait.

In it convened the Fourth Ecumenical or General Council, consisting of six hundred and thirty bishops and elders, in 451. This council asserted the twofold nature of Christ, condemned the heresy of the monk Eutyches, who held that Christ was altogether and only divine, and gave the Nicene Creed its present form as accepted by the Greek and by many Protestant churches. The Assembly

recognized the five Patriarchates of Rome, Constantinople, Jerusalem, Antioch, and Alexandria, asserted the ecclesiastical equality of the two capitals of the Roman world, but conferred an honorary precedence upon the bishop of the older city.

In Chalkedon the Patriarch John I, familiar to history as Saint John Chrysostom, was condemned, deposed, and ordered into exile at the infamous Synod of the Oak.

For ten years (616–626) Chalkedon was held by the forces of the Persian Shah, Khosroes II. Unable to capture the place by storm or siege, his soldiers had dug a mine nearly half a mile in length from their camp to directly beneath the public square. The thick roots of the numerous plane-trees, wedged together, showed the diggers that they had reached the exact spot. At night they emerged from the ground and overpowered the inhabitants.

The name Kadikeui, the Village of the Judge, commemorates the Kadi or Mussulman Judge, always cited by the Ottomans under his full appellation of Mohammed Ben Phirmouz Ben Ali Effendi, who erected the first mosque after Chalkedon submitted to the Mussulmans. The Church of Saint Euphemia was destroyed by Souleïman the Magnificent, who employed its blocks and columns and a portion of the mediæval city wall in the construction of his imperial mosque.

The description of Tournefort, who said of Kadikeui in 1701, “It is to-day a wretched village of seven or eight hundred fires called Cadiaci,” or of Lechevalier, who a hundred years ago describes it as a “miserable village,” no longer applies. Though fearfully ravaged by fire in 1860 and 1883, it is growing rapidly. Houses, constantly rising everywhere, give it something of a western appear-

ance. It is well provided with churches and schools. The modern Greek Church of Saint Euphemia is about a third of a mile distant from the former sanctuary, and, by the reverent care of the Greeks, is mainly built from such of its remains as were not utilized by Sultan Souleïman.

Kadikeui is endowed with many charms of situation and landscape. Yet it occupies one of the least desirable localities of the capital. It is parched and dry in summer, and at every season exposed, unprotected, to the south wind, the torturing disagreeableness of which, as it sweeps from the Marmora, can hardly be described.

A delightful driveway along the bluff conducts to the exquisite bay of Moda on the south. Until the coming of the Ottomans, the tiny harbor was called the Port of Eutropius. On a crag above the shore that haughty and supple eunuch, chief minister to the Emperor Arcadius, had built a palace which in luxury and ostentation surpassed the imperial residences of the capital. Under its majestic portal he was put to death. His sudden fall and pitiable flight to the Church of Sancta Sophia inspired Chrysostom with his memorable discourse on the vanity of power, and the historian Gibbon with one of his most dramatic passages.

On the shore, the virtuous Emperor Maurice and his five sons were beheaded by order of the tyrant Phokas. Covered with the blood of his children, which by inhuman cruelty was made to spurt upon him, Maurice repeated at each blow of the ax, "Thou art just, O Lord, and Thy judgments are right." Then the six headless bodies were thrown for final burial into the waters of Moda; but the waves, as if indignant, constantly cast them back upon the sand, and the unwilling executioners had to carry them away. Five years later the same vile tyrant in the same

manner on the same spot beheaded Constantia, the wife of Maurice, and her three daughters, Anastasia, Theokthiste, and Cleopatra. As one gazes now at the calm, landward ripple of the bay over its pearly bottom, it is hard to realize that its pure waters were ever reddened by such horrors. Their sufferings as well as their virtues hallowed the memory of the princesses, and they are inscribed on the calendars of both the Greek and Latin churches as saints.

Beyond the bay widens a beautiful valley, whose existence is attributed by legend to a miracle. The galley, bearing the remains of Saint Chrysostom from the distant scene of his exile and death, on its arrival was forced by a powerful wind away from Byzantium and up the bay of Moda. Shipwreck was certain, when the hillside, reverent to the sacred freight the vessel bore, opened inland, and assured a safe retreat.

Only one promontory more can, by the utmost stretch of imagination, be considered as making part of the shores of the Bosphorus. This is Phanar Bournou, or Phanar Baghtcheh, the Cape or Garden of the Lighthouse, a rock-ribbed, pine-shaded peninsula, almost deserted by human habitations, but thronged by pleasure-seekers on the bright days of the year. It is the ancient Heraion, so called from the Temple of Hera, which stood on the outer, still-seen boulders amid the waves. Hither often came Justinian and Theodora to a palace which they had erected together. Over its main entrance was the inscription, "Upon this famous spot Justinian and Theodora have built, thus adding further beauty to sea and land." In this palace in 754 Constantine V Kopronymos held several sessions of his iconoclastic council, which three hundred and thirty-three bishops attended. In the ninth and

tenth centuries it was successively rebuilt by Basil I and Constantine IX.

Justinian had also constructed an artificial harbor, embraced between two lengthy piers. On the promontory he dedicated three churches,— one to the Holy Virgin, one



PHANAR BOURNOU

to the Prophet Elijah, and one to the Martyr Prokopios. Further, he laid out a Forum, and on its portico placed these words : “O kings, as long as the pole shall draw the stars, time shall forever repeat the story of our virtue, our might, and our achievements.” Temple of Hera, palace, churches, Forum of Justinian, later Kiosk of Souleiman II,— all are gone. Only the black and foaming

rocks of the broken piers hint the former imperial magnificence and the exalted visitors of this point, where almost all the ancient and many modern geographers reckon that the Bosphorus begins.

One hour's distance from Scutari, directly east, is the hill of Boulgourlou with its double peak. Though its base is not washed by the waters of the strait, as is the solitary Giant's Mountain, of which it seems the southern counterpart, yet it belongs to the Bosphorus by every association, and constitutes one of the natural glories of its shores. Eight hundred and fifty feet in height, it is the loftiest eminence in the vicinity of the capital.

During the Middle Ages its summit was the imperial bulletin-board, scanned with breathless interest by the Byzantines in time of excitement and war. It was the last of the eight stations which answered to one another across Asia Minor, and, by an established code of ingeniously contrived signal-fires, could flash out a whole narration in its blaze. The history of the Byzantine Empire through hundreds of years, its victories, its disasters, the fall and rise of its dynasties, the gain and loss of its provinces, the early conquests of Islam, the march of the Crusaders, were written here in blazing characters upon the sky. The ignoble Michael III forbade the lighting of these fires during his reign, so that no tidings, either good or bad, should divert the people's attention from his prowess as a charioteer.

The sides of the hill were studded with gardens and villas, and its summit was crowned as now with a grove of thujas and oaks. There the Emperors Tiberios and Maurice built the Palace of Damatrys; the forest planted by Constantine VII clad the slopes. Somewhere near was the Monastery of the Assumption, to which on Assump-

tion Day the whole population of the capital were accustomed to resort and celebrate the festival.

Isolated on the outmost verge was the Lepers' Hospital, founded by the great-hearted patrician Zotikos, whose munificence and generosity caused him to be commonly called the "Father of Orphans." To this asylum John I Zimiskes consecrated one-half his private fortune. When it was destroyed by earthquake, Romanos III rebuilt it with lavish expenditure.

The road to Boulgourlou from Scutari passes through a rich and fertile region, among the most luxuriant vineyards of the capital, and near ornate and elegant kiosks. In one of these summer palaces, on June 30, 1839, the stormy life of Mahmoud II, the Great, the Reformer, came to its close. The attendants, alarmed in the morning at not hearing their master's call, penetrated to his chamber with fear and trembling, and found him dead. He lay as if asleep. Almost the only peaceful event in his reign of one and thirty years was his calm departure from it.

The road ends at a plateau, refreshing even from a distance with its royal sycamores. Beneath their shade bubbles a fountain, the crystal draughts from which are regarded by the Ottomans — connoisseurs of water as other nations are of wine — as more delicious than those from any other spring in the capital. The prolix Dervish Hafiz, in a curious treatise on the "Fountains of Paradise," compares seventeen famous sources, applies to them the eight tests, and concludes that in every respect the water of this fountain is the best of all.

From the plateau one climbs to the top on foot, there to revel in an intoxication of view, "the beauty of which," the clumsy and phlegmatic Pococke exclaims, "cannot be

conceived." It is the vastest, the most comprehensive and extended, the most spectacular, which any point along the Bosphorus affords. He who has never seen it has missed the most marvellous scene on earth. He whose eyes have gazed forth upon its complete magnificence queries afterwards whether it was not all a dream.

"The European with the Asian shore,
Sprinkled with palaces; the ocean stream,
Here and there studded with a seventy-four ;
Sophia's cupola with golden gleam,
The cypress groves, Olympus high and hoar,
The twelve isles and the more than I can dream,
Far less describe."

THE PRINCES' ISLANDS

NATURE, insatiable in giving, has diversified the capital not only with the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn, but with the tiny archipelago of the Princes' Islands. More than Ischia and Capri are to Naples, are Khalki, Prinkipo, and their sister islands to Constantinople. They are far less remote from the municipal centre, and form an integral part of the city. The nearest is but four miles distant from Kadikeui, and only little farther from Stamboul.

They were anciently called Demonesoi, from a legendary, or historic, Demonesos, who worked in their stone and metal. The mediæval name, Papadanesoi, the Islands of the Priests, and the modern name, Princes' Islands, through the irony of history, have a common meaning and association. During the Byzantine Middle Ages, the monastery was not far distant from the throne. He who, in the evening, wore the imperial golden circlet upon his long

and plaited locks might on the morrow, with shaven head, become the unwilling inmate of a monastic cell. In those days, the islands were seldom sought for pleasure, but were abandoned to monasteries and monks. Hither many a deposed sovereign was exiled, whom, stripped of all that made life desirable, the disdain or humanity of his successor permitted to live. Not one of all the discarded em-



THE PRINCES' ISLANDS

perors imprisoned here, with cowl and cloak, ever went back to his throne. Though almost all the monasteries have crumbled, and only a few inmates wander over the grass-grown paths, the tradition of deposed princes has survived and bestowed upon the islands their present name.

They are nine in number. Two, Pita and Neandros, are destitute of inhabitant or interest. Three, Oxeia, Plati, and Antirovithos, are isolated from the present, but

have each their history of failure and sorrow. Four, Proti, Antigone, Khalki, and Prinkipo, are the chief. They are in daily steam communication with one another and with the other quarters of the capital. The mildness and regularity of their climate render them the healthiest locality in the Empire. Nowhere else along the northern Marmora does the olive-tree grow with such profusion, or yield more generous results. Nothing more ideal can be pictured than the loveliness of these islands in May and June. The hills are covered with pine forests, and the meandering shores are indented with shaded and sequestered bays. Wherever the gaze is turned, beauty confronts the eye. Yet in winter they are almost deserted. The treacherous Marmora suddenly and often cuts off all communication with the outer world. Then, though at sunset the shadow of Stamboul seems to fall upon them, they are practically many leagues away.

Scattered in the sea southeast of the Bosphorus, their rounded forms present a vision of delight. Looked upon from the west, the four chief islands lie spread upon the horizon as if blent in one. Still nearer on the right, Oxeia the Lofty lifts its towering, cone-like rock; while Plati the Flat emerges little above the surface of the water.

Oxeia has for sole inhabitants innumerable flocks of white and dusky sea-birds. A few shapeless remains are left of the once venerated Church of Saint Michael, "supreme chief of heavenly hosts," and of the immense orphan asylum.

Plati was formerly a great rock prison. The gaping mouths of its subterranean dungeons and oubliettes may still be seen. No place of exile was more abhorred by the Byzantines, at once so near the capital, but, to the pris-

oner, so far. In the eleventh century, the patrician Bardas and the Bulgarian general Prousianos fought a duel. Such method of adjusting a private quarrel was unknown to the East. Though this combat was bloodless, it roused an intense excitement in Church and State. Bardas was exiled to Oxeia, and Prousianos to Plati, where the late antagonists could hurl a harmless defiance at each other across the waves. Then the eyes of Bardas were put out, and like punishment was ordered against Prousianos, when the latter, almost by a miracle, escaped.

A certain notoriety was conferred on Plati by the quixotic structure which Sir Henry Bulwer erected there while British ambassador to the Porte. It was a sort of castle with towers and battlements, an architectural imitation of the Middle Ages, yet, despite its defiant air, designed mainly as a retreat for pleasure. To this day, among the common people, pungent stories are current of the peculiar guests, not always grave or decorous, whom the titled proprietor gathered around his board. In his eventful career, that well-known diplomat scored many a victory. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty between Great Britain and the United States is one which Americans may well remember. But he never achieved a more remarkable financial success than when he sold his castle, a discarded, worn-out plaything, to the Viceroy of Egypt, for an enormous price. The watch-towers of the north and east were recently destroyed in the hope of finding treasure. The costly structure is now fast falling in ruin.

Proti, the First, or Nearest, consists of two prolonged and lofty mounds. A belt of trees spans the hollow. No water-springs refresh its bare and arid surface. Stunted shrubbery and a few straggling houses cling like moss along the slopes. Its very appearance is suggestive of the

sorrows and tragedies it has seen, all accomplished within the walls of three monasteries between which the island was shared.

Shapeless remains on the north identify the site of the Monastery of the Holy Virgin. To it were sent, in 813, the deposed Emperor, Michael I Rhangabe, and his two sons, Theophylaktos and Niketas. Unwilling to shed the blood of his subjects in civil war, and glad to resign his throne, the Emperor had refused to resist by arms the rebel, Leo V, the Armenian. The entreaties of his wife, Prokopia, and of his ardent partisans were alike powerless. He sent the insignia of empire to his rival, and calmly awaited his lot.

From the new sovereign the stern order came that Prokopia and her two daughters, Gorgo and Theophano, should become nuns in the convent of Saint Prokopia, which she herself had founded on the Bosphorus, while Michael and his sons were to withdraw to Proti. There, as the monk Anastasios, he lived twenty-seven years. From the window of his cell, he saw daily in the distance the gilded Great Palace, where he once had reigned; but it woke no regretful longings in his breast. Emperor succeeded emperor during those almost thirty years, but happier than they all was he who had resigned his crown on earth and sought only a crown in heaven. His elder son, become the monk Eustathios, survived him five years; the younger, as the monk Ignatios, was summoned, in 846, to occupy the Patriarchal See, and is deservedly esteemed one of the most learned and most saintly prelates of the East.

A century later a less willing votary entered the monastery: Romanos I, intrepid soldier, able statesman, shrewd diplomatist, during twenty-five years had sat as associate upon the throne; he had crowned his three sons as joint

emperors, and had wedded his daughter Helena to the legitimate sovereign, Constantine VIII, to whom he had left only a semblance of power. One night, as he slept on his tiger-skin, his three sons rushed upon him with a mercenary band. They bound his hands and feet, wrapped around him a roll of linen cloth, carried the strange bundle through the palace court, and despatched it to this monastery. Thirty-nine days later the partisans of their sister and of the rightful monarch sent the unnatural sons to share their father's retreat. With sarcasm their father hailed their arrival, congratulating them that now, their eyes fixed heavenward, they might still journey on together. Deposition transformed the character of the haughty Romanos. He might have served as the prototype of Robert of Sicily in Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn."

The Monastery of the Transfiguration stood upon the summit of the island. It saw the agonizing death of the knightly Romanos IV Diogenes, deserted by fortune and by all his oldtime retainers, but cherished to the last by his once flippant, though always devoted wife, the Empress Eudoxia.

To this monastery was conveyed one night in 821 the entire family of that Leo V who had expelled the Emperor Michael. It was as ghastly a household of dead, mutilated, and living as ever met together. A leathern sack, lying at the Empress's feet, contained the headless remains of her husband Leo, and served as a shroud when a few moments later his body was interred in the garden of the monastery. The roughly shaven head of the Empress Theodosia testified to the violence with which, in the euphemistic language of the Byzantines, she had just been made "a citizeness of heaven, wearing the

raiment of the angels," or, in other words, a black-robed nun. At her side cowered her four grown-up sons in the agony of a just-performed and nameless mutilation.

The site of the third monastery is lost, but not the story of the Armenian general Vartan, its founder. He remains one of the grand figures of the ninth century, that age of Charlemagne and of Haroun al Rashid. The first tactician of the Empire, adored by the army and people, he had refused to aspire to the crown which the nation urged upon him. By the orders of the tyrant Nikephoros his eyes were dug out, and the sightless Samson was confined in the monastery. He survived his wounds many years, devoted all his little remaining property to beneficence, endured all manner of self-inflicted torture, and was universally revered for his holy life. In this same convent was shut up the Empress Theophano, whose softer romance fills many a page with tales of love. Here too came her last favorite, the general Leo Phokas, who defeated the Russians.

It is possible that the modern Monastery of the Transfiguration, now dilapidated and almost deserted, is situated somewhere near the site of its namesake and predecessor. The sympathetic Schlumberger, who there wrote part of his fascinating book, "*Les Iles des Princes*," well says, "There attaches to it something of fallen grandeur and bygone pomp, which inspires respect, and evokes memories of other days."

Off Proti and Oxeia the Genoese in 1352 defeated the allied Byzantines and Venetians in a stubbornly contested sea-fight. In the same waters just sixty years later, the Byzantines under Manuel Palaiologos sunk the Ottoman fleet. In 1807 Admiral Duckworth with a British squadron attacked the island, and for eight days remained in

its harbor. Sir Sidney Smith, who at Acre eight years before had "made Napoleon miss his destiny," was on board. The Monastery of the Transfiguration, where the Ottomans were intrenched, was partially destroyed in the attack, but the British were repulsed. Nevertheless, the besieged were on the point of surrender from lack of provisions, when they were rescued by boatmen from Khalki. In the harbor the British seventy-four-gun frigate "*Ajax*" took fire and became a total loss.

The next island was originally called Panormos, signifying that it was easy to approach. Its present name is among the last echoes of the campaigns of Alexander. The great conqueror came no nearer than the Dardanelles, but his death precipitated a scramble for kingdoms, and his soldiers fought one another through Asia Minor and along the Marmora. Demetrios, son of Antigonos, who was Alexander's ablest general, gained a victory off the island, and called it Antigone in honor of his father.

On the eastern side is the pleasant modern village. The smallest incident is of moment to the quiet villagers. Before the arrival of the daily local steamer, it is amusing to see the population rushing to the quay, and then as excitedly wending homewards on its departure. The vast Monastery of the Transfiguration, which was built in the ninth century by Basil I, and which covered the summit of the hill, was partially restored in 1869.

The colossal memory of Methodios dominates all other associations of Antigone. He was the central figure of the iconoclastic controversy. It is impossible to realize the mad passion and fury of that theologic strife. Though in the nineteenth century, even in America, sectarian fights and trials for heresy abound, the bitterest of them all are tame and lifeless compared with the envenomed battles men

waged against one another at Constantinople in the name of Christianity. The iconoclastic controversy as to whether icons, or holy pictures, should or should not be used in worship, had raged for a hundred years. During almost all that period the weapons of Church and State had been wielded on the iconoclastic side.

In 821, Michael II, the Stammerer, became emperor. Having attained the throne by assassination and violence, he was naturally fitted for the rôle of bigot and persecutor. With fanatic ingenuity he devised new tortures for the adherents of the icons. Methodios was recognized as their most learned leader. The Emperor ordered that he should be struck gently seven hundred times with a whip. The prolongation of the punishment was the refinement of its cruelty. Then, unconscious and apparently lifeless, Methodios was thrown, together with two murderers, into a deep pit at Antigone. Bread and water were let down daily through an opening above. When one of the murderers died, his decomposing body was left in the pit to render the horrid hole still more revolting. Meanwhile Methodios labored day and night to convert the survivor. Michael died after an eight years' evil reign, and his son Theophilos succeeded, as iconoclastic, but less inhuman.

Theophilos, an eager student, found a passage in an ancient writer which neither he nor any of the wise men at his court could explain. The ardor of the scholar overcame the antipathy of the fanatic, and Methodios was sent for to expound the passage. Forthwith he sought to convert his imperial pupil to the cause of the icons. Again he was publicly scourged, and then cast into the lower dungeon of the Great Palace. His gentleness and piety had profoundly impressed Theophilos. The rage of persecution slackened. Methodios, though no less

active and persistent in his advocacy, became the Emperor's inseparable companion.

On his deathbed, in 842, Theophilos enjoined on his wife Theodora the necessity of peace and union for the long-distracted Church. Methodios, surnamed the Confessor, because of his sufferings and fidelity, was made Patriarch of Constantinople. Christlike in triumph, as he had been Christlike in endurance, he protected the vanquished party, and declared that persecution can never advance the truth. Four years later, worn out and prematurely old, he gave back his soul to God. No saint is more revered in the Eastern Church. His coffin was placed beside those of the emperors in the Church of the Holy Apostles, that Pantheon of the glories of the Empire.

At Antigone, Theodora erected the Church of Saint John the Baptist over the cave where the Confessor had been so long confined. In the renovated modern wooden church, still the chief sanctuary of the islanders, little remains of the early edifice. Nevertheless the apse, or eastern portion, is part of the original structure. Over it ended the last throes of that bitter theologic agony. Puerile the iconoclastic question seems to-day when compared with our larger and more human problems. Yet it was vast enough to develop heroes and martyrs in both the hostile camps, and to reveal to a luxurious age the unconscious sublimity with which men and women can die, or can survive and suffer, for an idea.

“A tale of the shadowy past
Obscured by the mists of the years,
Where, down all the distance, one hears
Fanatical echoes of strife.

“Oh, why, from the first to the last,
Should His name, that the spirit reveres,
Be blent with the clashing of spears
Where frenzy and slaughter are rife.”

Pita, the Piny Island, is a barren reef, from which every pine-tree long ago disappeared.

Trimountained Khalki is in natural beauty and attractiveness the gem of all these islands. It is indented on every side by tiny bays, the shores of which are everywhere fringed with forests. Romantic paths wind aimlessly in every direction, and at each turning reveal a new surprise. The outlook is always beautiful, whether one gazes at land or sea.

The name Khalki, Copper, is due to the metal in which the island abounded. Of late years it has been little worked. From it was made the celebrated statue of Apollo at Sicyon. Heaps of scoria and the half-filled excavations of ancient mines may still be seen. Near the steamer landing-place are the neat, well-kept buildings of the Ottoman Naval School. Still nearer on the right is the Greek Church of Saint Nicolas, with its curious, several-storied, many-windowed belfry. The compact village numbers, perhaps, six thousand souls.

A valley, running east and west, divides the island, and determines the direction of the principal street. The houses are soon left behind, and one enters a delicious forest of pines, where the air is always freighted with a healthful fragrance, and the ground is covered with a silken, elastic carpet.

High on the northern summit on the right are seen the monastic buildings of the Holy Trinity. It is a tradition that the convent was founded in the ninth century by the eloquent and restless Patriarch Photios. Often destroyed

and re-erected by turns, it was at last rebuilt by the Patriarch Germanos IV in 1841, who established in it the most important theological seminary of the Eastern Church. Nearly a hundred students during a seven years' course are there trained by teachers eminent for their learning. The spot is itself an inspiration. Schlumberger well remarks, "Never could the human mind conceive a solitude more beautiful, more fit to elevate the soul." The buildings spread over the hilltop like a crown, itself surrounded by a circlet of cypresses and pines. Venerable olive-trees clothe the slope, each built up with a careful terrace to prevent torrential rains from washing it away. The earthquake of July, 1894, brought havoc and desolation to the seminary, but no lives were lost. The active affection of the Greeks has already raised anew whatever was shattered or thrown down.

The street, abandoned during the ascent to Trinity, curves westward through the evergreen groves, and reaches the Monastery of the Holy Virgin. This retreat was founded early in the fifteenth century by John VIII Palaiologos, last Byzantine emperor except one, and by his wife Maria Komnena. Their conjugal devotion throws a gleam of light over the darkening days of the Empire. Often they came together to Khalki, rather like simple lovers than crowned sovereigns, to see their monastery grow.

John had succeeded to the crown in 1425. Then had come the idyl, all too brief, of the Emperor's life. He



JOHN VIII PALAILOGOS

passionately loved Maria, daughter of Alexios IV, Emperor of Trebizond, and was equally loved in return. Though he could tender his bride but little save a pompous title and a seat on a falling throne, their nuptial rites were celebrated with something of former stateliness in Sancta Sophia. So Maria took her place in history as the last woman wedded beneath the mighty dome, and as the last Byzantine Empress. The exigencies of the time often compelled her husband's absence, and their consequent separation. When he undertook his desperate journey to Italy in hope of securing aid against the Ottomans, it was in spite of the tears and entreaties of his wife. Seventeen months later, humiliated, deluded, overreached, he set sail from Venice on his homeward journey. The first tidings which met him upon the way announced that Maria had died and been buried a few days before.

The monastery fell in utter ruin, and was several times restored,—in 1680, by Paniotakis, the pride of Scio, the first Christian to become Chief Interpreter to the Porte, the pet of Mohammed IV, who made for him a magnificent funeral on the Danube, and sent his embalmed body to Khalki to be interred in the narthex of the monastic church; in 1796, by Alexander Ypsilanti, whose family name is herald and part of the Greek Revolution; in 1831, by the Patriarch Constantios I of immortal memory, who converted the buildings designed for the monks into an admirable and well-equipped Commercial School. So the inmates are no longer cloaked and bearded ascetics, venerable in appearance and attire, but two hundred and fifty young men, worthy representatives of the enterprise and ambition of their race.

In the renovated pile, near the larger and more modern sanctuary, rises still the simple, fifteenth-century church

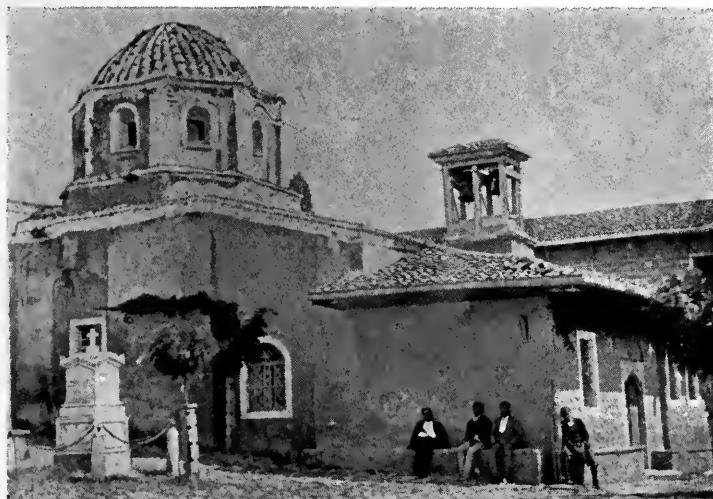
of the Empress Maria. Blackened by age and fire, of irregular shape and proportion and of varying width, it has the fadeless beauty of association. It is the love-tribute of a wife to her husband rather than to the Holy Virgin whose name it bears. If the austere memory of Methodios hallows Antigone, so does the story of John and Maria cast a softer but no less saintly halo over Khalki.

In the church are four wonderful tapestries, wrought with her own fingers by the Lady

Domina, who well earned her place of burial in the sacred narthex. To them she devoted over forty years of constant labor. They reveal the most skilful and the most expressive needlework to be seen in Constantinople.

Within and around the church are the tombs of many patriarchs: Timotheos, who died in 1622; Parthenios II, massacred in 1650; Parthenios III, massacred in 1656; Kallinikos II, died in 1702; Gabriel III, died in 1707; Paisios II, hung in 1752; most familiar name of all, Kyril Loukaris, whose body, rescued from the waves at Roumeli Hissar, was brought here for burial.

A terrace outside the monastery has been made a cemetery. The brick tomb near the entrance contains the



CHURCH OF THE EMPRESS MARIA

remains of Sir Edward Barton, Ambassador of Queen Elizabeth to Mourad III and Mohammed III. A monumental slab bears his coat of arms and a Latin inscription, stating that the "most illustrious and most serene diplomat" died in 1597, at the early age of thirty-five. He fell victim to a pulmonary disease, and not, as commonly supposed, to the plague which raged during that same year, and which, in a single day, bereft Mohammed III of nineteen of his sisters. This stone, which had been built into the wall at some restoration of the monastery, was discovered and replaced above the tomb by Sir Stratford Canning.

Farther within the enclosure is a common grave, where more than three hundred Russian soldiers lie together. They were taken prisoners and died in captivity during that war of 1828-29 which Russia waged for the liberty of Greece. An angel in white marble stands above the memorial stone. The epitaph in Russian and Greek describes the manner of their death, and closes with this verse: "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends."

The southeast extremity of the island has its monastery as well. It was erected no later than 1758 by the Archbishop of Chalkedon and consecrated to Saint George. Afterwards its founder became Patriarch of Constantinople as Joannikios III. The disorders of the time rendered the burden of his office too heavy for his hands. He laid down the patriarchal staff, withdrew to this monastery, there passed thirty years of peace, and there died and was buried in 1793. The two superb rows of cypresses which line the street were planted by his hands. But the day of monasteries is over, even in the sluggish East. The rooms formerly tenanted by the monks are

now the summer residences of private families. Well may they bless the Archbishop's memory that he built in so goodly a spot.

Prinkipo, the Island of the Prince, is the largest and most populous of the group. Nearly nine miles in circuit, it is made up of four hills, two of which rival each other and rise above the rest. Speculation and business enterprise have broken in upon its quiet, and the village of fifteen thousand inhabitants boasts with western pride of its rapid increase in wealth and population.

The humbler houses of the permanent residents are crowded together on the left of the steamer pier. On the right, with gardens sloping to the sea, are the more sumptuous and ostentatious mansions of the summer visitors. Prinkipo is the residence of Mr Edwin Pears, the leader of the Constantinople Bar, and author of the valuable history of the Fourth Crusade, entitled, "The Fall of Constantinople." Of the hermits who, till a few years ago, hid from mankind in its caves and forests, not one survives.

During the Middle Ages all the islands suffered fearfully from the Venetians and Genoese. Prinkipo was ravaged by the Doge Dandolo and his followers of the Fourth Crusade prior to their attack upon the capital in 1203. Ninety-nine years afterwards the Venetians burned all its houses to the ground, and drove the inhabitants on board their ships. Anchoring off Seraglio Point, they stripped their prisoners naked, bound them to the masts and decks, and had them mercilessly scourged in sight of the horror-stricken citizens, until the senile Emperor, Andronikos II, got together a satisfactory ransom. A thousand years earlier, Bishop Nerses, surnamed the Great, on account of his learning and piety, was during twelve months shame-

fully imprisoned here. He had come as ambassador of the Armenian King, Arsaces II; but his orthodoxy and his outspoken independence angered the Arian Emperor, Constantius II, and inflamed him to take this mean revenge.

The history of Prinkipo, like that of her sister islands, centres in her many monasteries. Their buildings capped her peaks, spread through her valleys, and bordered her bays.

On the eastern side one climbs an almost precipitous road between long files of cypresses to the Monastery of Saint George. The gigantic boulders at the top seem quarried and placed there by the hands of Titans. The three decaying churches or chapels are side by side. The once strong and numerous brotherhood, who woke them with their deep-voiced chant, has dwindled to two rheumatic, querulous old men. To the larger church lunatics and supposed demoniacs were often brought to be exorcised by prayer. Attached to the floor may still be seen many rusty iron rings, to which the unfortunates were chained during service.

The view from this peak is the most extensive which Constantinople affords. From the height of six hundred and seventy feet the eye sweeps over the sea and comprehends the eastern shores of the Marmora. Northwest, beyond the island group, the fairy outline of Stamboul and Kadikeui fringes the sky, while the sombre point of Phanaraki advances in the foreground. North and east along the sinuous Asiatic coast, village presses upon village, each enriching the landscape with the tints of natural beauty or association.

Kaïsh Dagh, the classic Mount Auxeneis, lifts its solemn form in front, still crowned by the ruins of the famous

Monastery of the Apostles, whence the monks, Theodosios and Leontios, were called against their will to the Patriarchal Throne. Far along its foot extends Erenkeui, verdant with its wide stretch of fragrant vineyards, and famed for its delicious wines. Close to the sea, the hill of Mal Tepeh overlooks Khounkiar Tchaïri, the Prairie of the Sultan, where, in 1481, Mohammed II, the Conqueror, died. Farther east is Pendik, embosomed in orchards and gardens, once the private property and favorite residence of Belisarius ; then Touzla, with its snowy salt-springs and its rapid stream, which Homer calls the “torrent Satnioeis ;” then the wavy hill of Guebizeh, the ancient Lybissa, where the fleeing Hannibal died, and on whose breezy top, between two giant cypresses, tradition points out his grave. A few miles farther, on the eastern side, is Herekeh or ancient Ankyron, the death-place of Constantine the Great. All these historic spots are bound together by the iron bonds of the Anatolian Railway.

Southward across the gulf, loom the Arganthonius Mountains. At their foot nestles Yalova, the ancient Drepanon, where Saint Helena dwelt, and which the filial affection of her son raised to the rank of a city, and called Helenopolis. By its side flows the silver stream, Kirk Ghetchid, the Forty Windings, which indicated the utmost western boundary of the great Seldjoukian Empire of Malek Shah. Forty miles still farther south is seen the lordly range of the Bithynian Olympus, winter and summer alike resplendent with unchanging snow.

“The snowy crown
Of far Olympus
Towers radiantly, as when the Pagan’s dream
Thronged it with gods and bent the adoring knee.”

The Monastery of Christ on the northern hill has forgotten its original consecration, and become a popular resort in summer. The pine-groves, which surround it, and the entrancing vistas which it opens in every direction, may well allure the lover of nature. The few Ottoman ladies of the island delight to picnic under its trees, with discarded veils and dressed in European attire.

Shut within the valley, but looking out upon the sea, is the Monastery of Saint Nicolas, with its square church of peculiar form. Close beside it is the enormous circular cistern, which so excited the amazement of the English bishop, Pococke, one hundred and fifty years ago.

A little farther north along the eastern shore, the ground swells in gentle undulations over almost-buried heaps of masonry, which the Greeks call Kamarais, or the Chambers. One grass-grown, shapeless mass emerges, in which five rows of brick and stone foundation-arches can be discerned, and which fills an area over one hundred feet square. Two chambers in it, ossuaries of former inmates, crammed to the top with human bones, give a faint idea of the multitude to whom this wide-spread pile was once dwelling-place and home. Other scattered remains, here and there peering through the surface, and widely strewn splinters of slabs and columns prove that the first recognized central mass was but a small proportion of the former structure.

No other edifice in the islands could have been so vast. Hardly an inscription or monogram is visible, though one magnificent Byzantine capital bears the initials of Nikephoros II Phokas, the conqueror of the Saracens and the restorer of the Empire, who died in 969. Doubtless in the yet unturned soil, a rich reward is awaiting the investigator's spade, but the mind to-day takes in only a concep-

tion of former immense extent and of present absolute ruin.

This is the Monastery of the Holy Virgin, founded in the eighth century by the Empress Irene, when at the zenith of her power, and always crowded by hundreds of willing or unwilling nuns. No other monastery was so set apart for imperial recluses of the fairer sex. None other was trodden by so many once crimson-buskinéd feet of dethroned empresses or of uncrowned princesses whose dynasties had fallen. Seated in the shadow of the mortuary chamber, one recalls the roll of high-born women who have wept and prayed and suffered every humiliation here. The long procession of Byzantine beauties, their raven tresses shorn, their willowy forms enwrapped in clumsy sackcloth, the voluntary penitent, the haughtily indifferent, the fiercely unsubmissive, defile before him.

Foremost, earliest, stateliest, yet least human and most unnatural of all, at their head passes the foundress of the Monastery, the Empress Irene. For five years she swayed the sceptre with a virile hand. The horrid crimes that marked her accession were forgotten in the splendor of her reign. Greek tradition regards her as the promised consort of Charlemagne, and Greek superstition places her name in the calendar of the saints. In 802, a palace intrigue hurled her from the throne. Her timorous successor, Nikephoros I, confined her for a season in her monastery, and then exiled her to Mitylene. Reduced to utmost want, she gained a scanty livelihood by spinning wool. Dying from exhaustion and of a broken heart, once more she passed the portal of her monastery, and was there entombed in a sarcophagus of vert antique with imperial obsequies.

Euphrosyne, daughter of Constantine VI, is a more plaintive figure. On the deposition of her father by his mother, Irene, she, a sickly girl seven years old, was incarcerated here as a nun. The legend of her opening, ripening beauty was constantly repeated by the lips of the common people. In 823, after she had spent twenty-six years in utter seclusion, the sanctity of the convent was invaded by Michael II, whose imagination had been fired by her reputed charms, and who forced the consecrated nun to become his bride. On his death, six years later,

Euphrosyne returned to the cloister of her childhood, wherein already had been passed two-thirds of her checkered life. "Again the silence closed around her and the shadow, from which she was never to emerge."

The voluptuous Zoe, widow of three emperors, in whose veins at the age of seventy-five beat all the passionate blood of her youth, was sent here in 1042 by her adopted and graceless son Michael V. The

Greek historian describes the crowned adventurer, rubbing between his fingers the shaven locks of his benefactress, and promising himself a stable throne as he held the proofs that she had become a nun. Hardly twelve months were gone, when the indignant people called her from her retirement and forced her, though not against her will, to reassume the crown.

A generation later the monastery received Anna Dalassina, the mother of the Komnenoi, the grandest female figure in Byzantine history. The death of her husband,



THE EMPRESS ZOE

the Cæsar John Komnenos, had left her unprotected in a hostile court and in troubled times with eight helpless children. Soon she was accused of high treason. Her courage and impetuous eloquence overawed her venal judges. They dared not pronounce sentence of death, but condemned her to perpetual confinement at Prinkipo. Her sons likewise were forced to assume the cowl. A breath of imperial favor followed, and she and her children were released. To them she devoted every energy of her soul. Herself brave, virtuous, religious, persistent, she inspired them with something of her heroic character and of her high ambition. Not an opportunity was lost.

When at last, in obedience to the popular call, her oldest surviving son, Alexios Komnenos, ascended the imperial throne for a glorious reign, he and the nation recognized that to the inspiration of his mother was due all the greatness of his house. For years her counsels were paramount in the affairs of state. Finally she grew weary of the world, which she had won. She retired, this time of her own will and wish, to a convent, and there lived until her death, peaceful and content in its seclusion.

She deserves equal honor with the Cornelias, the Mary Washingtons, the Madame Læticias, who have shaped the character and determined the destiny of their sons. The monastery at Prinkipo closed on many another exalted prisoner or guest, but the long list cannot end more fitly than with the name of Anna Dalassina, the greatest and noblest of them all.

Neandros, the farthest south of the cluster, is a dreary heap of rock and sand.

Anterovithos, the farthest east, is hardly less sterile and uninviting. One solitary dwelling and a few stunted and scattered trees only render the general desolation more

apparent. Even the grape-vines refuse to grow, and the judas-tree, elsewhere prodigal of its crimson blossoms, strikes no root in the stubborn soil. The mediæval monastery, founded in the ninth century by the Patriarch Ignatios, throve where nothing else would prosper. The austerity and blameless lives of its numerous inmates won for it a wide renown. As the monastic fervor ceased in later times, it was deserted, and only ruins indicate its site.

Only one emperor here assumed monastic vows, and sorely against his will. The rebel prince Constantine, who had deposed his father Romanos I, and then thirty-nine days later shared his captivity at Proti, was shut here for months by the rightful sovereign, Constantine VIII. Day and night his restless eyes scoured the sea in mingled hope and fear. Each distant bark, which broke the monotonous horizon, might be freighted with his deliverance or might be bringing the executioner. Constantly endeavoring to escape, he was removed to Tenedos and thence to Samothrace, where he died in unmonkish fight.

Two patriarchs, Ignatios and Theodosios I, by their sojourn on it have given to the now-forsaken rock its most memorable distinction. No other Byzantine emperors equalled Michael III and Andronikos I in degradation and infamy. Though separated by three hundred years, each seems the foul counterpart of the other. Ignatios was patriarch during the reign of the first; Theodosios during that of the second. Each, with the courage of a Nathan or Elijah, to the Emperor's very face denounced the crimes committed upon the throne. Persecution and torture followed; but neither sovereign, though frenzied with resentment, dared slay the dauntless priest. Ignatios was deposed and banished to this monastery, of which he

was the founder. When three centuries later Theodosios in turn was ordered to the same cell, it must have eased his sufferings to remember that there his feet were treading in the footsteps of a hero and saint.

Rests on these isles a bright halo of glory;
Hallowed this rock which the martyrs have trod:
Why sorrow we for their foreheads once gory,
Crown-girt to-day by the white throne of God !

After all, it is not upon scenes of terrestrial loveliness, or on the oft-piteous romance of imperial power and beauty, that the mind most lingers in the Princes' Islands. Heroism as sublime, consecration as entire, fidelity to principle as deathless and unswerving as the world ever saw, have been wrought out here. Well may the Honorable S. S. Cox exclaim, as in the glowing pages of his "The Princes' Islands" he recalls the past, "These isles have witnessed, as they look out toward Chalkedon and Nikæa, the scholarship and devotion of an intrepid race of ecclesiastical heroes."

VII

ANCIENT CONSTANTINOPLE



O absolutely accurate, no satisfactory picture of the imperial city as it existed fifteen hundred or even five hundred years ago, can be drawn to-day. The main information of the moderns must be derived from the Byzantine authors, whose lengthy

treatises and fluctuating style reflect the vicissitudes of national life, but pay small attention to topography. Though prodigal of adjectives, and oftentimes loquacious, those writers almost never indulge in definite descriptions or minute details. They thought only of their contemporaries, who threaded the public ways with them, and had no need of indication to find the edifice or the monument plain before their eyes. Out of the fourteen churches consecrated to Saint John the Baptist, or the more than fifty to the Holy Virgin—always, in attestation of Christ's divinity, called the Theotokos, the Mother of God—the Byzantine easily understood on each occasion which one was intended. Though several city quarters and different gates were known by a common name, and even though these names were often changing, the mediæval citizen felt no inconvenience and was involved in no confusion.

How priceless now would be the driest of its city directories, the dullest of its guide-books, the crudest of its

maps, if such a treasure could be unearthed to-day, bearing on its titlepage, "Compiled in the days of Justinian" or of Basil or of Alexios I Komnenos. What months of labor and of sometimes fruitless investigation it would economize to the puzzled student.

Despite the "flood of learning" poured on Constantinopolis Christiana by Du Cange; despite the faithful researches of later scholars; despite one's own long-continued, patient study,—the modern, as he seeks to trace anew the tortuous streets, and to line them with the edifices which made them glorious and grand, gropes almost helplessly along his way and finds more than once his resurrected thoroughfare ending in an impasse. Baffled and discouraged, he realizes that much must remain uncertain and a theme for controversy.

The antiquary is the compiler, and topography is his efficient ally. The hills, the valleys, the curving bed of the Lycus, the inevitable paths which nature herself has marked out, are here guides and aids. He who would unveil some ancient city, planted in a plain, can summon no such auxiliaries to his call. A chance line from some mediæval author streams light where all was darkness. A sneering reference from Prokopios may identify a locality. It is a slow, a toilsome, a weary task to reconstruct any ancient, vanished city. But,

"Here, as in other fields, the most he gleans
Who works and never swerves."

As names become realities and fit into their appropriate place, the patient plodder realizes with joy which is almost exultation that much of mediæval Constantinople can be accurately and definitely known.

THE REGIONS

CONSTANTINE, as he built his capital, had ever before his eyes the venerable figure of the elder city, Rome. From her he patterned the municipal divisions and the local organization of the new metropolis. Hence he divided Constantinople into fourteen regions, or climata. Each was administered by its own local government, was officered and protected by its own police, and was watched with scrupulous care to avert the two ever possible dangers, public disorder and fire. The boundaries of the regions were vaguely defined, and were sometimes modified in the thousand years' duration of the city. Yet the municipal arrangement to the end was always largely that of the first Constantine.

Early in his reign, the Emperor Arcadius undertook a census. This was hardly more than an aristocratic enumeration. It counted all the private palaces and mansions of the rich, called megara, all the emboloi, or lengthy and ornate-covered porticos, all the bathra, or streets paved in steps, and all the other streets which were wide and spacious. It reckoned also the neoria, or dockyards, and various edifices of special prominence or utility, but it disdained consideration of the humbler narrow streets and of the dwellings of the poorer classes. Incomplete though this census was, — only the stripped and partial outline of the municipal whole, — it is a rich and valuable source of information, would we essay to represent the city in its populousness, immensity, and glory.

The First Region occupied the northeastern extremity of the city, thus including nearly all the territory of Byzantium. It contained the Acropolis of Saint Demetrios,

now Seraglio Point; the Mangana, or Arsenal, to which was stretched the chain from Galata whereby the Golden Horn was closed; the famous Monastery of Saint George of the Mangana, and the historic churches of Saint Demetrios, Saint Barbara, Saint Minas, Saint Lazaros, the Archangel Michael of Tzeros, and the Saviour. The ayasma, or holy fountain, of the latter, is still revered near the ruins of Indjili Kiosk. There, too, were situated a column of Theodosius I and the Baths of Arcadius. This region comprised twenty-nine streets, one hundred and eighteen megara, two emboloi, fifteen private baths, four public and fifteen private mills, and four bathra.

The Second Region occupied the crest of the same hill. On it were situated the churches of Sancta Sophia, Saint Irene, and of the Theotokos the Patrician; the hospital of Samson; the vast hotel of Euboulos; a portion of the Augustæum; the Bath of Xeuxippos; the Hippodrome; the later Senate House and the colossal Statue of Justinian. In it were thirty-four streets, ninety-eight megara, four emboloi, thirteen private baths, and four bathra.

The Third Region was south of the First and east of the Second, reaching to the Bosphorus and Marmora. It contained a portion of the Augustæum, the Great or Imperial Palace, and the dependent though splendid palaces of Chalki, Manavra, the Eagle, Porphyry, Pentakoubouklon, and Boucoleon with its harbor, of the Augusta Pulcheria, and of Hormisdas. In the same region were the Patriarchate, the celebrated church and monastery of the Holy Virgin the Odeghetria, the churches of Saint Euphemia, Saints Sergius and Bacchus, Saints Peter and Paul, and a neorion, or dockyard. In it were seven streets, ninety-four megara, five emboloi, eleven private baths, and nine

private mills. The walls of the Seraglio now include the First Region almost entire, and portions of the Second and Third.

The Fourth Region, commencing from the Golden Horn, comprised the slope of the first and second hills, and, bounding the Second Region, reached as far as the third hill. It contained the churches of the Theotokos in Chalcorpratia and of Saint John the Theologian, which, after the Conquest, was converted into a menagerie of wild animals, and existed till 1819; the Royal Portico, where lawyers and orators held rendezvous; the Royal Library, and the Royal Cistern. In it were thirty-two streets, three hundred and seventy-five megarai, four emboloi, seven private baths, five private mills, and six bathra. Here resided the Byzantine nobility; this was the aristocratic quarter.

The Fifth Region embraced the larger part of the eastern slope of the third hill and part of the second hill, with territory on the Golden Horn. It contained the Scala, or landing-place, of the Chalkedonians; the Bosporion, or Phosphorion; the Baths of Honorius and Eudoxia; the Strategion, or military headquarters; the Prytaneion, or University; the cisterns of Philoxenos and Theodosius; and the churches of Saint James, Saint Tryphon, and the Theotokos of Ourbikios. In it were twenty-three streets, eighty-four megarai, seven emboloi, eleven private baths, seven public and two private mills, nine bathra, and two slaughter-houses.

The Sixth Region lay west of the Fifth, on the western slope of the third hill and on the crest of the second hill, also including land on the Golden Horn as far as Perama, now Baluk Bazar Kapou. It contained the column and part of the Forum of Constantine; the Philadelphion, or public hall; the ancient Senate House, built by Constan-

tine, in which the Emperors were invested with the consular robe. Here too were grouped the churches of Saint Thekla, Saint Anne, Saint Andrew, Saint Thomas the Apostle, Saint Pantaleon, Saint Platon, Saint Theodore of Tyrone, and the Archangel Michael; also the monasteries of Saint Prokopios, Saint Julian, and Saints Karpas and Papilos. In it were twenty-two streets, two hundred and eighty-four megara, one embolos, nine private baths, one public mill, seventeen private mills, and seventeen bathra.

The Seventh Region comprised the upper portion of the valley between the second and third hills, and part of the third hill. It extended to the Marmora between the Third Region and Konto-Scala. It contained the Lampter, or immense workshop, now the centre of the Grand Bazar; half of the Forum of Theodosius; the brazen Tetrapylon, or passage; the Anemodourion, a sort of weather bureau; the Carrosian Baths; and the churches of Saint Theodore and Saint Paul the Patriarch. In it were eighty-five streets, seven hundred and eleven megara, six emboloi, eleven private baths, twelve private mills, and sixteen bathra.

The Eighth Region was southwest of the third hill, nowhere bordering on the sea. Elegant and lengthy porticos connected it with the Forum of Constantine. It contained the remaining portions of the forums of Constantine and Theodosius; the palace of Theodosius; the Capitolium, at one time the University; and the churches of the Forty Martyrs and of Saint Mark. In it were twenty-one streets, one hundred and eight megara, five emboloi, ten private baths, five private mills, five bathra, and two slaughter-houses.

The Ninth Region extended along the Marmora between Konto-Scala and Vlanga. It contained the Alexandrian

and Theodosian wheat magazines; the palace of Arcadia; the churches of the Rabdos, Saint Thekla in Kontaria, Omonoia, or Concord, and the Monastery of Myrelaion. In it were sixteen streets, one hundred and sixteen megaras, two emboloi, fifteen private baths, fifteen private mills, four public mills, and four bathra.

The Tenth Region comprised all the fourth hill, and was separated on the south from the Ninth Region by the broad Mese Odos, or Triumphal Way. It contained the vast nymphæum, or reservoir; the aqueduct of Valens; the Baths of Constantine; the column of Marcian; the cistern of Phokas; the churches of the Holy Apostles, All Saints, Saint Platon, Saint Polyeuktos; and the monasteries of Pantokrator, Pantepoptes, Panachrantos, and Lips. In it were twenty streets, six hundred and thirty-six megaras, six emboloi, twenty-two private baths, two public mills, sixteen private mills, and twelve bathra. This Region was for some cause more unquiet and restless than any other in the city; order was maintained by ninety-seven policemen, no other quarter requiring so large a number.

The Eleventh Region comprehended all the fifth hill, or, more accurately, all the land from the present Mosque of Sultan Selim as far as Djubali on one side and Balat on the other. It contained the palace of Placidia; the many monasteries and churches in the Petrian; the monasteries of Pammakaristos and Evergetes; the churches of the Theotokos the Mouchliotissa, of Saint Theodosia and Saint Akakios. In it were eight streets, five hundred and three megaras, four emboloi, fourteen private baths, one public mill, three private mills, and seven bathra.

The Twelfth Region corresponded with the seventh hill, or Xerolophos. It contained the Arcadian Forum; the

cistern of Mokios ; the Mint ; the palace of Pulcheria ; the Golden Gate ; the Kyklobion, or fortress ; the monasteries of Gastria, Prokopia, Peribleptos, Ikaria, the Studium ; and the churches of Saint Diomedes, Saint Mokios, the Apostle Philip, and Saint Eleutherios. In it were eleven streets, three hundred and sixty-three megaras, three emboloi, five private baths, five private mills, and nine bathra. This Region, despite its extended area, and the Eighth Region, required each only twenty-four policemen for public safety, a much less number than the other Regions save the Third, which was served by only twenty-eight.

The Thirteenth Region was included in the opposite cape or promontory of Sykai, now Galata, on the north side of the Golden Horn. It contained the Baths and Forum of Honorius, a theatre, and two neoria. In it were four hundred and thirty-one megaras, one embolos, five private baths, one public mill, five private mills, and eight bathra.

The Fourteenth Region coincided with the sixth hill. It contained the palaces of the Hebdomon and of Theophilos' daughters ; the tower and prison of Anemas ; the palace and church of the Blachernai ; the monasteries of Chora and Manuel ; the churches of Saint Thekla, Saint John the Baptist, Saint John the Theologian, Saint George, the Incorporeals, the Theotokos of Cyrus, Saints Peter and Mark ; and a neorion. In it were eleven streets, one hundred and sixty-seven megaras, two emboloi, five private baths, one private mill, and five bathra.

THE BATHS

THE public baths, as club-houses and places of popular resort, held a far less important place in the city life of Constantinople than they did in that of Rome. But though smaller, they were hardly less elegant and luxurious. Some resembled archeological museums, so profusely were they adorned with rare treasures of ancient art; others, of later construction, were the embodiment of Byzantine gorgeousness and profusion. The Patriarch Constantios I supposes there was eighty. The names of twenty-four are still known.

Anastasia, sister of Constantine the Great, and wife of the Cæsar Bassianus, erected one of the most splendid. It stood southwest of the Hippodrome. Another, bearing the name of Achilles, occupied the site of an altar dedicated to that hero, near the Golden Horn, in the Fourth Region. The one bestowed upon the city by Constantine existed longer than any of the rest, was known by the Ottomans as Tchochour Hamam, and was buried from sight six years ago. The Imperial Bath of the Blachernai was destroyed in the fifth century. Not inferior in splendor was that of Arcadius, on the Bosphorus, not far from the site of Indjili Kiosk. Justinian crowded it with masterpieces in bronze and marble, among which, as in a fitting company, the admiring citizens placed an exquisite statue of the beautiful Theodora.

The one unequalled and unapproached in vastness and magnificence was the Bath of Xeuxippos, so called, perhaps, from the famous Megarian chief. A better origin of the name is found in its etymologic meaning, "yoking of the steeds." Tradition asserts that this bath indicated

the very spot where Hercules tamed and yoked the fiery steeds of Diomed. In the grove sacred to that hero stood an altar, it was believed, raised by him to Jupiter after his exploit. The bath was first erected by the Emperor Severus in partial expiation for his inhumanity to the Byzantines. Rebuilt by Constantine, it was utterly destroyed at the revolt of the Nika in 532, and again restored with added splendor by Justinian. It was situated east of the Hippodrome, and southeast of the Augustæum. Sumptuous and luxurious throughout, it was constructed of the rarest materials, and adorned with eighty-three renowned pieces of statuary. A heap of ruins at the Conquest, Mohammed II employed its *débris* in the construction of his mosque. The last vestiges had disappeared before the visit of Peter Gyllius, seventy years afterwards.

THE FORUMS

FOUR were imperial. In addition there were many more. But from them all, the rostra and the public assemblies were wanting, which made the glory and history of the Roman Forum. The oldest and most important, Constantine honored with the name Augustæum, in memory of his mother, the Augusta Saint Helena. Its extent and exact site cannot now be absolutely determined. It is an amusing commentary on the vagueness of old description, and the consequent disagreement of modern antiquaries, that Lechevalier asserts that the Augustæum must have been circular, Labarte infers that it was square, and Paspatis supposes that it was a long, narrow rectangle. The last opinion is probably correct. This at least we know: that it was of immense size,

paved in marble, and surrounded by a row of the noblest statues then existing; that on the one side stood the Bath of Xeuxippos, and the imposing palaces of the Patriarch and the Senate, over which beyond rose the prodigious, incongruous, but impressive pile of the Great Palace; that on the other side towered the lofty, interminable wall of the Hippodrome, with its colonnades and arches; that it was terminated on the north by the vastest, most ethereal, most revered of Christian churches then in the world; and that it was itself a marvel all through the Middle Ages. Somewhere within its enclosure was the Milion,—the starting-point from which distances were reckoned over the Empire; this was at first a simple marble column,



"CONSTANTINE THE GREAT AND HIS MOTHER
SAINT HELENA, HOLY, EQUAL TO THE
APOSTLES."

[From a picture discovered 1845 in an old church of Mesembria.]

afterwards a sort of temple edifice, resting on four arches of broad span, and surrounded by statues.

The typical and most celebrated marble group adorning the Augustæum represented Constantine and Saint Helena standing one on each side of an overshadowing cross. Every orthodox Eastern church since that day has possessed a copy of it among its icons. One

statue, on passing which it is said the Emperor always bowed his head, was that of his mother upon a porphyry pedestal.

Theodosius I placed here a gilded statue of himself. This was afterwards melted, and the colossal equestrian statue of Justinian took its place. This was the most enormous monument in the Augustæum. Procopios says that the rider was clad in the costume of Achilles, and faced the east. The left hand grasped a globe, signifying universal sovereignty, while the right hand was extended in menacing gesture, as if to overawe the Persians. The Italian traveller, Bondelmonti, saw this statue in 1422, and states that the pedestal, all covered with bronze plates, and raised on seven marble steps, was seventy coudées, or over one hundred feet in height. On this pedestal, after the Conquest, Mohammed II placed the supposed head of the last Constantine, and there it remained three days exposed to the public gaze. Then the statue was taken down and broken to pieces. Some fragments were preserved, which Gyllius saw and measured seventy years afterwards. It was six feet from the ankle to the knee, and the nose was more than nine inches long.

The Forum of Constantine was hardly less celebrated than the Augustæum. It was elliptical in form, paved throughout, and surrounded by a colonnade. At each end of the ellipse was a spacious portico, along which were ranged ancient statues of the pagan gods, and at the very end rose a stupendous arch of triumph. Near the centre was the lofty column from whose dizzy top the statue of Constantine dominated the forum and capital; near the column was a monumental fountain, on which were portrayed the two scenes which decorated all the fountains

raised by Constantine,— Daniel in the den of lions and the Good Shepherd.

By the brazen portico called Tetrapylon, on which the four cardinal winds were represented, this forum communicated with that of Theodosius I, or of the Bull. The latter name was derived from the monstrous brazen statue of a bull which it contained. This image had been brought from Pergamus, where it had served as a means of capital punishment, condemned persons being roasted to death inside. According to tradition it had thus served in the martyrdom of Antipas, who is mentioned in the Apocalypse. In this forum also stood a column of Theodosius I, erected by himself, one hundred and forty feet high, surmounted by his statue of silver gilt. In 477, an earthquake shook it down; whereupon Anastasius I replaced the tumbled effigy by a colossal bronze statue of himself. This last statue in turn disappeared; but the column itself remained till 1517, when it was overthrown by a tornado, killing several persons in its fall. The encircling statues, which had appeared to be its guard, had themselves been overturned in 555, almost a thousand years previously.

The peristyled Forum of Arcadius was constructed by Honorius II, but was by him named after his father with filial devotion; so, too, was the graceful column, covered with chaste carvings and crowned by his father's statue. The pedestal still exists.

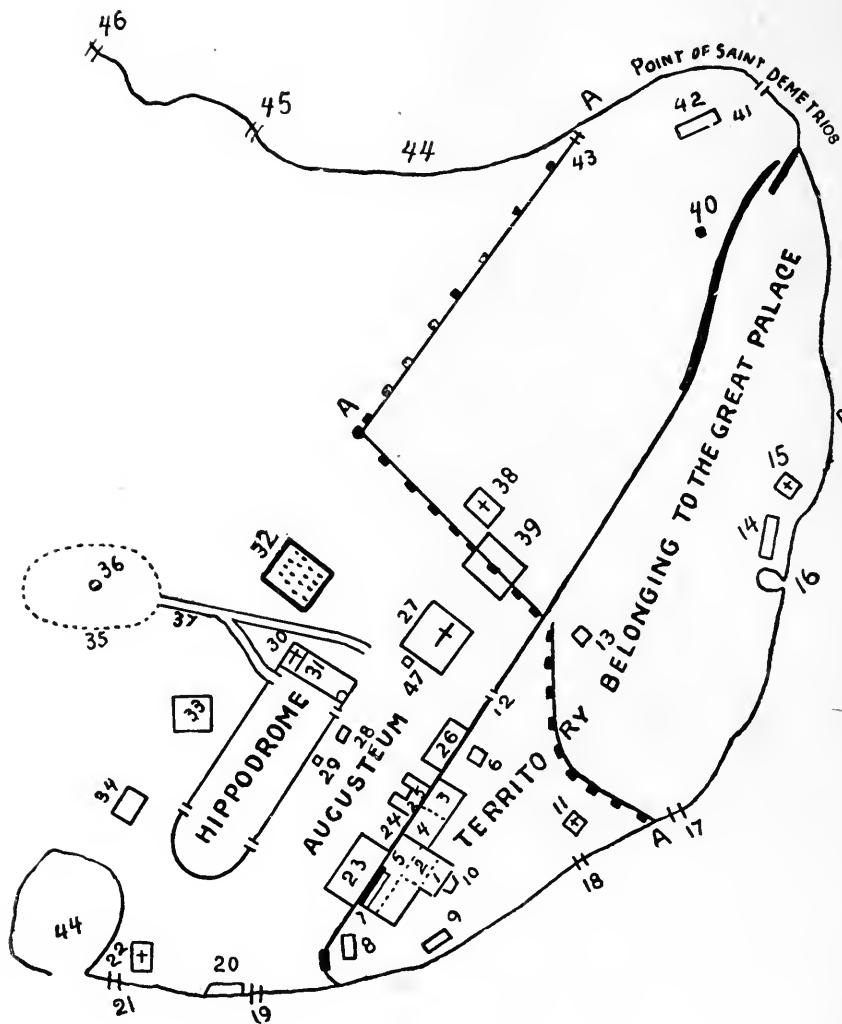
Ten other less important forums might be mentioned.

THE EASTERN SECTION OF MEDIÆVAL CONSTANTINOPLE

EXPLANATION OF THE CHART

1 to 18	The Great Palace and its Dependencies	25	The Senate House
1	The Chrysotriklinon	26	The Palace of the Patriarch
2	The Triconchon	27	Sancta Sophia
3	The Chalke	28	The Milion
4	The Daphne	29	The Statue of Justinian I the Great
5	The Open and Covered Hippodromes of the Palace	30	The Church of Saint Stephen
6	The Manavra	31	The Palace of the Kathisma
7	The Noumera	32	The Basilike or Royal Cistern
8	The Pentakoubouklon	33	The Cistern of Philoxenos
9	The Porphyry Palace	34	The Church of Saint Anastasia
10	The Pharos	35	The Forum of Constantine I the Great
11	The Monastery of the Holy Virgin the Odeghetria	36	The Column of Constantine I the Great
12	The Basilike Pyle or Royal Gate	37	The Triumphal Way
13	The Aetos or Eagle	38	The Church of Saint Irene
14	The Palace of Boucoleon	39	The Hospital of Samson
15	The Church of the Saviour	40	The Column of Theodosius I the Great
16	The Harbor of Boucoleon	41	The Gate of Saint Barbara
17	The Gate of Michael the Protovestuary	42	The Mangana
18	The Gate of the Odeghetria	43	The Gate of Eugenius
19	The Iron Gate	44	The Neoria
20	The Palace of Justinian	45	The Gate of the Neorion
21	The Gate of the Lion	46	The Gate of Perama, or the Crossing
22	The Church of Saints Sergius and Bacchus	47	The Baptistry of Sancta Sophia
23	The Baths of Xeuxippos		A A A A Territory in 1468 included in the Seraglio
24	The Monothyros or Portal		

THE GOLDEN HORN



THE BOSPHORUS

THE MARMORA

An absolute essential in all topographical study is that it be prosecuted by the investigator on the ground he describes. Otherwise he is almost certain to ignore differences in elevation or accessibility, to miss some ancient ruin or landmark which may serve as an unerring guide, and to create distances which do not exist, or to disregard those which do. The otherwise scholarly and careful work of M. Jules Labarte on "Le palais impérial de Constantinople et ses abords, le Forum Augustæum et l'Hippodrome, tels qu'ils existaient au dixième siècle" (Paris, 1861), affords a striking illustration of this truth.

M. Labarte never visited Constantinople. Consequently, though learned and conscientious, he commits errors which an intelligent walk across the Atmeïdan would have prevented, and which vitiate his entire work. For example, he says, "The obelisque of granite and the obelisque of stone, which give us the direction of the grand axis of the Hippodrome, are, with the serpent column, the *only existing vestiges* of the Hippodrome." Thus he shows himself unaware of the enormous, still preserved foundations of the sphendone, which give both the southern limit and the exact breadth of the Hippodrome. Hence, in estimating its width, he makes an error of about two hundred feet.

A still greater mistake — one which destroys the value of much which he says concerning the situation of the Augustæum and the Great Palace — is that he reckons the grand axis of the Hippodrome as six hundred and seventy-three feet distant from the nearest parallel side of Sancta Sophia, an exaggeration of over four hundred feet. On this four hundred feet of distance gained on paper as width and of indefinite length, but non-existent in fact, depends his localization of the Augustæum and of the Great Palace. The buildings, assigned by him and his disciples to those non-existent feet, are built literally upon the air. Yet, till the *Bυζαντινὰ Ἀνάκτορα*, "The Byzantine Palaces," of Dr Paspatis appeared in 1886, the treatise of M. Labarte was the chief and almost the only authority on the subject.

I do not claim absolute accuracy for the accompanying chart. It very largely corresponds with the map drawn by Dr Paspatis, with whom it was my privilege many times to go over the locality. It answers the descriptions of the Byzantine authors. The probability of its exactness is fortified by various mediæval remains still visible, — some hidden in Turkish gardens and in the foundations and even the cellars of Turkish houses, several of which I think no Europeans have seen except Dr Paspatis and myself. It conforms, moreover, to every physical requirement of the ground.

THE PALACES

No less than thirty-seven palaces can be enumerated, erected, or inhabited by members of the imperial family. All, even the Palace of Blachernai, were dwarfed in immensity and importance by the Mega Palation, or Great Palace. This was a sort of Byzantine Kremlin. It spread over an enormous area; was built by many sovereigns at different periods, through a duration of over eight hundred years, and consisted of residences, churches, porticos, offices, barracks, baths, and gardens: the whole agglomeration was surrounded by massive parapeted walls, which were further fortified by towers. In its entirety, the three ideas of habitation, devotion, and defence seemed equally blended.

The Great Palace proper—that is, the main central edifice—was begun by Constantine, and was his favorite residence. Justinian and subsequent emperors enlarged and embellished the original structure. Few of its edifices were included in the modern grounds of the Seraglio, to which its gardens were little inferior in extent, but reached in irregular succession farther south to the Marmora.

The Great Palace comprised two classes of buildings,—palaces so connected by covered passages as to form practically one architectural whole, to which the name “the Palace” was properly applied, and palaces standing isolated and distinct.

The former, composed of three main parts,—Chrysotriklinon, Trikonchon, and Daphne,—was often called, in the reverent language of the Greeks, the “Sacred,” or “God-guarded Palace.” Imagination, rather than description, must set forth the gorgeousness and magnificence of

structures wherein all the arts united to exalt and magnify imperial power. In the endless succession of those vast chambers and halls, all glittering with gold, mosaic, and rarest marble, it seemed as if human resource and invention could achieve nothing more in overpowering gorgeousness and splendor.

The Chrysotriklinon, or Golden Hall, was erected by Justin II in 570. Here was the imperial throne shaded by the tree of solid gold, devised by the Emperor Theophilos. Entering through silver doors, ambassadors and foreign princes here beheld the most minute and brilliant ceremonial observed at any court. It is to this palace that Constantine VIII Porphyrogenitus constantly refers in his prolix descriptions of Byzantine etiquette. The Trikonchon — the work of Theophilos in 839 — was named from its three spreading apses, wherein were ranged elaborate columns of Roman marble. With it were connected the chambers of the Sigma, — a pavilion rather than a palace, — with its roof everywhere upheld by marble pillars. The Daphne was a mass of heterogeneous buildings, all constructed by Constantine and restored by Justinian after the Revolt of the Nika. It derived its name from a diviner's column, brought thither from a grove of Daphne or Apollo, where it had been formerly worshipped. In these apartments the sovereign was always robed and crowned before participating in the great solemnities. All these edifices were situated south-east of the Augustæum, and south of Sancta Sophia, their sites being partly included in the yard of the Mosque of Sultan Achmet.

The isolated or disconnected palaces were numerous. The Chalke, or the Brazen, built by Zeno in 479, and soon after restored by Anastasios I, was so called from the

brass plates covering its roof. It is constantly on the lips of the Byzantine authors. A vast vestibule, or portal, rather than a residence, it gave access to the Augustæum. On its eastern door was the long-wrangled-over picture of Christ, which Leo III destroyed. Thereupon a riot broke out, and many people were killed. Then Leo replaced it by a cross. Irene afterwards consecrated on the door a Christ in mosaic, which Leo V, the Armenian, bade his followers tear down and destroy, and which, under Theodora, the paralytic artist, Leo, in 842 miraculously restored. The veil, drawn before this mosaic picture, was believed to have cured Alexios I Komnenos in a sickness otherwise fatal. The Chalke, despite all its glitter and its imperial memories, in the thirteenth century was converted into a prison.

Farther north was the Palace of Manavra, ranking next to the Chrysotriklinon, built by Constantine, and rebuilt by Leo VI. From its balcony annually, on the first Monday in Lent, the Emperor addressed the people, and exhorted them to keep the Fast. Still farther north was the Eagle Palace, fancifully named from its elevated or eyried situation inside the present Seraglio grounds, near the site of the Bab-i-Humayoun. Basil I was its founder.

Most remote and most northern of all was the Palace of Boucoleon, *bucca leonis*, the Lion's Mouth, lying along the seashore, over three hundred feet in length and sixty broad. It is of unfrequent mention before the time of Nikephoros II Phokas. He restored it on an imposing scale in 969, and sought by massive walls to render it impregnable. But the first night he slept therein in fancied security he was murdered by John Zimiskes and other conspirators, whom, at the instigation of his wife, traitorous maid-servants drew up in baskets over the wall.

When the Latin Crusaders sacked Constantinople, they found in this palace, according to the naïve expression of Villehardouin, "the most beautiful women in the world," who had fled there for refuge. The harbor of Boucoleon, with its imperial landing-place, guarded by marble lions, was farther south.

The rectangular Porphyry Palace, with its pyramidal roof, was more southward still. The rich red porphyry covering its walls and floors had been brought from Rome. It was sacred to imperial motherhood. Built by Constantine, he ordered by special decree that there the empresses, free from the responsibilities and tedium of the Sacred Palace, might in peace bring forth their offspring. All born in its august seclusion were called Porphyrogeniti.

The Pentakoubouklon, close by, is memorable for its churches of Saint Barbara, erected by Leo VI, and of Saint Paul, built by Basil I, both painted by the artist hand of Constantine VIII Porphyrogenitus. The oft-referred-to Noumera was not a palace, but a prison. The solid Byzantine arches still visible in the Ottoman quarter of Ak Buyouk Mahalleh were doubtless part of its foundations. Close to the Chrysotriklinon, towards the south, was the Pharos, whose ruins are identified in the great mass of stone and mortar west of Achor Kapou. The palaces were generally vaulted, built of stone or marble, usually but one story high, and covered with brazen plates or leaden roofs.

The twenty-eight churches and chapels included might well satisfy all the needs of imperial piety. Their clergy were subordinate to the Protopappas, or High Priest of the Palace. The imperial family usually worshipped in the Church of the Holy Virgin at the Pharos. The Church

of the Saviour Christ in the Chalke was erected by John I Zimiskes, and was his mausoleum. The Church of the Holy Virgin of Boucoleon possessed several highly revered relics, supposed to be connected with the Passion : they were all carried to France in 1234. The most splendid of all these churches was the New Church of Jesus Christ, erected by Basil I, and still further embellished by Isaac Angelos. To it were brought the exquisitely wrought bronze doors which had been the chief ornament of Constantine's Forum.

The Latin emperors resided alternately at the Palace of Blachernai and the Palace of Boucoleon, neglecting all the rest of the Great Palace. It was almost abandoned, and was rarely visited by their successors, the Palaiologoi. Its stately edifices fell in successive ruin, and were seldom restored. Sultan Mohammed II, on his triumphal entry, came hither direct from Sancta Sophia. Awed by the stillness and desolation, he repeated the distich of the Persian poet Saadi :—

“The spider is the curtain-holder in the Palace of the Cæsars :
The owl hoots its night-call on the Towers of Aphrasia.”

The Ottomans built its scattered remnants into the walls and kiosks of the Seraglio. A few nameless, formless, disconnected heaps of masonry are the sole vestiges of the resplendent, the “God-guarded Palace.”

While the Great Palace tumbled to destruction, the Palace of Blachernai, in the distant northwest corner of the city, centred the latter-day glories and miseries of the imperial Byzantine family. During the last four centuries of the Empire it was the residence of the Dukas, Komnenos, Angelos, and Palaiologos dynasties. The meaning of the name Blachernai is a mystery. Beginning

in a tiny church founded in the fifth century outside the walls by the Empress Pulcheria, to which a summer-house was added by Anastasius I, the group of edifices constantly enlarged during six hundred years. For its protection Heraklios constructed the lofty wall with monstrous towers, which reaches from Tekour Seraï to the Golden Horn. It monopolized the entire northern portion of the city, and even the bridge spanning the Golden Horn was the Bridge of the Blachernai. Apparently impregnable in its overawing strength, the name "Palace" was disregarded, and the whole was called "the Fortress," or "the Bulwark of the Blachernai." Manuel Komnenos greatly increased its size, and so lavishly embellished its walls with mosaic pictures of his martial exploits that the patient Jewish traveller, Benjamin of Toledo, in 1173, finding one face everywhere, reckoned Manuel its founder. Isaac Angelos, with superfluous vigilance, still further fortified its front with the castle-like tower which bears his name.

This palace is frequently referred to by the historians of the Crusades. Greek astuteness and Western chivalry fought their unequal duel beneath its roof. Here, in his march towards the Holy Land, Peter the Hermit received from the hands of Alexios I Komnenos two hundred and twenty gold byzants for himself and a smaller gratuity for each man in his host. Here, one year later, Godfrey of Bouillon and the intrepid chieftains of the First Crusade paid homage to the same monarch for their prospective conquests. Says Albert d'Aix, "Kneeling down, bending their bodies, they kissed the hand of that glorious and puissant Emperor." Here the avaricious Bohemond of Tarentum acquired what to him was worth more than glory. To him was "shown a room heaped with most

precious things,—gold, silver plate, silks, and everything that was costly; then when he cried, ‘How many cities and kingdoms might I not conquer with this wealth!’ the Emperor bestowed all these treasures upon Bohemond.” From this palace in 1203 the usurper Alexios III Angelos, trembling, watched the first attack of the Fourth Crusade; in one of its dark subterranean chambers his successor, the boy Alexios IV, was murdered.

The Latin emperors revelled in its halls more than half a century, and when at last expelled, they left the palace in so foul a state that “its cleansing was a mighty work.” It was the scene and centre of the unnatural rivalry of the aged Andronikos II and his grandson Andronikos III; when the latter won and the septuagenarian sovereign was driven out, herds of horses, asses, and oxen, and flocks of poultry were chased in derision through the spacious rooms, and washerwomen plied their craft in the Imperial Fountain in the palace court. Here were held in 1351 sessions of that supplementary Council which wrangled over the heresy of Balaam and the uncreated light of Tabor, thereby in a later age affording point for the sharpened satire of Gibbon. Here—overmastering association of all—were the headquarters of the ill-fated Constantine all through the final siege.

Numerous disconnected masses of stone and mortar, half buried in Ottoman gardens, or built into the foundations of Ottoman houses, enable one with partial accuracy to trace the general outline and extent of the palace fortifications. We know that the Grand Gate, which afforded access through the outer wall, stood not far from the still cherished Ayasma of the Blachernai. The neighbouring uncouth stone structure, now surmounted by a dilapidated dome, may, as is commonly believed, have had some

connection with the Blachern public bath. The venerable plane-tree, to this day vigorous and majestic, outside the gate of Aïvaz Effendi Djami, must, four hundred and fifty years ago, have shaded some portion of the palace with its widespread arms. The time-swept site is now difficult of access, so suspicious of every stranger are the present fanatical inhabitants of the region. But of that imperial dwelling, whose splendor dazzled the Crusaders and swelled the pride of the Byzantines, a single undoubted relic is left,—the sinuous, repulsive shape of one of its larger drains.

THE CHURCHES

CONSTANTINOPLE was pre-eminently a city of churches. With pious faith the modern Greek consecrates in every house a chamber or an alcove for devotion. In like manner his Byzantine ancestors set up a sanctuary in every spot, beautiful for situation, wherever there were worshippers to come. Paspatis gives the names of three hundred and ninety-two; Du Cange enumerates four hundred and twenty-eight, and Gedeon four hundred and sixty-three. Twenty-four were dedicated to some attribute of the Deity; sixty-four to the Holy Virgin; twenty-two to archangels; eighteen to Saint John the Baptist; nine to prophets; thirty-five to apostles; one hundred and fifty-five to other saints and martyrs; ninety-five were connected with monasteries.

Without peer or rival in material grandeur or varied association was *Sancta Sophia*, whose hallowed pile is preserved to this day.

Second in rank, size, and magnificence, was the Church of the Holy Apostles, which Manasses quaintly calls “the

silver-lighted moon among the churches, second only to the lustrous sun of *Sancta Sophia*." It was the creation of Constantine, dedicated by him to the Holy Trinity. When, thirty years later, remains regarded as those of Saints Timothy, Andrew, and Luke, were enshrined under its altar, it was henceforth called Church of the Holy Apostles. Superstitious reverence believed that among its opulence of relics were the body of Saint Matthias, some garments of the Apostles, the head of James the Lord's brother, the hand of Saint Euphemia; later still were added the undoubted remains of the patriarchs Saint John Chrysostom, Gregory the Theologian, Flavian, and Methodios the Confessor. It was rich no less in diamonds, gems, and imperial crowns; its sacred vessels of gold and silver were almost countless, and only the rarest and most costly materials were employed in its construction.

The earthquake, the mediæval scourge of Constantinople, threw it down. Its restoration in the form of a cross was at once begun by Theodora, who did not live, however, to witness its re-consecration. In its prodigious dome, vast but windowless, it somewhat resembled *Sancta Sophia*. Its roof, rising high in form of a pyramid, was sheathed in glittering plates of brass. Justin II and Basil I sought to enrich and embellish it still more, and it was again magnificently restored by Andronikos II. When the Conqueror devoted *Sancta Sophia* to Islam, he granted the Holy Apostles to the Christians as their Patriarchal Church. In 1456 the corpse of a murdered Ottoman was found lying across the threshold. In terror the Christians sought and obtained permission to transfer the Patriarchal See to the humble monastic Church of Pammakaristos. When Mohammed II determined upon the erection of his Mosque, he demolished the abandoned

church. Not the slightest remains of it now exist, while on its site rise the austere minarets of the Conqueror.

Its old-time prominence must be sought neither in its sacred character as a sanctuary, nor in its architectural grandeur. From its origin it was the imperial mausoleum. By special enactments the Emperors Valentinian, Gratian, and Theodosius I forbade that any save Patriarchs and members of the imperial household should be buried in its jealous precincts. The later rulers respected these early edicts; for almost nine hundred years its sepulchral chambers were reserved to the sovereign and the pontiff. In less than two centuries the mortuary chapel or Heroon of Constantine near the entrance was so crowded with the exalted dead that another was required. This was erected by Justinian, and called by his name.

The careful historian, who in the eleventh century wrote under the name of *Anonymos*, has handed down with minute particularity a list of the imperial dead who up to his day had been gathered within its walls; he has moreover given a brief description of the sarcophagus of each sceptred tenant. These sarcophagi were placed on stands a little distance above the floor. The Byzantine citizen was free to enter these Heroons and to wander among his sleeping sovereigns, separated from one another and from him only by the thin walls of their marble coffins. It may be doubted whether so many crowned corpses, representing so long duration and so much influence on human destiny, have ever elsewhere been grouped in the intimacy of any other mausoleum in Europe. As the visitor trod the pavement he might reconstitute his national Byzantine history from its imperial origin. Some with a right to sleep in that high company were absent; but they who had most shaped their Empire's erratic course, Christian,

apostate, iconoclast, image worshipper, devotee or debauchee, alike were there. Robed and crowned, Constantine, Theodosius, Justinian, Heraklios, Basil ; the imperial

consorts and saints, Helena, Pulcheria, Theophano ; and other imperial wives though unsaintly, Theodora, Sophia, Eudoxia, were shut only by the narrow coffin-rim from the gaze of the visitor and of the world. Yet even in the democracy of death creed was not forgotten. Close together, but a space apart from the orthodox sleepers, were grouped, as if eternally abhorred, the coffins of Julian and of the four Arian emperors. Time cannot hush the voice of religious rancor. Even the historian Anonymos, elsewhere so dignified and calm, when describing the sarcophagus wherein lay the last kinsman of Constantine and the pupil of the Academy,

exclaims, "In this was placed the execrable carcass of Julian the Apostate."

The successive emperors generally preserved the ashes of their predecessors from profanation. The infamous Michael III, however, burned in the Hippodrome the bones of Constantine V Koprronymos, and converted his sarcoph-



BASIL II BULGAROKTONOS

gus into lime, which was afterward employed in the ordinary uses of the palace. During the reign of Alexios III Angelos, many of the sarcophagi were broken open and robbed, presumably by the sovereign's order and for his financial benefit. Still, till 1204 most of the dead emperors reposed in peace. That year the Latin Crusaders, after their conquest, with sacrilegious greed stripped all the dead bones of every ornament and cast them into the street. The historian Niketas Choniates, who was then alive, states that the remains of Justinian the Great were found in almost perfect preservation, though he had been dead six hundred and thirty-nine years.

To-day various imperial sarcophagi are scattered in different parts of the city. Broken and empty, their history has vanished like the ashes they contained; and, despite all the details of Anonymos, not one can be identified with certainty.

The Church of the Holy Virgin of the Blachernai held a peculiar and distinctive place in Byzantine life. It was indeed always eclipsed by the peerless cathedral Sancta Sophia, and was outshone in splendor and sanctity by the Church of the Holy Apostles. But in later popularity and magnificence it shared the brilliant destiny of the Blachern quarter. Nor was it a mere companion or dependence of royal fortunes. Here the palace was the result or child of the sanctuary. The former sprang from the latter, and grew around it as a focal centre. The rural, fifth-century church of Pulcheria, like a magnet, caused to cluster about itself through six hundred years cottages and fortresses, and at last the official imperial residence. Even before the First Crusade, the Great Palace of Constantine had begun to fall into ruin and oblivion, being gradually deserted for its newer and more pretentious rival.

After the definite removal hither of the imperial abode, and throughout the last four and a half centuries of the Empire, the Church of the Blachernai was the temple wherein the sovereign and his court offered their stately worship.

The original church of Pulcheria had been enlarged and magnificently decorated by Justin I, the uncle of Justinian the Great. Burned in the eleventh century, it had been rebuilt by Romanos III Argyros on a scale commensurate with the pageantry of imperial devotion. Its gorgeousness was in keeping with its rank, and with the ritual of that ancient church which has always sought to astound and bewilder the eye. One mediæval author wrote, "The Church of the Blachernai is as much more resplendent than all other churches as is the sun superior to all the other lights of heaven."

Here was kept the robe of the Holy Virgin, for the preservation of which the patricians Galbius and Candidus, in 459, had erected their massive and still standing church. In the same sacristy was revered the Virgin's mantle, which, in Byzantine belief, a constant miracle protected against natural decay, and which likewise rendered invulnerable whoever put it on. It was the sole breastplate of Romanos I Lekapenos in 926, and to its supernatural agency he attributed his escape from harm in his desperate wars with Simeon, King of the Bulgarians. The church was thronged with an unceasing crowd, eager to pay their homage to these relics; in consequence, its fame and wealth enormously increased. Even the day on which the sacred garments were confided to its keeping was commemorated by an annual and solemn festival. So large was the edifice that its services taxed to the utmost its seventy-four priests, deacons, deaconesses, and chanters.

In the edifice of Justin, Constantine V Kopronymos

held the last session of his Council in 754, and was greeted at its conclusion by his followers' enthusiastic shout, "To-day safety to the world, because thou, O Emperor, hast delivered mankind from idols!"

Long before the Blachern quarter had become the recognized chief residence of the sovereign, three times a year the Patriarch came hither to officiate at its altar, and the Emperor, Senate, and Court assembled beneath its roof to participate in the liturgy. Even the manner in which the monarch and the pontiff should issue from their palaces, and the route their processions should follow across the city, and the hour of their arrival, and the particulars of their reception, were prescribed with minute and inflexible details. All the subsequent ceremonies, both ecclesiastical and imperial, were as solemn and awe-inspiring as piety and trained invention could devise. The whole was terminated in a characteristic Byzantine way. Closely connected with the church was the chapel of the Ayasma, or Holy Fountain. When the official religious service in the larger sanctuary was concluded, the Emperor entered an adjacent chamber, and was there entirely disrobed by the eunuchs, who then wrapped around him the lention, or gilded tunic. Forthwith he descended to the chapel and prayed before the icons. On completion of his prayer, he bathed in the fountain, and was robed by his chamberlains in readiness for departure.

As he descended the church steps, he was met by twelve water-carriers who had been selected by the master of ceremonies, and to each of whom he gave two pieces of gold, "always received with ecstasy."

In 1434 some young nobles, while chasing pet pigeons which had flown into the church, accidentally set it on fire, and it was utterly consumed. The destruction of this

guardian sanctuary seemed, in the minds of the people, to presage that dire calamity to the Empire which was in store. In the universal penury, it was impossible to rebuild the church. At the Conquest, nineteen years afterwards, its site and all the neighboring territory were divided among the conquerors. Not a single vestige was visible in the following century. A hundred years ago



HOLY FOUNTAIN OF THE BLACHERNAI

the locality was occupied by gypsies who had abandoned their nomadic habits. But the water always flowed in the unfailing ayasma, and the owner of the spot derived a generous income from Christians who paid for the privilege of coming there to pray. Finally, the guild of the furriers, at large expense, purchased the adjacent ground. They endeavored to erect a tiny church, which should be the exact counterpart of the Chapel of the Ayasma. In digging for the foundations, they discovered a portion of the ancient porphyry floor.

From the street one can now enter the grounds, which are of small extent but scrupulously kept. On the left, close to the gate, is a shapeless mass of mediæval masonry which formed part of the ancient church. Still farther within is the simple modern chapel, preceded by a narrow narthex. Descending a few steps into the sanctuary proper and turning to the left, one pauses before the Ayasma. Pictured on the wall, in colossal proportions, the benignant Virgin, always beautiful and always with the child Saviour in her arms, looks down upon the gazer. Under one's feet is the rescued pavement which in other days so many suppliants trod. This is the very spot where the Byzantine emperors, with strange mingling of exalted pomp and profound humility, performed their devotions.

THE HIPPODROME

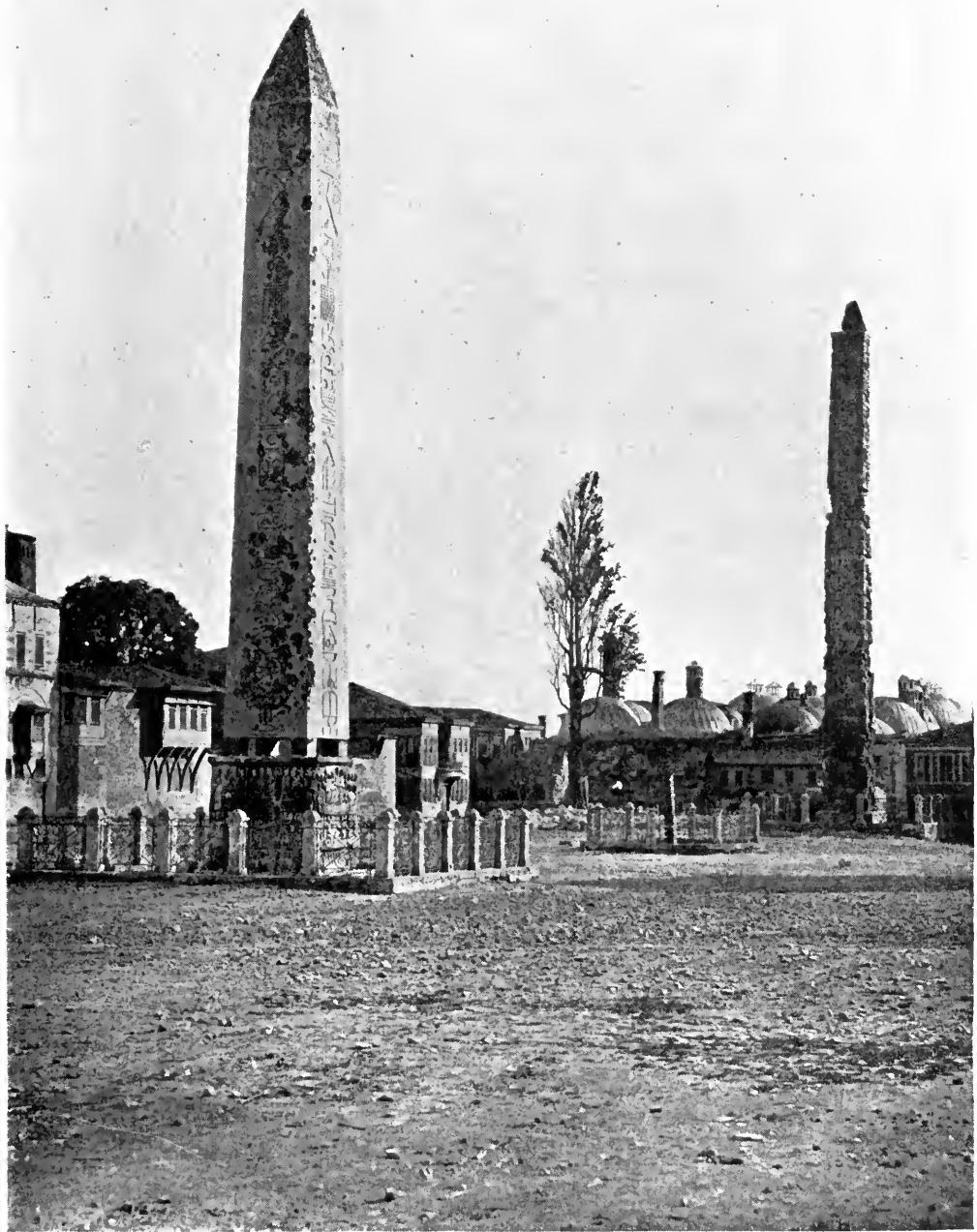
THE Atmeïdan is a plain familiar to every résident of Constantinople. It stretches southward on the left hand of the main highway just beyond Sancta Sophia. On its eastern side looms up the six-minaretted Mosque of Sultan Achmet. Three monuments, an Egyptian obelisk, a broken, twisted serpent, and a crumbling pillar built of stone, stand along its central line like tombstones in the graveyard of a dead past. The name Atmeïdan is the Turkish translation of the Greek Hippodromos,—in English Hippodrome,—an edifice that occupied the same spot, and embraced in all a territory two and three-fourths times as large as the present Atmeïdan.

The Hippodrome of Constantinople was world renowned. By its vastness it dwarfed every other building, not only in Constantinople but throughout the Roman East. Its

direction determined that of every other edifice in its vicinity. It shaped the form of the Augustæum ; compelled the Great Palace to lie parallel to its side ; forced inflexible Orthodoxy to incline the wall of its holiest cathedral so that its nave should run perpendicular to the Hippodrome, and not, as in every Eastern church, from west to east. Its immense area and stupendous proportions were in keeping with its relative importance in the political and social life of the city. Well does Rambaud exclaim, “The axis of the Hippodrome was the pivot round which revolved all the Byzantine world.”

Not only was it axis, pivot, centre, of the circle, but it was circumference as well. It bounded all and included all. Not in forum, bath, palace, or church, but in the Hippodrome, ancient Constantinople is to be sought, — its individuality, its peculiarity, its eccentricity, all its unrestrained, seething, tumultuous life. The entire tragedy and comedy of politics was there enacted ; all human passion there had unbridled sway ; the veil, worn by the Byzantine at every other hour and spot, was there thrown aside, and the populace, capable of the highest and the lowest, and by turns achieving both, revealed itself and wrote its record as nowhere else.

In striving to recreate the Hippodrome in its wide extent ; to reconstruct its walls and gates and ranges of marble seats ; to re-array its precious statues and works of art ; to populate it once again with the men and factions that thronged its benches, and to re-enact some of the scenes which have there had place, a larger end is sought than the resurrection of a monument, however mighty, of which even the ruins have perished. Its description merits and demands long narration and minute



THE THREE EXISTING MONUMENTS OF THE HIPPODROME

detail. Thus can we best resuscitate the Constantinople of long ago.

The erection of the Hippodrome was begun by the Emperor Severus in 203, when he was seeking to call again into existence that city which six years before he had ruthlessly destroyed. He traced the entire outline and laid most of its foundations, and even completed the Sphendone, or semi-circular portion, on the south.

Since there existed in the vicinity of Byzantium no level ground of adequate extent to serve as an arena, arches had to be constructed to the height of sixty feet, that on them the foundations of the Sphendone might be placed. This task had been completed, and thereon Severus had begun to raise the southern walls and to adjust the marble benches, when he was called away to quell an insurrection in Britain.

The Hippodrome remained unfinished and neglected more than a hundred years. Then Constantine, determining to make Byzantium the capital of the world, pressed on its completion with restless energy. It was inaugurated with the utmost pomp by the Emperor in the presence of the court, senate, army, and nation, on May 11, 330, the natal day of Constantinople, the dedicatory rites of which were mainly celebrated in the Hippodrome. The public squares were studded with the accumulated art treasures of the Empire; but it was the Hippodrome which afforded the most imposing stage for their display, and which was the most lavishly adorned. An art collection equally rich and varied the world has never elsewhere beheld, before or since. Along the promenade and podium, through the passages, on the stretch of the spina,—everywhere the most delicate carvings and chiselings, the most perfect and renowned statues of antiquity

then existing, fired the beholder's admiration and bewildered his gaze. Nor were those larger creations wanting which overwhelm rather than delight.

The names and subjects of many wonders gathered in the Hippodrome we know, though but a small proportion of the entire number. The following are a few of the more famous: The Brazen Eagle, with outspread wings, that seemed to fly, clutching a serpent in its talons,—in after years invested by vulgar credulity with the power of expelling serpents from the city; the Giant Maiden, holding in her right hand a life-sized armed horseman, seated on his steed,—the whole so perfectly poised that horse and rider had for sole support the maiden's hand; the Poisoned Bull, dying in torment, while one half listened for the death-roar; the She Wolf and Hyena, brought from Antioch; the Brazen Ass and its Driver (this was the original,—the Emperor Augustus had deemed a copy of it a worthy votive offering to set up in Nicopolis in commemoration of his decisive victory at Actium over Mark Antony); the Calydonian Boar that gnashed its tuskless mouth; the Helen of Paris and Menelaus, so fatally fair that one on beholding no longer wondered at the Trojan War; eight Sphinxes, propounding the world's enigmas according to the conception and form of various lands; the God of Wealth, not as the Greek or Roman master but as the Arabian artist conceived him; the Enraged Elephant, so monstrous and grotesque that children trembled at its bulk but laughed at its rage; the Wounded Hero struggling with a Lion, so realistic that at first glance many thought the hero a living man; the Hercules, disarmed and sorrowing, the bronze masterpiece of Lysippus, of so colossal size that a man of ordinary height reached only to the knee.

The most widely known in subsequent history, though by no means the most beautiful or admirable, were four gilded Steeds of Corinthian brass, perhaps the work of Lysippus, which had first fronted a temple in Corinth. Thence in 146 b. c. Mummius brought them to Rome to adorn the Square of the Senate; later they crowned the Arch of Nero and of Trajan, whence they were brought by Constantine to Constantinople. In 1204 they were sent to Venice by the robber chieftains of the Fourth Crusade as part of their plunder. The victories of Napoleon carried them to Paris to surmount the Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel. Since 1815 they stand as guardians over the main entrance to the Venetian Cathedral of Saint Mark.

During the seven hundred succeeding years additions of groups and single statues were constantly made. At last, in the twelfth century, one historian, and an eye-witness, exclaims, "There are as many heroes, emperors, gods, along the seats of the Hippodrome as there are living men." But the later contributions added rather to the sculptured populousness than to the real adornment of the Hippodrome. It became a walhalla of famous and heroic, even of common forms, rather than an assemblage of ideal creations exquisite to the eye. Emperors, patriarchs, martyrs, saints, generals, patricians, women famous for their beauty, rank, or virtue, successful charioteers, physicians, teachers, lawyers, philosophers, dwarfs of most wrinkled face or most stunted stature, and eunuchs of widest influence, were immortalized in bronze or marble likeness in the strange assembly.

To ascertain the Hippodrome's dimensions certain sure indications exist. From the Egyptian obelisk, still in its former place in the centre, to the still remaining Sphendone, or the extreme southern limit,—that is, just one-half

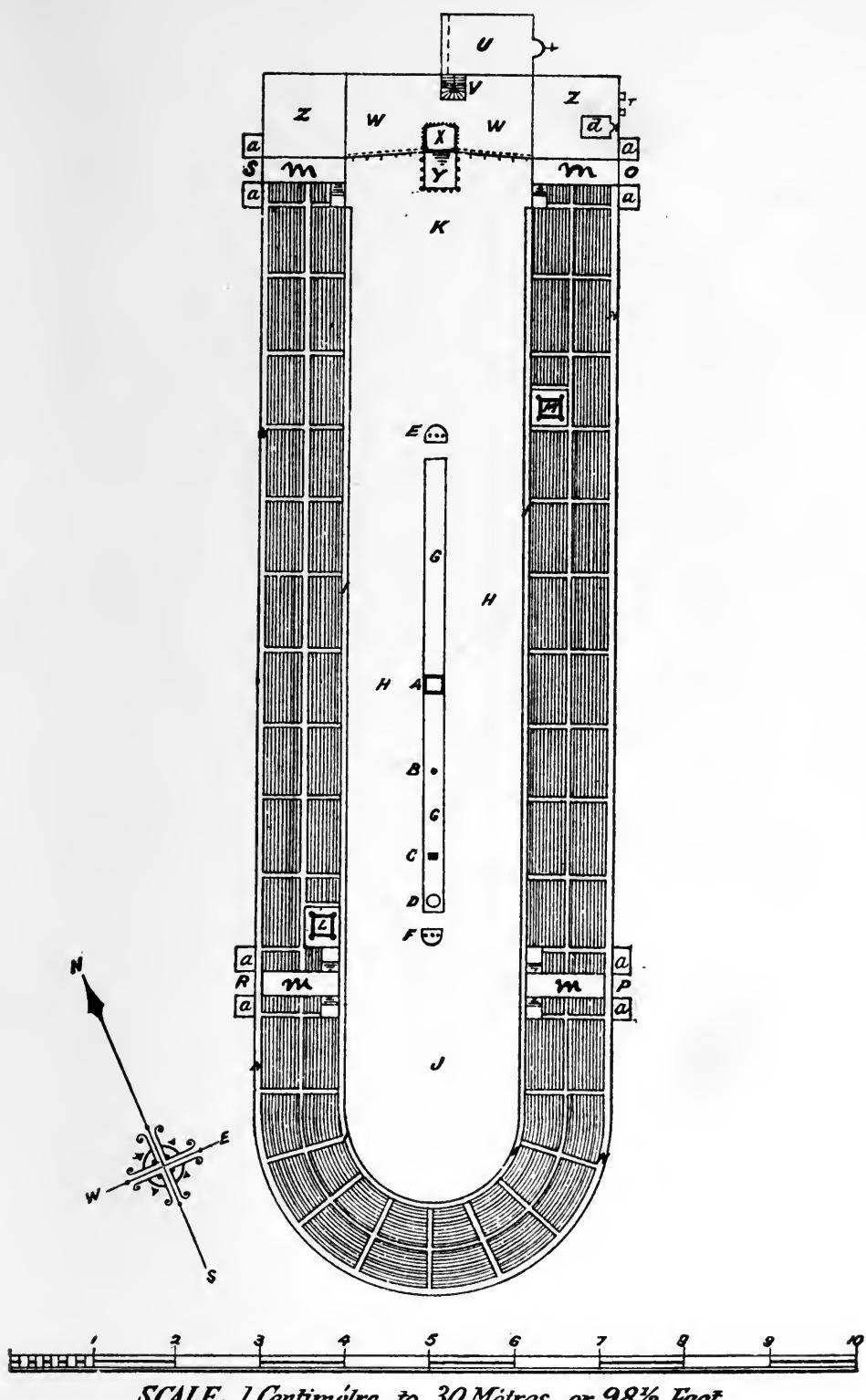
the length,—is six hundred and ninety-one feet. The width of the Sphendone, three hundred and ninety-five feet, is the ancient width of the Hippodrome. Hence the stupendous structure was about fourteen hundred by four hundred feet. Its length was three and a half times its breadth, the exact proportions of the Circus Maximus at Rome. Hence the entire area occupied five hundred and thirty-five thousand eight hundred and sixty-six square feet, or twelve and three-tenths acres. Its direction was north northeast, deviating thus twenty-two and a half degrees from a due north and south line.

The internal arrangement and appearance of the Hippodrome is made much clearer by the accompanying chart. This chart is not a copy of some plan found elsewhere. In fact, no plan of the Hippodrome that I have anywhere seen, answers, in my opinion, to the requirements of the Byzantine authors, or to the picture which my study of the subject has gradually traced in my mind.

A lengthy structure, reaching almost perpendicularly across, terminated the Hippodrome on the north. The first or ground floor of this edifice afforded a spacious magazine of whatever appertained to the games. Here were the colonnaded porticos which the Romans called Carceres and the Greeks Mangana. Here were the apartments of the attendants and servants, the storehouses of the chariots, the stalls of the horses. Here, too, was an arsenal, ever furnished with weapons and machines of war. All this space was separated from the arena, not by a wall, but by pillars with latticed gates. Before each race the eager populace could discern, through this grilled gateway, the pawing steeds and their impatient drivers. By the outer Gate of Decimus persons entered the ground story, passing on the left the tiny church or oratory where before each contest the champions prayed.

EXPLANATION OF PLAN OF THE HIPPODROME

- A* . . Obelisk, centre of H.
- B* . . Serpent of Delphi.
- C* . . Built Column.
- D* . . Phiale.
- E* . . Goal of Blues.
- F* . . Goal of Greens.
- III in *E* and *F* . . Small Obelisks.
- G* . . Spina.
- H* . . Arena.
- I* . . Euripos.
- J* . . Place of execution in Arena.
- K* . . Part of Arena called Stama.
- |||| in *K* . . Twelve gateways of the Mangana.
- L* . . Tetrakion.
- M* . . Lodge of Judges.
- N* . . Promenade.
- O* . . Gate of Greens.
- P* . . Gate of the Dead.
- R* . . Southwestern Gate.
- S* . . Gate of Blues.
- T* . . Gate of Decimus.
- U* . . Church of Saint Stephen.
- V* . . Spiral Staircase, Kochlias.
- W* . . Palace of Kathisma.
- ||||| in *W* . . Columns separating lodges of Courtiers.
- X* . . Kathisma.
- in *X* . . Throne of Emperor.
- Y* . . The Pi.
- Z* . . Roof over that part of Mangana not under Palace of Kathisma.
- a* . . Towers at Gates.
- d* . . Small Church.
- m* . . Passages leading to Arena and stairways.



PLAN OF THE HIPPODROME

This ground story was about twenty feet in height. On it rested the Palace of the Kathisma, or Tribunal. In its centre, one story higher still, supported by twenty-four marble pillars, rose the Kathisma proper, or platform, from which the palace derived its name. Placed in the very front was the Emperor's throne. On either side the throne favored courtiers were wont to stand, and behind were picked members of the Imperial Guard. On right and left, but in the second story below, were the lodges of the grand dignitaries. Directly in front of the throne, but on a level with the lodges, was a platform raised on pillars, called by the Greeks the Pi, reserved to the standard-bearers and to the Imperial Guard. In the rear, leading up to the throne, were the steps which every high official must ascend before the games in order to prostrate himself at the Emperor's feet.

North of the palace was the Church of Saint Stephen, through which, by a narrow spiral staircase, and never by the public steps, the Emperor ascended to the Kathisma. That secret staircase, which Kodinos calls "dark and gloomy," saw many an assassination and deed of blood. Often the emperors must have shivered as in lonely majesty they passed up those steps which only their crimson-buskinéd feet could tread.

Though the Kathisma seemed rather a tier of lodges, as in a theatre, than a royal residence, it contained a dining-room, bed-chambers, dressing-rooms, and several other apartments,—especially one airy hall wherein the Emperor was robed and crowned. In one of these bed-chambers Michael III was wounded unto death by his successor Basil, and cast, wrapped in a horse's blanket, still breathing, into the Hippodrome on a heap of dung.

There was no direct communication from the arena, or

from the rest of the Hippodrome, with the palace, which was entered only from the north. Nevertheless, in a riot, more than once, the rabble, which could approach no nearer, chased the Emperor from his throne by a shower of stones. This experience befell Maurice, Anastasios II, Theophilos, Romanos I, and Michael V. The Emperor Phokas I threw from the Kathisma handfuls of gold to purchase popular favor. The people gathered up the coins, meanwhile insulting the sovereign upon his seat by every epithet which contempt and hatred could suggest. Justinian the Great once rose upon the throne to make an impassioned plea, but could obtain no hearing from his irreverent subjects, who screamed from forty thousand throats, "Thou liest! Keep quiet, thou donkey!"

During the early period the Empress had her station near that of the Emperor. But Western customs soon yielded to the prejudices of the East. Far down the western side of the Hippodrome, nearly opposite to the Built Column, a gorgeous chamber with latticed windows was erected for the Empress and her retinue. It rested on four porphyry pillars, and was hence called the Tetrakion. Close beside this chamber, during the more solemn festivals, was placed the image of the reigning monarch, crowned with laurel.

The eastern, western, and southern portions of the Hippodrome were occupied by ascending parallel rows of seats and standing-places, appropriated to the spectators according to their degree. The marble benches rested on vaulted brick arches. The lowest range, the widest and most honorable, the Bouleutikon, or Podium, was raised about thirteen feet above the level of the arena, and was surrounded by a polished marble rim nearly three feet high. Behind rose benches, tier on tier. Half-way be-

tween the bottom and top, a broad passage separated the rows below from those above. Around the highest part a spacious promenade made the entire circuit, save that it was shut off by a blank wall from the Palace of the Kathisma. The promenade was without roof or covering, as were the seats in the Sphendone; but over the sides gigantic awnings were stretched to protect the spectators from the sun or rain.

No theatre, no palace, no public building has to-day a promenade so magnificent. Standing forty feet above the ground, protected by a solid marble railing reaching to the breast, the spectator had a spacious avenue two thousand seven hundred and sixty-six feet long in which to walk. Within was all the pomp and pageantry of all possible imperial and popular contest and display. Without, piled high around, were the countless imposing structures "of that city which for more than half a thousand years was the most elegant, the most civilized, almost the only civilized and polished city in the world." Beyond were the Golden Horn, crowded with shipping; the Bosphorus in its winding beauty; the Marmora, studded with islands and fringing the Asiatic coast; the long line of the Arganthonius Mountains and the peaks of the Bithynian Olympus, glittering with eternal snow,—all combining in a panorama which even now no other city of mankind can rival.

In the Hippodrome eighty thousand spectators might find ample room. In the delirium of the race, ease, rank, wealth, office, all was forgotten; no barriers of marble railings, far less of caste, could keep the crowds apart. Treading on one another's feet, raised on one another's shoulders, from podium to promenade close wedged against one another's side, one hundred thousand people in one human mass, fused into a common passion, might

glue their eyes upon the chariot and the goal. The admiring presence of the fairer sex was seldom granted to the charioteer. Behind the jealously guarded windows might sit the Empress in stiff, impassive state, and the Ladies of Honor as seemingly emotionless in her train. But it was deemed indecorous for a woman to frequent the Hippodrome, and, save the imperial company in the Tetrakion, women were seldom present.

Combats of wild beasts or gladiators were most rare. Still, the arena was bounded in imitation of a Roman trench by a narrow walk called the Euripos, which was paved in tesselated stone. When the city was dedicated, this Euripos was piled high with fish and cakes which were thrown among the people in sign of plenty. The southern part of the arena was the place of punishment, and sometimes of execution. Nor was it the traitor and the murderer alone who there met his doom. Byzantios laments that "there took place the bloody deaths of not only magicians, heretics, and apostates, but even of patriarchs and emperors." Martyrs to a truth or a folly there died as sublimely as at Smithfield or Geneva or Madrid. Among the noblest there to meet his doom was Basil, the chief of the Bogomiles.

The Spina was the backbone of the whole hippodromic body. This was a smooth and level wall, four feet high and six hundred and seven feet long, equidistant between the sides of the arena. In a perfect race its circuit was to be made seven times. At the northern end was the Goal of the Blues and at the southern the Goal of the Greens, each separated from the rest of the Spina by a passage equal to the Spina's width. On each goal were three obelisks, standing in a line perpendicular to the direction of the Hippodrome. On the northern goal the

mapparius was to wait, his mappa or handkerchief in his hand, his eye intently fixed on the Director of the Games, ready to give the signal for the furious dash.

At each extremity of the Spina proper was a high narrow framework, surmounted by seven poles. Seven fishes capped the poles of the northern framework, seven eggs that of the south. On completion of each circuit an egg and a fish were removed by an attendant, so that every person present could be sure how many turns still remained to run. The fishes were the emblem of Poseidon, god of the sea and creator of the horse; the eggs, of the twin demi-gods, Castor and Pollux, inventors of the chariot and the first charioteers. Among the pagans these deities were the special patrons of the Circus and the Hippodrome. Though dethroned by a newer faith, their insignia remained. Near the southern end of the Spina was the Phiale, or broad basin of running water, devoted to the victims of accidents. Over it rose an arched canopy, resting on porphyry pillars. Above this canopy a column was built, covered by brazen plates, and upon the column Constantine VI placed the statue of his mother, the Empress Irene.

One ornament of the Spina always called forth open-mouthed wonder; this was the statue of a maiden, life-size as seen from the ground, poised on the top of a Corinthian pillar. Her weight seemed resting on one foot; the other was advanced as if stepping forward, and the long flowing ends of a girdle, the maiden's only raiment, floated out far behind. Without apparent human energy, the airy sprite would face in one direction and another, and strangers marvel, ignorant that the face and form so fair were but the weathervane of the Hippodrome.

Three monuments still remain in place. One may well

rejoice that three, so typical, so distinct, so crowded full, each of its individual association, have survived the ravages of man and time. They are the Egyptian Obelisk, the Built Column of Constantine VIII Porphyrogenitus, and the Serpent of Delphi.

In the Stama — the space between the northern goal and the gateways of the Carceres — wrestlers and acrobats exhibited, and insignificant culprits received there the punishment of their misdemeanors ; there, in sign of contempt, Constantine V Kopronymos caused the Patriarch Anastasios to be publicly flogged.

Four gates, flanked with towers, gave entrance from the city. The northwestern was called the Gate of the Blues, the northeastern of the Greens ; the southeastern bore the sullen title Gate of the Dead ; the southwestern is nameless. On account of the airy height of the Sphendone, there no triumphal gate was possible directly opposite the throne. The grand processions and armies returning in triumph entered therefore by the Gate of the Blues.

Of the vomitories and of the flights of steps which gave access to the rows of seats, not the slightest description has come down.

The external appearance of the Hippodrome was imposing for its vastness and height and even for its beauty. The walls were of brick, laid in arches and faced by a row of Corinthian pillars. What confronted the spectator's eye was a wall in superposed and continuous arches, seen through an endless colonnade. Seventeen columns were still erect upon their bases in 1529. Gyllius, who saw them then, says that their diameter was three and eleven twelfths feet. Each was twenty-eight feet high, and pedestal and capital added seven feet more. They stood eleven feet apart. Hence, deducting for the gates, towers,

and palace, at least two hundred and sixty columns would be required in the circuit. If one, with the curiosity of a traveller, wished to journey round the entire perimeter, he must continue on through a distance of three thousand four hundred and fifteen feet, before his pilgrimage ended at the spot where it had begun; and ever, as he toiled along, there loomed into the air that prodigious mass, forty feet above his head. No wonder that there remained, even in the time of Sultan Souleïman, enough to construct that most superb of mosques, the Souleïmanieh, from the fallen columns, the splintered marbles, the brick and stone of the Hippodrome.

In the early days games were of constant occurrence. As time went on they became less frequent, and at last were celebrated only on the two days which the Byzantines most revered, the 11th of May and the 25th of December,—the birthdays of the city and of Christ. The ordinary expense of a celebration was not far from two hundred thousand dollars. Such a sum in the opulent days of Constantine and Theodosius and Justinian was a bagatelle. But as the years rolled on, the Arabs from the South, the Seldjouk hordes from Asia Minor, and the Bulgarians in Europe pressed upon the stricken Empire. As its territorial bounds receded, its revenues became less and less.

The night before a celebration every place along the upper benches and promenade, and in the Sphendone, would be seized by an eager crowd. The lower seats and the Podium were reserved for the higher classes. All were required by etiquette to be in place before the sovereign appeared. When all was ready, the Emperor, robed and crowned, approached the balcony before his throne, and paused a moment as if in prayer. Then, bending in

benediction, he made the sign of the cross, first to the right, then to the left, then in front. Afterward the great officials approached to pay their homage. Except in times of disorder or disaffection, the people would greet their sovereign with a hymn appropriate to the season and the day, those on the right intoning one line, those on the left the next. Thus, on the 11th of May, in one great wave of sound would roll out from the east,—

“Behold the Spring, the goodly Spring, once more appears!”

Then from the western side would swell back the chorus,

“Prosperity and joy and health it brings.”

So they would continue ringing out line after line of that ancient hymn, inwrought into the life of the Hippodrome, and of which we have only the beginning. As Paparrigopoulos well remarks, “This and other like pleasing accompaniments of the festival imparted a gayety and a refinement utterly foreign to the celebrations in the Circus at Rome.” Moreover, in the sports a religious element was never wanting. The early fathers indeed denounced the games; but after the fifth century, patriarchs, bishops, clergy, had their places appropriate to their rank. “The choirs which chanted in the cathedral intoned the hymn of triumph at the race.” One reason of the marvellous hold of the Orthodox Greek Church upon its laity is that through all its troubled story the clergy have had their full share in the pleasures of the people, as well as in their sufferings and their prayers.

The political condition of the people was a strange mingling of servile subjection and wild lawlessness. Sometimes, with the insolence of equals, they would insult their sovereign; sometimes, with the humility of devotees, kiss

the dust at his feet. Nowhere else was the populace so free, so strong, so bold, as in the Hippodrome. There the thousands felt the magnetic influence of their might. Often the great host in the Hippodrome seemed like some national assembly presenting its petitions and enforcing its rights. The boldest tyrants cowered and yielded at the majesty of the popular will thundered from the benches by the popular voice. Justinian the Great is the only sovereign who maintained his throne after the Hippodrome had pronounced his deposition. Insults, sarcasms, complaints against his government, outrages to his dignity,—sure death if committed outside,—the Emperor was there often forced to tolerate, and, if he could, ignore. The Emperor Maurice, a brave but swarthy and thick-lipped soldier, lost his popularity. The people found a negro slave who bore a striking resemblance to the sovereign. In the midst of the games they wrapped around this slave a black cloth shaped like the Emperor's mantle, put a crown of garlic on his head, seated him upon an ass, and in the Emperor's presence paraded this parody of himself back and forth before his throne, paying to the negro their derisive homage, and shouting to the real sovereign, “See, see, O Maurice! behold how you look!”

At the games the people, who might obtain audience of their monarch nowhere else, firmly, boldly, often with dignity, presented their petitions. Custom had decreed that the petition should be in the form of a fourfold prayer. So when the Empress Ariadne, widow of the Emperor Zeno, ascended the spiral staircase and seated herself on her husband's throne, the people cried, “Oh, Ariadne, give an Orthodox Emperor to rule the world; give a prosperous Easter to the world; give order and safety to the city; banish that robber of the city called the Prefect.”

Often the victims of oppression, who had obtained no redress, by a stratagem or a trick would there gain the Emperor's ear. A merchant vessel, the property of a widow, with all its cargo, had been confiscated on some slight pretext by the Prefect of the Palace. The Prefect was able to baffle all the widow's efforts after justice, and to prevent knowledge of his crime from reaching the Emperor. At last the outraged lady gained as allies the pantomimes of the Hippodrome. They made a tiny ship, which, in the course of the day, they put in the Stama, directly before the Emperor's throne. One of the clowns called to another, "Big mouth, swallow that ship." "My mouth is not big enough to swallow it," was the reply. "What, you cannot swallow that little ship! Why, the Prefect of the Palace has just swallowed a big galley with all its cargo, and did not leave a bite to the owner." The Emperor demands an explanation. It is given. At once, in the presence of the terrified people, he orders the Prefect, still wearing his gala robes of office, to the place of execution in the Sphendone, and there he is put to death.

The most turbulent scenes the Hippodrome beheld were connected with the rivalries and jealousies of the rival factions, the Blues and the Greens. More confusion and contradiction exists concerning these antagonistic parties than in reference to any other subject connected with Byzantine history. Divisions by the shibboleth of a name, a color, a flower, are as old as humanity. These divisions are not on account of the name, the flower, the color, but on account of that for which it stands. The people of Constantinople wore their respective color as a badge. Their struggles were not from the hue of the chariooteer's tunic, but on account of the broad distinctions of which

that color was the insignia, the sign. There were no electoral campaigns, no casting of a ballot, small voting *viva voce*, in Constantinople. But antagonistic feeling, prejudice, principle, in politics and religion, must find expression as best it could. In civil affairs the people were divided into two classes. The first was composed of the inhabitants of the city proper; the second, of the other citizens. The city proper bore something of the same relation to the remainder of the capital as in London does "the city" to the other quarters of the metropolis. Among the citizens proper were the two parties of the Whites and the Reds. Among the vastly more numerous other citizens were the two parallel parties of the Blues and the Greens. With the lapse of time the Whites were absorbed by the Blues, and the Reds by the Greens,—each coalescing where it found kindred sympathies and sentiments.

The Blues were the conservatives in tendency, zealous supporters of the reigning house, and orthodox in faith. The Greens were the radicals of the day, usually luke-warm in loyalty, dissatisfied with the existing state of things, the agitators, freethinkers, reformers, latitudinarians in religion. An iconoclast was seldom a Blue; an adherent of holy pictures was seldom a Green. There were moments when the position of the parties seems reversed. For a time the champion of opposition becomes the champion of power. Still, through the course of Byzantine history, the Blues and the Greens held to their respective credos with a tenacity and consistency which has not been surpassed by the great political parties of Britain and America.

Both parties were systematically organized. Each possessed its chief, or demarch, its subordinate presidents, its

hundreds of officers and servants of every description, its rolls of membership, its clubs, throughout all the villages and cities of the nation. In the Hippodrome they found the most striking arena for their contention. Gradually the races became contests,—not so much between the steeds and charioteers as between the rival factions who owned the chariots and horses, and of whose organization the charioteer was a member. Whatever was used or appeared at a contest—a rope, a trained bear, a performing mule, a ropewalker, a dancer—was the property or partisan of one faction or the other. Their mutual aversion was manifested everywhere and in every way. Whenever one applauded, the other hissed.

Acacius, keeper of the bears for the Greens, died suddenly. One day his destitute widow sent her three little girls, seven, five, and three years old, into the arena, before the games began, to solicit the compassion of the spectators. The Greens, on whose side they commenced their piteous round, received them with contempt; and at last, impatient for the races, ordered them back. The Blues took the children's part, and showered upon them kindness and affection. Years passed away, but the experience of that hour never faded from the memory of one of those little girls. When, at last, no longer a suppliant for bread, she sat crowned Empress, and wedded wife of the illustrious Emperor Justinian, Theodora visited on the faction of the Greens, with whom her natural sympathies would have allied her, full measure for the insult and outrage heaped on the infant daughters of her dead father, the poor bear-keeper Acacius.

Their wildest passions were most excited by the chariot race. Here, on the grandest occasions, one hundred chariots contended, in each contest four; and hence a bewil-

dering succession of twenty-five distinct contests wrought each spectator to a white heat of frenzy. When the last race was finished, no power on earth could persuade the vanquished party, foaming with rage, that the prize had been fairly won. That the Greens had small chance for justice there is no doubt. Inferior in numbers, in rank, in wealth, in court favor, everything was against them.

By a wise provision the Blues and Greens sat on opposite sides of the Hippodrome,—the Blues to the right and the Greens to the left of the Emperor. Yet sometimes down they would plunge from their seats, over the barrier of the podium, into the arena, and hundreds be slain in the sudden fight.

“Nika,” *conquer*, was the shout of the contending sides. In the reign of Justinian occurred the most horrible and destructive of all their contests. This is commonly called the Revolt of the Nika. Five days the battle raged in the Hippodrome and the streets between the two colors. Suddenly, in the midst of their strife, both parties strangely forgot their resentment in a common resolution to dethrone the Emperor. They seized the patrician Hypatius, and, deaf to the prayers and tears of his wife, crowned him against his will; then forced him, reluctant and trembling, to sit in state on the throne of the Kathisma. The Hippodrome was packed to its utmost capacity with the multitude acclaiming the new sovereign. The soldiers in the palace of the Kathisma had allowed Hypatius and his partisans to enter, but prudently refused to declare for either side till they saw who would win. Belisarius assailed the Church of Saint Stephen, that he might ascend to the throne and capture Hypatius, but in vain.

At last, with Mundus and Narses, generals of renown, he formed a desperate plan. He himself will proceed

southwards of the Hippodrome, and then up its western side to the Gate of the Blues, and, with his little troop, attack the thousands within. When sufficient time has been allowed for his march, Narses will attack the Gate of the Greens, and Mundus, with a troop of Illyrians (the modern Albanians), the Gate of the Dead. Meanwhile the triumphant, disorderly populace had made small preparation for defence. Suddenly, at the Gate of the Blues, appears Belisarius at the head of his column. The undisciplined mob fights at every disadvantage. Remorselessly the heroic general hurls them back upon the advancing bands of Narses and Mundus. But one way of escape remains,—the gate on the southwestern side. In wild panic the fleeing, shrieking mob tramples hundreds to death. When that day's sun went down, thirty thousand human beings lay dead in the Hippodrome. Through the southeastern gate—now at last deserving the name Gate of the Dead, which it had borne two hundred years — their bodies were dragged, and crowded into deep pits below. A fearful conflagration was added to the horrors of those days. Sancta Sophia, the Baths of Xeuxippos, the imperial palace, and the fairest portion of the city, were laid in ashes.

The Hippodrome lay silent, forsaken, dead, apparently accursed, for two years. Then it was purified and re-embellished for the most splendid show Constantinople had yet beheld. Again Belisarius—foremost general of all history, save the ill-fated hero who sleeps near the peaceful Gulf of Nicomedia—is the central figure. With twenty thousand men he has won three pitched battles against desperate odds; slain forty thousand Vandals; captured Gelimer, the Vandal King; reduced the whole Vandal kingdom of Northern Africa to a province of the

East. Emperor, Church, Senate, Army, People, unite with equal fervor in extending him such a triumph as Rome bestowed before Christ was born. Refusing to ride in the triumphal car drawn by four white horses, he advances on foot, declaring that his army have been equal in the hardship and must now be equal in the glory. The Emperor is seated on his throne of the Kathisma. The Hippodrome teems with expectant faces, all turning towards the Gate of the Blues.

At last the martial form of Belisarius appears at the portal, clad in complete armor, and bearing his glorious sword. Next come the scarred veterans, bronzed by the southern sun ; afterwards the captive monarch, Gelimer, wearing a purple robe, and every inch a king ; then the captive Vandal nobles in a long procession ; and last, the immense booty, guarded by Roman soldiers. There is spoil richer and more various than Constantinople has ever seen. There are the standards and arms of the Vandals ; the solid silver plate of the king ; his throne of massive gold ; his crown ; the chariot of his queen ; baskets of gold and silver and precious stones ; the seven-bowled candlestick and the sacred vessels of the temple at Jerusalem, which the Vandals had plundered from Rome, whither Titus had brought them. All this accumulation of captive men and treasure is paraded up and down the arena.

Gelimer is the haughtiest figure of them all. Only one phrase he repeats as he looks upon that surpassing scene of human glory : “ *Vanitas vanitatum, vanitas vanitatum, et omnia vanitas.* ” Arrived before the seat of Justinian, his purple robe is torn away, and he is ordered to throw himself prostrate in the dust before the Emperor. He indignantly refuses. A deathlike silence of surprise and

fear reigns through the Hippodrome. The great heart of Belisarius honors the pride of his prisoner. He approaches Gelimer, salutes him with profound respect, clasps his hands, and exclaims, "I entreat you, my lord, to salute, as I do, the Emperor Justinian." Then he prostrates himself. The king follows his example, and, in the hearing of all the people, says with prophetic sympathy to Belisarius : "I bless you for your kindness to me in my distress. May you, in the days of your adversity, meet also a consoler and friend."

The triumph of Nikephoros, four hundred years after, was of nearly equal splendor with that of Belisarius. The procession of turbaned emirs, of Arab steeds, of wagons laden with plunder, of machines of war captured on the field of battle, of Oriental standards, of horsetails crowned by strange devices, entered by the Gate of the Blues, defiled from north to south to the place of execution, turned to the north again ; and constantly the endless throng of prisoners and their conquerors poured through the gateway, till there seemed no longer a spot whereon another might stand. At a given signal every prisoner cast himself prostrate on the sand, each captured standard was thrown down, and the Emperor Romanos II placed his crimson slipper, embroidered with golden eagles, on the shaven head of the chief emir. Meanwhile, from the benches resounded, blended with the thunderous music of the military bands, hosannahs and shouts of victory : " Glory to God, who has triumphed over the children of Hagar! Glory to God, who has confounded the enemies of the Virgin, the spotless Mother of Christ!"

Hours would not suffice to trace, however briefly, the more thrilling scenes which have centred in the Hippodrome's walls. A mighty kaleidoscope it seems, wherein,

in ever-shifting variety through a thousand years, were presented singly and in endless combination each phase of a nation's life. Some of the emperors were never crowned, some never trod the hallowed precincts of *Sancta Sophia*; but, from Constantine to Isaac Angelos, there were only two who did not give the benediction of the cross from the balcony of the *Kathisma*, and sit upon its throne. There was not a revolution to which its walls did not resound; not a national disgrace or triumph, heroic achievement or fiendish crime, which did not echo louder there than in palace or church. The earth, lying now twelve feet deep over the ancient surface, seems to hide beneath all the mystery and history of the past.

What vicissitudes of shame and glory, of loftiest power and profoundest ignominy, it has beheld! Across it, with hands tied behind him and feet bound together, was dragged by the heels the lifeless body of that wise prince and illustrious ruler, the Emperor Leo V the Armenian, to be thrown down the precipice by the Gate of the Dead.

Justinian II, the Nero of the East, during eight years of an atrocious reign, was present at every game or spectacle of the Hippodrome. In the ninth year his suffering subjects seated him on the northern goal, and there cut off his nose and ears. By ill-timed mercy his forfeited life was spared, and he driven into exile in Russia. Twelve years later, through the aid of a powerful ally, he returned from banishment and captured the city by treason. The Emperors Tiberios and Leontios were bound so rigidly that they could stir neither hand nor foot. Justinian II seated himself on the throne of the *Kathisma*, and, during the whole continuance of the games, used the two emperors as his footstools. Meanwhile his partisans intoned the chant, "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the

young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under foot.” The games concluded with the execution of the two emperors in the Sphendone.

There the Emperor Andronikos Komnenos, Catiline and Alcibiades in one, was promenaded upon a camel that was lame, hairless, and full of sores. There on the Spina he was hung head downward on a fitting gibbet, the statue of the Wolf and the Hyæna. Meanwhile women he had debauched or whose kindred he had slain, tore his flesh with their nails. The unequalled torments that succeeded make us forget his unequalled crimes. At last a butcher in compassion drove a knife into his body to end the agony. Then the corpse of this most handsome, most fascinating, most brilliant, and withal most inhuman and depraved of Byzantine sovereigns, was cast, an unclean thing, for final burial, into a drain of the Hippodrome.

In the Hippodrome the groom Basil bestrode the unbroken Arabian steed that none other dared touch, and while the frightened creature reared, plunged, and dashed madly round the arena, maintained his seat. At last, when the vanquished horse stood panting, dripping, quiet as a lamb under the caresses of his conqueror, the enraptured spectators forgot the Emperor’s presence in their uproarious shouts, “Long live Basil!” “Long live Basil!” Not many years went by before that Slavonian groom, sole ruler upon the throne whence the Emperor had beheld his prowess, founded a glorious dynasty, and became known to history as Basil the Great.

In 842 the Emperor Theophilus died, leaving no heir save a child Michael, three years old. Manuel, the commander of the army, assembled the people in the Hippodrome, and seated the child upon the throne. But the Hippodrome rang with the shout, “Not Michael! Away

with Michael! Long live Manuel Emperor!" "Hold," he cried, "Michael is Emperor,—yours and mine." The hundred thousand drowned his voice in the unanimous acclaim, "Manuel! Manuel! Emperor." At last, when they were silent from exhaustion, he shouted, with the energy of a deathless resolve: "I swear I will not be your ruler! Long live the Emperor Michael, and his mother the Empress Theodora!" The cry was feebly repeated, but Manuel kept his word. Michael, as child and man, ruled twenty-five years, alternately at the games sitting on the throne where Manuel had placed him, and contending himself as a charioteer, wearing the uniform of the Blues. But the deed of Manuel remains, rare in any age, one of the deathless glories of Eastern history.

When the last chariot race took place in the Hippodrome, it is impossible to say. I find no definite reference to any later than during the reign of Isaac Angelos, who was dethroned in 1195. Certainly none ever occurred later than 1203. Between these two dates for the last time a Byzantine Emperor sat in full pomp on the throne of the Kathisma and a Byzantine populace crowded its seats, each alike ignorant that never again should sovereign and people enjoy its sports.

Many times the Hippodrome had suffered from conflagrations in the city. These injuries were always speedily repaired, and each successive restoration seemed to leave it more impregnable to the flames. In 1203 a fire, wantonly kindled by the Frank and Venetian forces of the Fourth Crusade, raged eight entire days and nights, from the Golden Horn to the Marmora, over a territory two and a half miles wide. The entire western side of the Hippodrome was so injured as to require re-erection from the

foundations, were it ever to be used again. In 1204 the whole barbarian host, wearing the cross of Christ upon their breasts,—the cross never more dishonored than then,—in the Hippodrome divided the spoil and plunder torn from the ancient capital of Christianity. Then it was they stripped the Hippodrome of almost every ornament, casting its works of bronze ruthlessly into the melting-pot, and breaking its marble statues and carvings with the battle-axe and hammer, for no other purpose than the pastime of barbaric hate.

In the Imperium Orientale of the Benedictine monk Anselmo Banduri is preserved a picture of the Hippodrome as it appeared one hundred years before the city was captured by the Ottomans; that is, in 1350. Step by step through Banduri, through Unuphrius Panvinius, we may trace back this work of a nameless artist. Its details are not gathered, like this treatise, in a later age, from a hundred different sources, and put in place by the judgment of the mind. It is the sketch of an eye-witness, drawn at the time he endeavors to represent. Tried by the rules of art, it is destitute of value. It is heedless of perspective and disdainful of proportion. It makes the height of the obelisk equal to half the length of the Hippodrome. It brings the Marmora so near that the sea almost washes the Hippodrome's walls.

Yet that inartistic sketch is precious to us, as it reveals in what utter ruin the Hippodrome already lay five hundred years ago, and as it preserves the rough, imperfect likeness of the little which still remained. A few monuments and pedestals and the northern goal peered above the ground along the line of the Spina, but the Spina was already hidden under rubbish and *débris*. Not a single marble seat was left in place, nor any part of the western

wall, and hardly any of the eastern. A portion of the wall of the Sphendone was intact, as of course all of its foundations. The Church of Saint Stephen, the Palace of the Kathisma, and the Mangana or carceres were still comparatively well preserved. Dwelling-houses had already been built within the enclosure, especially towards the east. The sum total is a picture of desolation and decay. What Peter Gyllius said two hundred years later is already true : “It is a sight that saddens.”

It was in the midst of that desolation, whose silent, haunted ruins pleasure-seekers had long abandoned, that Constantine XIII Palaiologos gathered his faithful band during the night of that 28–29th of May, 1453. Sancta Sophia had listened to the last prayer ; the corner tower in the Heraklian Wall had watched the last vigil ; the Gate of Saint Romanos was about to immortalize the last conflict of the last Byzantine Emperor. The crumbled Hippodrome, in the night’s darkest hour, beheld the last review of Byzantine forces, and heard the final charge of that Emperor to his troops. To Constantine those tumbled walls about him must have seemed in keeping with the condition of the Empire and the despair of his own heart. No fitter place did the world afford to pronounce at once the eulogy and the elegy of all that had been.

If at that dismal hour he thought of all the vanished glories of his capital, he must have realized, what we moderns too often forget, that it was not the Turk, the Ottoman, the Moslem, who despoiled the city of its beauty and broke the Empire’s strength. On the Eastern Empire, as on the Hippodrome, the deathblow had fallen at the hands of the Fourth Crusade. Madame Roland cried upon the platform of the guillotine, “O Liberty ! what crimes are committed in thy name.” Constantine, stand-

ing that night at the threshold of his opening grave, might well have cried, "O Christianity! what crimes in thy name have been committed against this Christian city and this Christian nation by those who claimed, like us, to be the followers of Christ!"

Since the Conquest the Hippodrome, become the Atmeïdan, has been constantly connected with Ottoman history. Lying close beside the Seraglio, where till fifty years ago the sultans dwelt, it was the favorite field of official and popular display. When the Mosque of Sultan Achmet was built partly within the Atmeïdan, its territorial extent was diminished, but its dignity was increased. It became the centre of religious and ecclesiastical, as it was also of civil and secular observances. There each Sultan first reviewed his troops after accession, and there bestowed his largesses, the invariable and welcome accompaniment of each new reign. There the circumcisions and marriages of the reigning family were celebrated with Oriental extravagance and pomp. Sometimes gladiatorial fights, wherein Slavonian and Hungarian prisoners fought one another to the death, furnished amusement to the faithful. There the mounted pages of the palace contended in the wild game of the djerid, a sport as maddening and as dangerous as the contests of the arena.

Toward the west, partly within and partly without the ancient limits of the Hippodrome, the all-powerful Ibrahim Pacha, Grand Vizir, and brother-in-law of Sultan Suleiman, erected the most magnificent palace an Ottoman subject has ever possessed. The palace has disappeared like the Hippodrome, of whose materials it was partly built. Ibrahim Pacha placed upon two pedestals, still remaining in the Spina, a Diana and a colossal Hercules of bronze brought from Buda. The Hercules for-

merly existing there in the time of Constantine had been melted by the Crusaders. In the Atmeïdan, Achmet Pacha, Grand Vizir, husband of the daughter of Sultan Ibrahim, was thrown before the horse-hoofs of his successor, Mohammed Pacha, and his body, then cut into fragments, sold at ten aspres the piece as an infallible cure for rheumatism.

In the Atmeïdan, in the vain effort to regain his health, Sultan Mourad III slew, with his own hand, fifty-two sheep, some black, some white, some spotted, the requisite number of each color having been indicated to him in a dream. There, too, during a rebellion, Sultan Mourad IV, the Conqueror, galloped alone into the midst of the mutineers, and quelled the sedition by the authority of his presence.

The mausoleum of two Ottoman sovereigns is situated in the northeast quarter of the Atmeïdan. In it are buried the pious Sultan Achmet I and the boy Sultan Osman II, the prince of unusual early promise and of a most tragic end.

From the Atmeïdan marched the undisciplined hosts of the citizens, the Sandjak Sherif borne at their head, for the extermination of the Janissaries. A curious mistake of historians, the change of a single letter in a name, has often confounded the Etmeïdan with the Atmeïdan, and located in the latter events with which it had little or no connection. The Etmeïdan, a quarter of the city nearly two miles distant, was the centre and stronghold of the Janissaries. In the Atmeïdan, indeed, they more than once upset their kettles in signal of revolution, and rushed over it in their furious raids; still, it was a region they neither loved nor frequented.

To-day to many a tourist the chief attraction of the

Atmeïdan is the Museum of the Janissaries, stocked with their ferocious likenesses, each clad in the robes and bearing the arms of his troop. But it was the Etmeïdan, rather than the Atmeïdan, wherein they made their last rebellion, and were deservedly destroyed by Sultan Mahmoud II the Reformer.

I have said but little of the Hippodrome as it is to-day. My topic has been rather its living past than its dead present. Beside the three monuments of the Spina, and



THE GAME OF DGERID

the foundations of the Sphendone, hardly any remains exist. Within the inclosure of the Mosque of Sultan Achmet, supporting the Turkish wall built upon it, is still to be seen a brick arch, sole vestige of the continuous row which, faced in marble, upheld the podium and bounded the arena. Still farther within the enclosure, one hundred and ninety-seven feet distant from the central line of the Hippodrome, is a pillar still erect, that I judge was built into the outer wall.

Towards the southwest of the Atmeïdan is situated a roofless cave or chamber, its paved floor sunk fourteen

feet below the surface of the ground. One descends by a gently inclining plane. On the right are marble slabs, marked with the cross, through which water trickles. Hurrying onward towards the walls of the Sphendone, as of old it did to the Phiale of the Spina, it seems constantly murmuring, in its crystal voice, Tennyson's Song of the Brook,—

“For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.”

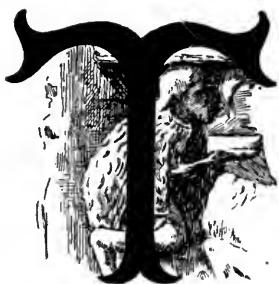
The Serpent is broken, the Built Column is despoiled, even the changeless Obelisk is defaced; but the little stream flows no less musical and bright. Keats left as inscription for his tombstone, “Here lies one whose name is writ on water.” The archeologist, brushing away the dust of ruined empires and beholding the still flowing stream, may well ask was there anything more enduring, as enduring, as the water on which to write it?

In the northern part of the Atmeïdan has been built a small kiosk, and around it has been planted a tiny garden. There is no more fascinating spot in Constantinople for rest and revery. As one sits and muses in the grateful shade of the trees, whose roots wind down to the old surface of the arena, inevitably, unconsciously to himself perhaps, he reconstitutes the past. He knows the Palace of the Kathisma rose on its snowy pillars where runs the dusty street; he lifts his eyes toward the point in the empty air where sat successive tiaraed emperors upon the vanished throne. He knows the first mad dash of the chariots in frenzied rivalry began where the garden stands, and in the air rustling among the leaves he seems to hear them whizzing by him in their rushing whir. He knows that from the west, through the Gate

of the Blues, poured victorious armies and throngs of prisoners; and that, while the humbler host pressed farther to the southward, the triumphant generals and captive monarchs halted to do homage to the Emperor on ground that would be comprehended within the enclosure where he is. He knows that to that self-same spot came the successful champions of the arena to receive from imperial hands their hard-won laurel crowns. He casts his eye southward towards the three surviving monuments of the Spina, and his heart echoes to the words of the Vandal King to Belisarius, uttered at farthest but a few yards away, perhaps at the very spot where his chair is standing,—the saddest, wisest words that Solomon learned or taught.

VIII

STILL EXISTING ANTIQUITIES



HE contrast between the edifices and monuments of the ancient city, as described by history and imagination, and their infrequent and scanty remains, is, at first glance, strange and shocking. It is not that the ruins are so ruinous, but that they are so few. The tortuous windings of the streets indeed reveal the dilapidated and abandoned at every turn. The air of decrepitude and decline hangs heavy in certain quarters. Decadence and death speak out not only from mouldy graveyards within the city limits, but from crumbling piles of brick and stone that seem ready to fall. Still this is the decay of the recent rather than of the old. The débris of the last superposed city and civilization is on the surface, and buries and conceals that older Byzantine city on which it was planted four and a half centuries ago.

It is not enough to say that time, fire, earthquake, and war have laid everywhere their devastating hands. There are certain reasons why the real antiquities of Constantinople must be few in comparison with many ancient capitals, and especially with the elder metropolis or imperial mother Rome. Here the habitable territory was contracted, hemmed in between the Golden Horn and Marmora; of necessity each succeeding generation built upon

and inhabited the very spot where innumerable preceding generations had successively dwelt. The abodes of the recently dead were incessantly torn down or covered over to appease the exigencies of the insatiable living. Many a quarried stone or chiselled marble, now the threshold of some café or the prop of some tottering garden wall, has had its place of honor or oblivion in a score of different edifices, and could tell a tale which, though limited to a dozen miles in circuit, is more fantastic and begins millenniums earlier than the transformations of the Wandering Jew. Rome, though often sacked and pillaged, never suffered a domination so injurious as the half-century duration of the Latin Empire at Constantinople. The iconoclastic controversy which raged one hundred and fifty years, had as its watchword and chief achievement, to destroy. The later rule of the Ottomans, contemptuous of antiquity rather than wantonly destructive, has not tended to the preservation of whatever dated from another religion and race.

Yet, when all is said, the fact remains that Constantinople does possess numerous monuments of the past, some of them unrivalled, and others among the most precious in the world. Her scores of Christian churches, now minareted and müezzined mosques, set forth in detail the story of Byzantine architecture from the first Constantine to the last. Her colonnaded cisterns, coeval almost with her foundation, are the largest and best preserved of any in the ancient Roman Empire. Her city walls are the vastest, most imposing, and most important military monument of the early Christian ages. Sancta Sophia, taken all in all, is without a rival among Christian churches. The Serpent of Delphi, headless, shattered, and disfigured in the Atmeïdan, is richer in association and more instinct

with meaning than any other relic which the classic age of Greece has handed down.

Yet in many cases description of fragments, dotting the soil, amounts to hardly more than indication of the spot where once rose some historic or splendid structure, but of which there are left to-day only an uncertain memory and almost no remains.

THE AQUEDUCT OF VALENS

THIS stately pile, whitened by the centuries, called by the Ottomans Bosdoghan Kemer or Arches of the Gray Falcon, and about two thousand feet in length, spans the valley between the third and fourth hills. Nothing can be conceived more picturesque than its windowed length festooned with ivy and thrown into distinct relief against the azure sky.

In its erection and various restorations, the greatest among the Pagan, Christian, and Moslem sovereigns seem laboring as contemporaries, shoulder to shoulder, though hundreds of years apart. Begun by Adrian, who sought to furnish Byzantium with water from the classic Cydaris and Barbyses, it was entirely reconstructed by Valens with the hewn stone stripped from the demolished walls of rebellious Chalkedon. Theodosius the Great, Justin II, Constantine V Kopronymos, Basil the Great, Constantine VIII Porphyrogenitus, Romanos III Argyros, Andronikos I Komnenos, left on it their successive impress as its restorers.

As seen to-day it reveals in its unshaken strength and quaint proportions the architectural magnificence and childish caprice of Souleïman I the Sublime. Absorbed



AQUEDUCT OF VALENS

in its restoration, he used to pray; the Ottoman historians state, that his life might be prolonged until it was complete.

But no sooner was it finished than he ordered its immediate destruction, since it obstructed the view of Shahzadeh Djami, his favorite mosque. Its present abrupt appearance at either end results from the demolition thus begun but not fully accomplished. The hewn stone arches, twenty feet in thickness, are the work of the Byzantine emperors, while those in brick above date from Souleïman. The water it conveyed, considered the purest in the city, was long reserved for the Seraglio, and now largely supplies the eastern quarters of Stamboul.



AQUEDUCT OF VALENS

The Ottoman houses, close wedged around the sides of the aqueduct, prevent a satisfactory view when near. Seen from the Golden Horn or the heights of Pera, it

hangs, a mammoth verdant garland on a framework of stone. Above the city, reposing at its base, it rises majestic and sublime, the most striking and æsthetic ruin which the past has bequeathed the capital. Its narrow upper rim affords a dizzy promenade, with unstable footing, seventy feet above the ground, for any sight-seer more adventurous than prudent. But if one be clear-headed and sure-footed, as he revels in the entrancing panorama it unfolds, he is rewarded for his daring.

THE BATHS OF CONSTANTINE

THE one great bath, surviving the destruction of all the others, was that of Constantine, near the Church of the Holy Apostles. Its last visible vestiges were hidden from human sight six years ago. After the conquest Mohammed II renovated it with his accustomed magnificence. It became familiar to the Ottomans as Tchochour Hamam, the Sunken Bath, because, though built upon an eminence, it was situated in a depression of the broad land wave which constitutes the fourth hill.

Its history affords a pointed illustration of the quickness with which the useless or disused vanishes from the memory of men. Shaken down by the frightful earthquake that almost destroyed the Mosque of Sultan Mohammed at its side, Tchochour Hamam could no longer serve its original purpose, and the passers-by, though dwelling in its immediate vicinity, soon lost all recollection of its name, and even of the purpose for which it was designed. Easily accessible in the midst of the crowded city, its sumptuous remains became a common quarry.

The whole locality is the property of a courtly Ottoman

who loquaciously describes his boyish wanderings through its dismantled chambers, and his wonder at the strange devices upon the ceilings and walls. The compartments still exist, but are covered over with masonry. A spirit of commercial enterprise has breathed upon the owner, and a street, lined on either side with attractive houses, has been laid out directly above the ancient bath.

In August, 1889, I visited the only room that could still be entered. With a rope for ladder, I descended to a vaulted room, twelve paces long, from which every trace of ornament had disappeared. This chamber, so transformed, without one reminder of former luxury and grace, was itself sealed up the following week. What had been visible fifteen hundred and fifty years I was the last to see.

THE CISTERNS

UPON her enormous and numerous cisterns the very existence of Constantinople depended. Natural water-springs within the city limits were almost wholly wanting. When the annual rainfall failed, and the country springs dried up, the aqueducts could furnish only a variable and often insufficient supply. In time of war even that might be intercepted by any foe sufficiently sagacious to discover and cut the subterranean pipes. Neither palace, nor church, nor Hippodrome was an absolute necessity of the people's physical life; but in siege or drought, should the precious streams be exhausted which those cisterns afforded, nothing would be left the parched inhabitants save to die.

So, with strategic skill, in a warlike age, a cistern, like a fortress, was planted on every hill, all interconnected and

arranged for mutual support. They were watched with the assiduous care which their importance demanded. By a wise economy they were kept always full, though in constant use. Some, the more prodigious in extent, "resembled lakes or seas," and were open to the sky. Others, hardly less stupendous, were covered with vaulted roofs, which hundreds of great columns upheld, and above which hundreds of human beings dwelt. Many of these colossal subterranean structures have disappeared; a few still convey the life-giving liquid as of old; some are utilized by silk-spinners, who, in emaciated procession, wind their threads among the mighty columns which rise amid the gloom like gigantic moveless ghosts; some have fallen in, and their walls of cement and their prostrate pillars look up piteously to the day.

Antiquarians have sought them out with inquisitive attention and most various results. Among the still existing, Du Cange enumerates twenty; Lechevalier, eight; the Patriarch Constantios I, eleven; Count Andreossy, thirteen; Gedeon, nineteen; and Tchihatcheff, twelve.

Though utility was the end in view, grandeur was inevitable from their majestic size and perfect proportions; grace and beauty were added by the aesthetic sense of their builders. So the cisterns, so utilitarian in purpose, impress the modern beholder as monuments equally artistic and sublime.

The half subterranean Cistern of Arcadius is relatively small,—only ninety-four feet long, fifty-eight feet wide, and forty-one feet high. Its twenty-eight marble columns, arranged in four symmetric rows, are each surmounted by a Corinthian capital, on which a Byzantine capital rests. The cross, wrought in that age of faith on the four sides of every capital, is perfectly distinct, as likewise is the

cross in the very centre of each of the forty Roman vaults above. Faint light straggles in through a few apertures towards the top, and by four tiny windows on the north. On the moist and slimy floor the pale and sickly silk-spinners flit like spectres to and fro, despite the gloom and damp. This cistern has escaped the curious eyes of most investigators, and of almost every traveller, and its existence is hardly known. Its graceful, almost ethereal proportions, and the rare finish of its capitals, some of them adorned with the drooping ornament of the Holy Ghost, render it as dainty and attractive as a marble palace.

The Cistern of Asparos, in the quarter of Salimah Tomrouk is of almost the same dimensions,— eighty-two and a half feet long and fifty-one feet broad, with twenty-eight columns in four equal rows. But it is a monument of architectural variety, no two columns being of the same length, circumference, or material, and their bases and capitals being equally dissimilar. Erected in 459, it rescues from oblivion the name of a heroic figure, the Consul Asparos, the Warwick, or kingmaker, of the fifth century, who might himself have become Emperor had he been willing to abjure his Arianism for a crown.

Close by is another cistern, in so ruinous condition that the approaches are walled up by governmental solicitude. The neighbors tremblingly call it Djin Ali Kiosk, the Summer House of the Djin Ali, and believe it haunted by dead Greeks and devils.

The Cistern of Bonos, who in the seventh century was chief commander of the city during the siege by the Avars, is of entirely other structure and design. Its area is enormous,— six hundred and twenty-five feet long, and two hundred and twenty-five feet broad. The sides are lined by perpendicular walls of stone. The earth, accu-

mulated within, has partially filled it up, and it varies now from ten to thirty-five feet in depth. The included territory is covered with orchards and vegetable gardens, while a whole sunken village dwells inside, whose housetops, peering through the trees, are lower than the level of the outer street. Situated near Edirneh Kapou, it must have furnished the main supply of the sixth hill.

South of the Mosque of Sultan Selim is a kindred cistern, built by Manuel Komnenos in the twelfth century, and called the Cistern of Petrion because of the famous monastic quarter on the fifth hill, the necessities of which it supplied. Almost square, it measures four hundred and thirty-five feet by three hundred and eighty-two. Its walls, sixteen feet thick and thirty-two feet high, are faced in alternate layers of brick and stone. Several yards of soil in most places hide the stone floor, which is six feet thick. Despite their tediousness, these figures are of value, as they indicate the amount of labor requisite, and the astonishing quantity of material employed in such construction.

The Cistern of Mokios, named from the adjacent ancient Church of Mokios, north of Eximarmora, is of like construction and of still vaster dimensions,—over five hundred feet long by four hundred broad. It was the chief dependence of the seventh hill. The facing of the walls consists of the finest hewn stone. Built by Anastasios I, who was crowned in 491, the Emperor John Palaiologos despoiled it in the fourteenth century. Like the cisterns of Bonos and Petrion, its enclosure is occupied by a rural village, and like them it bears among the Ottomans the same name of Tchochour Bostan, or the Sunken Garden. Michael Chrysoloras's descriptive epithet of "vast open seas" might seem too fanciful for the sheets of pure, trans-

parent water they once contained ; yet it may be, as tradition states, that tiny fleets in mock sea-battle agitated sometimes their fair expanse.

Close to Djubali is a nameless cistern whose fourteen columns, rising from a mass of rubbish and filth, by their rude Byzantine capitals testify the workmanship of an inartistic age.

South of Laleli Djami is the one built by Modestos, the pompous Prefect of the city under Valens. Its sixty-four white marble columns, standing at unequal distances and crowned by capitals of various orders, are still erect. But the silk-spinners, whose livid faces and crouching forms once awoke the womanly compassion of Miss Pardoe, are long since dead, and it serves no other purpose than to receive the refuse of the vicinity, poured in through an iron grating in the middle of the street.

The foundations of the Sphendone of the ancient Hippodrome in enormous semicircular extent enclose the Cold Cistern, or the Cistern of the Palace. Save that here and there the cement has fallen from the walls, and heaps of rubbish have piled up, this cistern has known no change in almost seventeen hundred years. With awe and with delight the traveller gazes on the colossal arches, and slakes his thirst from the ice-cold stream.

Near Zeïrek Djami over the Cistern of Pantocrator, which aroused the admiration of the Italian tourist Bondelmonti in 1422, close-packed Ottoman houses have been built, and its four rows of Corinthian capitals and columns can be no longer seen.

The Cistern of the Studium, eighty feet long and fifty-six broad, near Mir Achor Djami in the southwest corner of the city, has been little damaged by time. It is the chief memento of that historic monastery to which it was

attached, and whose seven hundred monks were wont to boast that its water was “more delicious than wine.” Twenty-three coarse Corinthian columns, always dripping with moisture, uphold the roof. In the sepulchral dampness, favorable to their handicraft but ruinous to their health, the weird silk-spinners come and go. Outside, in a neighboring garden, is the portal, or arch, supported by two Ionic columns of granite, from which the water was obtained.

Near the Atmeïdan, south of the Burnt Column, is the now rarely visited Cistern of Theodosius. Its thirty-two white marble columns, in four rows, are surmounted by a double capital, the lower plain, the upper exquisite Corinthian. One hundred and twenty-nine feet in length and seventy-one and a half wide, its pillared arches emerging in dim religious light, it seems a sanctuary calm and still, from which the worshippers have just departed.

Another cistern, very small but full of interest, because unique, sole representative of its class, was unearthed on the eastern slope of the third hill when the foundations of the American Bible House were being laid. Only twenty feet square by fourteen high, it belonged to some smaller monastery or private palace. Though dating from the sixth century, its almost perfect preservation would enable it, with slight repair, to serve its original purpose. The roof, in flattened Roman vaults, rests on four white marble columns, now black with time. Three of the columns bear Roman crosses. Three of the four Byzantine capitals resemble those in Kutchouk Aya Sophia, save in their ruder workmanship, are carved in vine-leaves and clusters of grapes, and show on one side a Byzantine cross. Close to the cistern were dug up many sepulchral bricks, with the stamps well-preserved of the brickmakers Trophimos, Con-

stantios, Petro, Constans, and Domnos, who have thus attained a humble immortality.

But the two which most challenge admiration and wonder are the Royal Cistern and that of Philoxenos. The latter, constructed by Philoxenos, a senator who came with Constantine from Rome, is called by the Ottomans



BIN BIR DEREK

Bin Bir Derek, or Thousand and One Columns ; the imagination of the stranger, as he stands bewildered among their far-reaching ranges, justifies the Turkish name. From an area, almost as vast in its superficial extent as the floor of Notre Dame, they loom upwards in seemingly endless procession. The all-pervading gloom magnifies their proportions and multiplies their number. The plainness of the bulging Byzantine capitals, the coarseness of the marble in

the columns, its destitution of all save rustic and ingenuous ornament, and the lack of historic interest and distinct association, are all forgotten as the awe-struck gazer beholds their lofty and majestic forms.

Nor does the reality much belittle the imagination. The pillared host consists of sixteen rows of fourteen columns each, arranged in martial symmetry. Each column is composed of three shafts, superposed in equidistant sockets, and each individual shaft is eighteen feet in length. Thus the Roman vaulted ceiling, when Philoxenos first beheld it in its completed grandeur, swept above at a distance of sixty feet from the floor. Impacted earth now conceals all the lower tier and the larger part of the second tier, and in the northwest corner, where slimy water constantly trickles, reaches even to the roof. This earth, an incredible Greek tradition states, was dug in the excavations preparatory to the erection of Sancta Sophia, and hastily cast in here that no time might be lost in its conveyance to any remoter spot. The columns, all of the same dimensions and all of marble, are nearly eight feet around.

Among the simple ornaments of the columns the cross is seldom seen; but monograms abound, the greater number rude and inartistic, yet sometimes original and beautiful, as if carved by a more skilful hand. The most appealing of all—Christ the Lord, the confession of Christian faith, the sum of all Christian experience and creed before and since—is of frequent occurrence. The expenditure involved in the construction of the cistern was too immense for any private individual to defray, however opulent; so contributions in money and material were donated by wealthy sympathizers, each socket, shaft, or entire triple column bearing the name of the patrician donor, and

handing it down to us,—the whole thus forming a princely roll of honor, a partial senatorial list precious in the annals of the time. Kynegios, Eugenios, Akakios, Rekios, Eusebios, Kynosos, Erikios, Eutropios, and many more thus preserve the record of their existence and of their philanthropic generosity. It is a striking evidence of how little Roman was the Romanized capital that every inscription here is in Greek. All the monograms upon socket or shaft were incised in the quarry, or at least before they were put in their destined place. So the workmen, ignorant and careless of greatness, have often placed them bottom upwards, and have inscribed the monograms indifferently from right to left or left to right.

The most superficial examination to-day is rendered difficult by the universal obscurity, and by the oily mould and earth that have filled the cuts, and often by the elevation of the incisions above the floor. I know of no other person besides myself who has groped and pored for hours over the grudging surface of those grimy columns in endeavor to decipher their unread tales. But a precious harvest of information, and perhaps of fame, is sure to the antiquarian scholar who solves and makes known all the meaning those grotesque, uncouth monograms conceal. Those pillared records, never so far read, may throw light on imperfect chapters of Constantine's Byzantine reign, and even on the origins of Imperial Christianity.

The entire cistern crushes by its vague immensity,—by a sense of overwhelming space. Guillaume calls it “the grandest and most magnificent of all known cisterns,” unaware of the one close by, more magnificent and grander still. Statistical details of wealth of water, reckoned by the million cubic feet; of thousands of square

yards of superficial area ; of the world's capital with all its teeming animal and human life, sustained in case of need for weeks by its contents,—such minutiæ only confuse the mind. Noblest of all designs, it was not built for glory, or to immortalize a conquest, but to satisfy humanity's most common, simplest need.

Long files of silk-spinners are its daily occupants. Gayer than most others of their class, their laughter rings out, and echoes almost demoniac along the marshalled columns and rounded arches, which rebuke all human mirth by their own disdainful stillness. The visitor grows sick and weary for the light and air of day. Then, impatient to be gone, he hurries up the forty-four uneven, shaking steps of the crooked staircase, and emerges grateful from the low stone archway into the sunshine, which never before seemed so blessed and bright.

The Royal Cistern, the Basilike, well deserves its name. Imperishably associated with Constantine its founder, and with Justinian its restorer and rebuilders, it is not only unequalled in extent and most perfect in proportion, but surpasses all others in its opulence of ethereal columns, unsoiled by time, in its panoramic beauty, and in the myths and fables that cluster round it. The Ottomans cannot regard it simply as a cistern, but give it the admiring name of Yeri Batan Seraï, the Underground Palace. It is still in perfect preservation, with the entire roof intact ; its three hundred and thirty-six columns, twelve feet apart, arranged in twenty-eight symmetric rows, stand each in place, crowned by a fine-wrought capital ; it still serves its original purpose, supplying water from the Aqueduct of Valens in as copious measure as of old. Three hundred and ninety feet long from east to west, and one hundred and seventy-four feet wide, it is

the vastest in existence; probably no other equally immense was ever provided for human necessity.

Mysterious and obscure, reality has not sufficed, and it has been described in all terms of romance and exaggeration. One author states that it underlies the widely separate foundations of Sancta Sophia and of the Mosque of the Sultan Achmet; and another, that it stretches on more than four miles in length, terminating outside the city walls. Peter Gyllius, with a traveller's propensity for the marvellous when safe from contradiction, describes his torch-lit voyages over it in quest of an uncertain haven. The Ottomans tenant it with goblins, and hear from it death-like voices when the outer world is still. They cherish legends of a wedded pair who embarked on it for a journey, "such as no other bride and bridegroom ever made," and never came back; of a headstrong Englishman, heedless of warning, who resolved to penetrate its recesses, and of his friends who waited for days at the opening and saw him no more; of a third adventurer who "progressed for two hours in a straight line, ever in a wilderness of pillars rising on all sides, and losing themselves in the darkness," and who returned demented. One American novelist locates in it the thrilling crisis of a fascinating romance. And the foremost of American writers, in the "*Prince of India*," renders one of its alcoved corners realistic and romantic with the love-frenzy of Demedes, and the agony and rescue of the kidnapped Lael.

The cistern can be entered only from the courtyard of an Ottoman house. A trap door covers an opening whence, by a rickety ladder and high stone steps, one reaches a platform which projects without railing over the water. Then fourteen stone steps, uneven, broken, in places almost

gone, likewise without railing, conduct to a lower platform, usually submerged. The lantern hardly breaks the Stygian darkness. But when the great torch is lighted on the upper platform, the effect is instantaneous and magical. Suddenly, from profoundest obscurity, the entire maze of columns flashes into being, resplendent and white. The glittering water and the effulgent roof toss the light back and forth in endless reflection. Not a sound breaks the perfect stillness, save perhaps the distant splash of some utensil let down for water from some house above. Nowhere else does Stamboul afford a scene so weird and enchanting. The coruscated columns, uprising from the scintillating water, photograph themselves upon the stranger's memory, and linger there in vivid distinctness when every other picture of Constantinople is dim or forgotten.



THE ROYAL CISTERNS YERI
BATAN SERAI

THE COLUMNS

IN this city of crested hills the loftier structures, not only on the higher elevations but in the valleys, were brought out in bold prominence. Inevitably, in a luxurious and proud metropolis, on every site which afforded

opportunity for display there was reared its own appropriate monument. Hence in ancient Constantinople very numerous became those sky-piercing columns which commemorated a victory or sought to perpetuate an individual fame. The larger number were long since prostrate, and have disappeared; but a few still remain.

Most magnificent and ostentatious of all was the column crowned by the silver statue of the Emperor Arcadius, and raised by his son Honorius II. The shaft, soaring one hundred and forty feet above the plinth and torus of the pedestal, appeared a monolith, so perfect was the junction of its twenty marble tambours. Imitative, but not original, the artist sought in general design to reproduce Trajan's Column at Rome. The external decorations, however, represented Byzantine exploits, which were chiselled spirally around the shaft, and caused it to be commonly called the Historical Pillar. An inner spiral staircase of two hundred and thirty-three steps conducted to the upper pedestal on which the statue stood. In imperial isolation the calm metallic face seemed gazing upon the subject city, widespread beneath, almost two hundred feet below. The labarum rose above the Emperor's head, sustained by twin angels, and bearing the invariable device of the Byzantine sovereigns, "Jesus Christ is Conqueror."

But soon the lofty figure was despoiled by those natural forces which its haughty elevation seemingly defied. In 450 the head was struck by lightning, and part of the statue melted; the sceptred right hand was wrested off by earthquake the following year, and two centuries later another eathquake shook the entire statue prostrate and humble to the earth. The column, racked and rent by physical convulsions, cracked and blackened by fire, stood

totteringly erect till 1715. Its fall was then so imminent, and the neighborhood so endangered, that all except the lower tambour and the pedestal was removed.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, on her arrival some months later, wrote almost mournfully, "The Historical Pillar is no more. It dropped down about two years before I came to this part of the world." Tournefort, more fortunate, who saw it in 1701, with enthusiasm describes the bas-reliefs of conquered cities, personified by female figures crowned with tower-like head-dresses, and of fiery steeds, "which did no discredit to the sculptor's skill;" but the bas-relief of the Emperor, seated in a curule chair and swaddled in robes and furs, "looked like a teacher in a law school."

To-day, in the Ottoman quarter of Avret Bazar, wedged in between a bakery and a Turkish house, half-hidden by a miserable hut in front, is a huge calcined mass of grayish stone over thirty feet in height. Gradually one recognizes that the material is marble, which frequent fires have discolored and eaten away. A few disfigured carvings are discernible near the top. An opening, stuffed with straw and rags, indicates that the shapeless mass is a human habitation, but of the humblest. From the kitchen of the adjacent house one has direct access to a sort of chamber, in which ascends a central spiral staircase. Climbing round the newel, up fifty shattered and shaking steps, one emerges upon the upper surface of the former splendid pedestal, now this shapeless stone. Nothing else remains of the trophied column which, in his filial piety, Honorius designed to be eternal. But from it, over the lowly houses at its side, one gazes southward toward the Marmora upon a scene of surpassing loveliness. Nor are tragic associations wanting: at the very foot of the

pedestal, in 1453, took place the sublime deaths of the Grand Duke Loukas Notaras and his heroic sons.

At the side of the ancient Triumphal Way, in the centre of Constantine's Forum, on the very spot where tradition asserts his tent was pitched when he besieged Byzantium, towers the Column of Constantine the Great. Its round black top, a speck against the sky, arrests the gaze from the Golden Horn and Marmora, and from all the eastern portion of the city. Its various modern names are descriptive or historical,—Porphyry Column, from the eight drums of porphyry brought from Rome, of which it is composed; Burnt Column, as blackened and partially consumed by fire; Tchemberli Tash, the Hooped Stone, its Turkish name, because of the numerous iron rings with which it is encased to prevent its fall.

The porphyry drums, bound together by wide brazen bands fashioned into wreaths of laurel, rested upon a stylobate of snowy marble nineteen feet in height. This in turn reposed upon a stereobate of almost equal height, consisting of four broad steps. The characteristic half-pagan piety and superstition of that early age found expression in the “priceless relics” placed reverently within: these were the alabaster box from which Mary Magdalene anointed the Saviour's feet; the crosses of the two thieves; the adze with which Noah fashioned the ark; and the Palladium of Rome. The latter was considered by some the original Palladium of Troy, and by others its exact copy.

On the column Constantine caused these words to be engraved: “O Christ, Ruler and Master of the World, to Thee have I now consecrated this obedient city, and this scepter and the power of Rome. Guard it: deliver it from every harm.” On that momentous 11th of May



COLUMN OF CONSTANTINE THE GREAT

when Constantinople was dedicated, upon the summit of the column was placed the bronze statue of Apollo, brought from Athens, and esteemed a work of Phidias. But the head of Constantine had been substituted for that of the classic deity, and the nails of the cross replaced the rays of the Sun-god. This inscription was affixed : “To Constantine, shining like the Sun.” The right hand grasped a lance, and the left a globe, surmounted by a cross.

An earthquake wrenched off the globe in 477, and another earthquake the lance in 541. A tornado hurled down the statue in 1105, when it was dashed to fragments, and several persons killed by its fall. A cross took its place. During the reign of Nikephoros III Botoniates, lightning melted three of the laurel bands and shattered the upper drums. Manuel I Komnenos replaced the latter by solid masonry, and added the inscription around the top, still distinctly seen : “The divine monument, injured by time, the pious Emperor Manuel restored.” Early in the eighteenth century the Ottoman Government, fearing its fall, encased the stereobate and stylobate in a sheathing of thick masonry. Fifty years ago the shaft rose from a baker’s shop, which had been built entirely around. In 1888 the column was repaired by the Ottoman Government. Such is its eventful history of fifteen hundred and fifty years.

No words can express the reverence with which the column was regarded by the Byzantine populace. Miracles were supposed to be wrought by the unconscious stone. Horsemen when passing dismounted from their steeds. Annually, on September 1, the Emperor, Patriarch, and clergy chanted around it thanksgiving hymns ; and a bishop, from the window of the Chapel of Saint

Constantine, which had been built against the pedestal, intoned special prayers. Under its shadow Arius died his tragic death in 336. At its foot the iconoclastic Emperor Constantine V Koprnymos and the Patriarch Constantinos II solemnly anathematized the Fathers John of Damascus and Germanos II. Popular credulity declared that from its top at the hour of the city's extremest need, on the day of Ottoman conquest, an angel with flaming sword was to drive back the Moslem hosts.

The deposits in the stereobate have tempted antiquarians more than once. Not many years since two archeologists hired a house in the immediate vicinity, and sought by mining to reach the chamber included in the four arches of the stereobate where those relics were preserved.

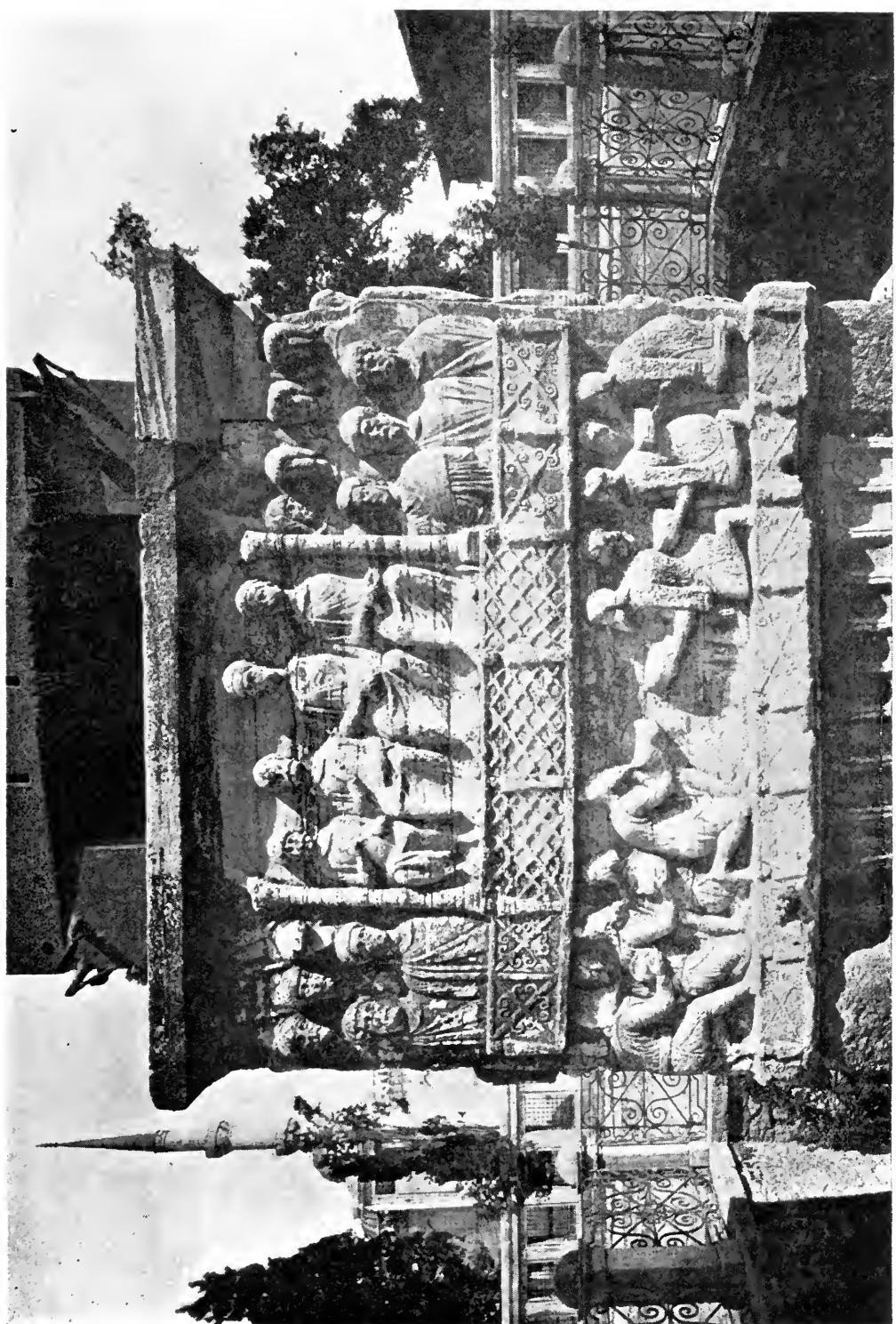
To-day the column rises, a spectral outline, destitute of beauty, gaunt and sombre. But it possesses a mournful pre-eminence. It is the single ancient monument, coeval with the capital, linked in peculiar intimacy with its first Emperor. Through all the centuries since it has beheld, mute and passive witness, every experience which the burdened years have brought to Constantine's beloved city.

Nothing can be more incongruous with a shifting environment than the Egyptian Obelisk, which in the Atmeïdan marks the exact centre of the ancient Hippodrome. Everything around has been like an incessant wave of change. Not only generations, dynasties, empires, like playthings of time, have chased each other upon the stage, but every other work of human hands in stone or metal in the city has either fallen in ruin or been mutilated or transformed. *Tempus edax rerum* has been unable to indent or affect the indifferent adamantine obelisk. Absolutely the same is it to-day as when Thotmes III, twenty centuries before the Christian era, had it cut and shaped

in the quarries of the Upper Nile. Constantine, who brought it to Constantinople, is nearer in time to us than to that Egyptian King. Over fifty years its ponderous bulk defied the skill of the Byzantine engineers, and it lay prostrate on the ground. It was raised in 381, though in imperfect pose upon its four copper cubes, by Proclus, Prefect of the city, to his own glory and to that of his sovereign, Theodosius the Great. The battered figures on the lower of its two pedestals represent the manner of its erection and the popular rejoicings at the achievement.

The hieroglyphics, which to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu seemed “mere antient puns,” were cut at various periods, and contain, Egyptian scholars tell us, the following prayer of Thotmes to his god Phta Sakaris: “Grant power, and with the principle of divine wisdom cover the king, O Guardian Sun, vigilant and just Sun, Continuer of Life. Guide his innermost thoughts so that he may show himself active and just in all things. Sublime Wisdom, grant to him the principle of thy essence and the principle of thy light, so that he may collect fruits in the impetuosity of his career. Four times he thus distinctly implores thee, Vigilant Sun of Justice of all Times. May the request which he makes to thee be granted to him.”

The array of one hundred and eighty-two human figures on the upper pedestal sets forth the progress of the sports of the Hippodrome. Nothing kingly or imperial can be discerned upon the half obliterated central faces; nevertheless, they are those of Theodosius, his Empress Flacilla, and their sons, Honorius and Arcadius, who were to divide the world. On the north side the enthroned Emperor, amid a throng of obsequious courtiers and guards, awaits the beginning of the games; on the south, the imperial household watch their exciting progress; on the east, the



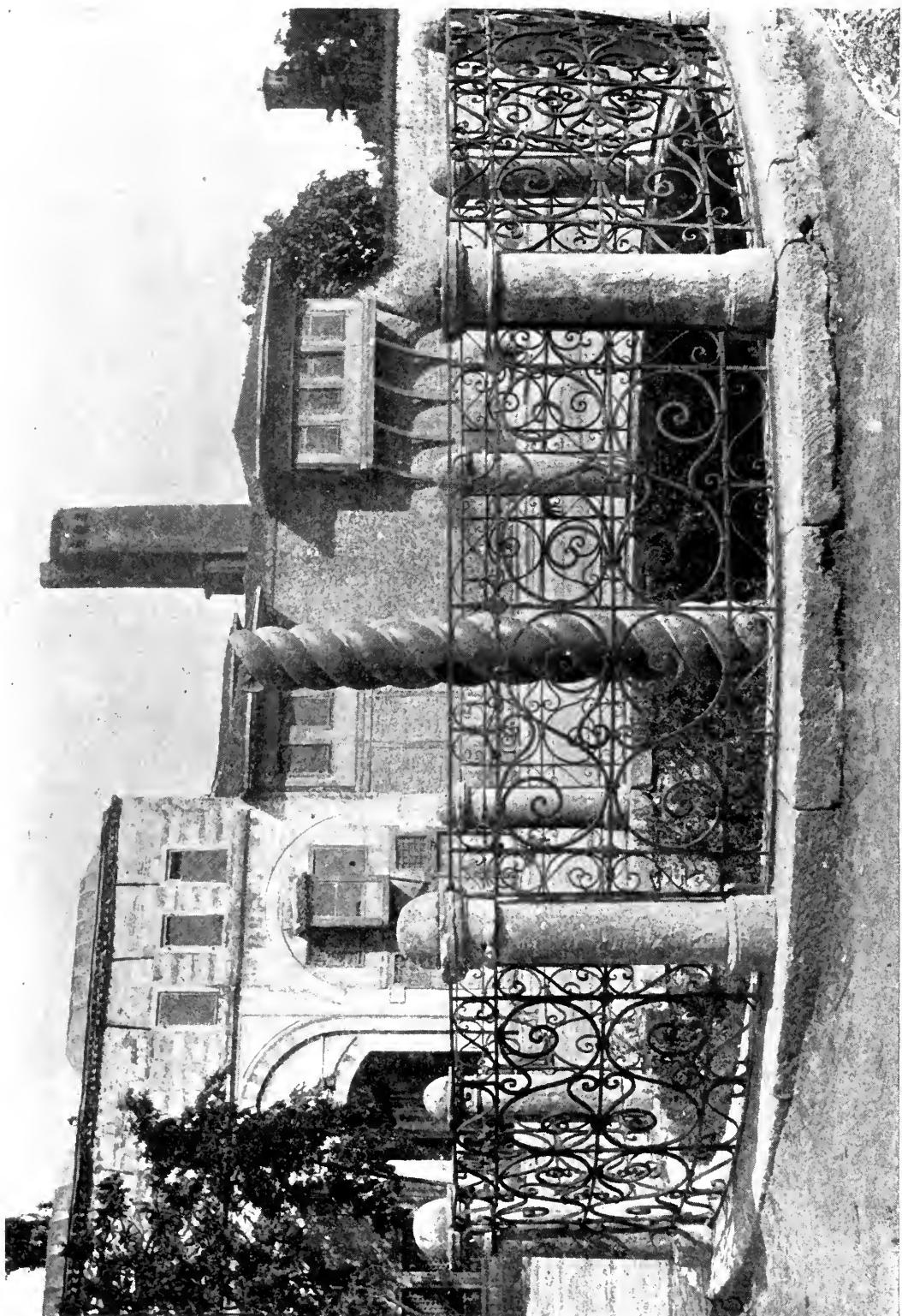
THE WESTERN SIDE OF THE PEDESTAL, SHOWING THE HOMAGE OF THE VANQUISHED GOTHS

Emperor, having risen from his throne, extends the laurel crown in readiness to reward the victor; on the west, towards the Triumphal Gate of the Blues, the conqueror and sovereign, with the Empress and their children at his side, receives the homage of the vanquished Goths.

Not content with the pictured victory over mortals, two inscriptions — the first in Greek and the second in Latin — record the triumph of the Emperor over the massive stone: “The Emperor Theodosius, alone having dared to erect the four-sided column which always lay a dead weight upon the ground, confided the task to Proclus, and in two and thirty days the so prodigious column stood erect.” The Latin inscription represents the obelisk as uttering the humble confession of its own defeat: “Difficult was once the command to obey serene sovereigns and to yield the victory to dead kings. But to Theodosius and his perennial offspring all things submit. So I, too, was conquered, and in thirty-two days under Proclus the Prefect I was raised to the upper air.” And now the obelisk looks down, inscrutable as the Sphinx, with the indifference that knows no change, upon the vain-glorious inscription of the forgotten Emperor.

The monument that peers above the ground a few feet farther south, the Serpent of Delphi, a perishable, pitiable wreck of Corinthian brass, centres far greater interest than the changeless obelisk. This triple serpent was the offering of Greek devotion to the god Apollo after the Battle of Plataea, when the Persian hordes had been forever hurled from Europe, and was set up in his most sacred shrine. Description of material and dimension seems almost irreverent, the visible object is so far transcended by the spirit it symbolizes. It is a consecrated trophy, to this day perpetuating the deathless triumph

THE SERPENT OF DELPHI



won in that early crisis of civilization and freedom. It is associated with Pausanias, Themistocles, Aristides, Xerxes, and Mardonius. Its own tale is told by Herodotus, Diodorus Siculus, the historian Pausanias, Zozimos, Sozomenos, Eusebius, and a host of lesser or equal writers.

Originally it consisted of three serpents twined around each other, their heads supporting a tripod of solid gold. During the wars of Philip of Macedon the tripod was confiscated by the chiefs of Phocis. When brought by Constantine from Delphi to Constantinople, a tripod of inferior value supplied its place. The superstitious Patriarch John VII in the ninth century came stealthily by night and broke off two of the heads, believing it was possessed by an evil spirit. Soon afterwards the people compelled their restoration, the city being suddenly infested by serpents, of which the desecration of the Delphic relic was considered the cause. An erroneous Ottoman tradition states that Sultan Mohammed II the Conqueror with his mace broke off one of the heads, thereby demonstrating his abhorrence of idols and the strength of his arm. At the beginning of the eighteenth century the heads were still in place, "with their mouths gaping." During the Crimean War the earth which had accumulated around to the depth of twelve feet was removed, and the precious monument enclosed by the present iron railing.

The mutilated torso is still affixed to the now black and broken pedestal on which Constantine had it placed. It is only eighteen and three-fourths feet in length, is cracked and seamed in many places, gapes with several jagged holes, and terminates in uneven, ragged edges. Its interior is filled with stones, thrown in by superstitious persons, who thus seek to avert the evil eye. Twenty-eight coils still exist. In the lower coils on its northeast side is

inscribed in characters primitive, archaic, almost embryonic, the priceless inscription which vindicates the genuineness of the serpent and transmits its glory. The kindly earth, gradually heaped around, has protected the lower coils, but the letters higher up have been worn away. Nevertheless, from the eighth to the third coil nineteen names can be discerned of those immortal cities to whose dauntless devotion was due the deliverance of Greece. One gazes reverently. The whole earth over there is no relic of the classic past that breathes a loftier spirit or is instinctive with a more exalted lesson.¹

Still farther south, a column painfully bare, utterly despoiled, without one line of beauty, lifts its attenuated form from the dreary plain of the Atmeïdan. Built of innumerable square blocks of stone, all along its sides the stones have dropped away; but the column is still erect,

¹ On the coils, the tenth and ninth from the bottom, faint traces of an inscription can be discerned. On the eighth, the reader can decipher enough to complete in his mind the names ΤΙΡVN⊕ΙΟΙ, ΓΛΑΤΑΙΕΣ, and ⊕ΕΣΠΙΕΣ. On the five remaining coils—that is, from the seventh to the third inclusive—every letter can be made out, some as easily as if incised to-day. On the seventh coil are the names ΜVKANEΣ, KEIOI, ΜΑΛΙΟΙ, and TENIOI. The TENIOI is in slightly larger characters than the other words, and cut deeper. On the sixth, NAXIOI, ERETRIEΣ, and ΛΑΚΙΔΕΣ; on the fifth, ΣΤVΡΕΣ, ΦΑΛΕΙΟΝΕΣ, and ΓΟΤΕΙΔΑΙΑΤΑΙ; on the fourth, ΛΕVKADIOI, FANAKTORIEΣ, KV⊕NIOI, and ΣΙΦΝΙΟΙ; on the third, ΑΜΓRAKİOTAI and ΛΕΓΡΕΑΤΑΙ. These words are inscribed one under another in parallel lines on the north-east side of the monument. The letters are from $\frac{3}{8}$ to $\frac{4}{5}$ of an inch in length. In this inscription, made certainly not later than 475 b. c., the digamma F appears; also we have Φ for Φ, ⊕ for Θ, X for Ξ, Λ for Δ, and the vowels Ω and Η are not used.

On the thirteenth coil one archeologist supposes the following words: ANA⊕EMATONEΛANON; another archeologist, ANA⊕EMAΓOMEDON; and a third, ΑΓΟΛΟΝΙ⊕ΕΟΣΤΑΣΑΝΤΑΝΑ⊕EMAΓOMEDON. On the twelfth coil the majority suppose ΛAKEDAIMONIOI, A⊕ANAIOI, and KORIN⊕IOI; on the eleventh, TECEATAI, ΣEKVONIOI, and AICINATAI; on the tenth, MECAREΣ, ΕΓΙDAVRIOI, and ERΛVOMENIOI; on the ninth, ΦΛΕΙΑΣΙΟI, TFOZANIOI, and ERMIONEΣ, thus including the thirty-one Greek cities.

apparently too weak to fall. The name of its builder is lost, as if reluctant that so melancholy a pile should transmit his memory. Constantine VIII Porphyrogenitus, less fortunate, in the tenth century repaired the monument, and is commonly regarded as its founder. Once it was resplendent to the eye, sheathed from top to bottom in plates of burnished brass, and it glittered dazzlingly in the sun. The brazen plates were torn off and melted by the soldiers of the Fourth Crusade ; everywhere are visible the gaping holes left by the bolts and nails which held them in place. In its perfect poise it is still a marvel. It seems as if the faintest wind must blow it down ; but so perfect is its construction, so exact its centre of gravity, that, despite earthquake and tornado, its battered, worn-off pyramidal apex still clings one hundred and one feet high above the ancient surface of the arena.

A triple stereobate supports the marble block which serves as pedestal. Two of its sides are completely hidden by matted ivy. Through the tangled vine on the third or eastern side the following inscription may be easily deciphered : “Constantine, the present Emperor, to whom Romanos, glory of government, is the son, restores superior to its former appearance the four-sided marvel of lofty height which had been injured by time. As the Colossus of Rhodes was a marvel there, so is this Colossus of Constantine a marvel here.”

In grateful contrast to this unsightly ruin is the Column of Marcian, Kiz Tash, the Maiden’s Stone, south of the Mosque of Sultan Mohammed. On a tiny terrace in a private garden, remote from the street, in a dense Ottoman quarter, it rises, exquisite and beautiful, but solitary, as if forgotten by time. Its marble pedestal, once white, but now dark and mutilated, is seven feet high. The shaft is

a granite monolith, sixty feet in length, crowned by a capital of the composite order. On the capital is a damaged stone, no longer in the exact centre, on which the statue stood. To this the charming traveller, Sir George Wheler, evidently refers when he says that in 1676 he saw upon the capital an urn containing the Emperor's heart. Roman eagles with extended wings seem flying from the upper corners. A graceful, headless figure emerges from the northeast corner of the pedestal, but the corresponding figure on the opposite corner is entirely gone. On the north side the brass and nails forming the inscription have fallen away; but in the defaced incisions of the stone the following letters can be traced:—

[PR]INCIPIS HANC STATUAM MARCIANI
CERNE TORUMQUE
[TERE]IUS VOVIT QUOD TATIANUS
OPUS

The column and locality have their share of legends and traditions. The common appellation, Maiden's Stone, is due to its supposed mysterious faculty in discerning unfortunate women from those who had never sinned. The latter might approach in innocent security; but the garments of the former, by some invisible but resistless power, were made to rise and float above their heads. Scandal gloated over the tradition that the dancer Theodora dwelt in the vicinity before she wedded Justinian and was made sharer of his throne. It was commonly asserted that human vision was deceptive, and that the statue bore not the grim, septuagenarian visage of the soldier Marcian, but the bewitching features of ever youthful Aphrodite. When at last the statue fell, it was narrated that a kinswoman of the Emperor Justin II hurled

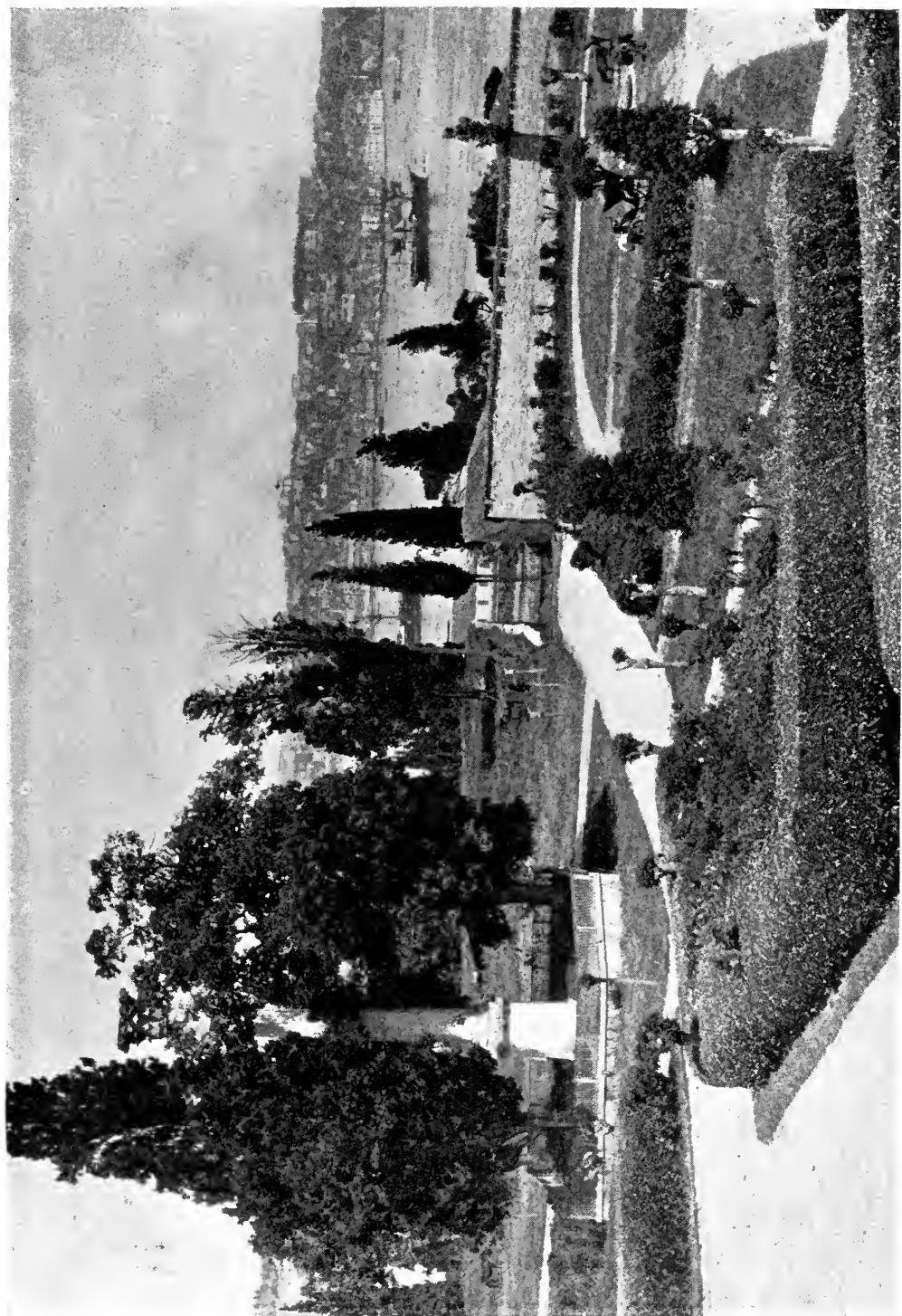
it down, revengeful for the tale it told of her private history while she was passing in state to the palace.

Little inferior in height, of less majestic beauty, but of far richer association, is the lonely column which keeps guard as sentinel in a grove of trees on the eastern spur of the Seraglio. The ground on which it stands is within the ancient limits of classic Byzantium. It is a simple monolithic shaft of the whitest marble, cleft with many a rent and fissure, and touched with a delicate grayish tint by time. Its thrilling votive inscription, which is easily legible,

FORTUNAE
REDUCAE OB
DEVICTOS GOTHOS,

is an eloquent memorial of the last martial victories of the undivided Roman Empire, and of the consequent baptism of Athanaric the Gothic King.

It was reared in 381 by Theodosius the Great, to commemorate his triumphs over those fierce hordes heretofore resistless. On its elaborate Corinthian capital he placed his equestrian statue and the following inscription : “Thou didst arise, another brilliant Sun, lightbearing from the east, O calm-minded Theodosius, upholder of mankind, having at thy feet the ocean with the boundless earth. Surrounded on every side by glory, thou magnanimous dost subdue a proud and fiery horse.” Statue and inscription long since disappeared ; the capital remains in all its high-wrought beauty. On it, according to Greek tradition, the pillar saint, Daniel of the Bosphorus, lived over twenty years. Later it served as means of execution, like the Tarpeian rock, condemned criminals being hurled from its top ; thus the Latin Crusaders dashed to death their prisoner, the Byzantine Emperor Alexios V Mourtzouphles.



THE COLUMN OF THEODOSIUS, AND A VIEW FROM THE SERAGLIO

THE PALACES

EAST of Aïvan Seraï Kapou, inside the city wall, is a foul, repulsive ruin. It is one hundred and twenty feet in length, and about two-thirds as wide; enough remains to show that it must have been three stories high. The thick walls of brick and mortar are of ninth-century workmanship. A lofty arched roof covers a main central hall, on which open rooms of various size and height. The southern part, called Yaghourt Khan by the Ottomans, is filled with rotten timbers and the *débris* of demolished buildings; a portion of the northern part is used as a charcoal magazine. The ground reeks with filth of every sort: throughout are vile odors, all mixed with the mouldy smell of decay. No spot can be more repellent, or less suggestive of youth and beauty. Surely there never was a place here for a maiden's foot, and no girlish laughter has ever echoed in these rooms, now so sickening with fetid air.

Nevertheless, this pile was once a palace. It was reared by the Emperor Theophilos, and designed by the doting father as a gift to Thekla, Anna, Anastasia, and Pulcheria, his idolized daughters. As they grew to womanhood, it became those princesses' favorite abode. Here Thekla refused the suit of the grandson of Charlemagne, preferring to remain with her sisters within these walls rather than to sit upon the imperial German throne. None of the sisters wedded. For years they dwelt here together. At last they wearied of the world, forsook their palace, and died as nuns.

The Palace of Hormisdas, or of Justinian, is romantic in its origin and history. No less romantic is its craggy



PALACE OF JUSTINIAN

southern wall, rising high above the Marmora, and visible from far upon the sea. The seven brick arches, lofty and wide ; the three spacious doors, with monolithic door-posts, twelve feet high ; the exquisite acanthus leaves finely chiselled upon the lintels ; the grand marble columns, once supporting dizzy balconies, and projecting fifty feet above the water ; and below, close to the sea, the horizontal row of snow-white marble slabs,—arrest the traveller's attention on his passing ship, and awake imagination to departed splendor.

But on the landward side all the impressive picturesqueness vanishes. There one does not approach the wall, so densely packed against it and against one another are the malodorous shanties of the refugees. The Roumelian Railway passes close by over subterranean chambers that were laid bare and then cemented over when the railway was constructed in 1869. A few feet farther north is a colossal wall, one hundred and eighty feet in length and fifty high, which rests on great arches, through which a still earlier wall is seen. These ruins are stately and imposing.

Hormisdas, a Sassanide prince and exile, fled to Constantinople to save his endangered life, and, enraptured with this spot, obtained from Constantine permission to build such a palace as might remind him of his Persian home. Two hundred years later it became the property of Justin I, and was bestowed by him on his nephew Justinian, then a consul. Hither, on the marriage of the latter, he brought his bride, the actress Theodora, and here they dwelt, until together they ascended the throne. No female triumph in any age has surpassed the victory Theodora won when she, the hated, slandered, outlawed woman, crossed the threshold of this then radiant

palace as prospective Empress, and already the Cæsar's spouse.

No other palace has preserved so much of its shape and former comeliness as the Palace of the Hebdomon, now Tekour Seraï, on the northern summit of the double-crested sixth hill. Its dismantled though lordly outline



PALACE OF THE HEBDOMON

dominates the Golden Horn and the northern regions of the city, and justifies the magnificent prominence of its site.

It anciently bore many names,—Palace of Constantine, of Justinian, of Belisarius, as each was in turn its reputed founder. The humbler Greeks to-day still call it the House of Belisarius. But through the Middle Ages

its common title was Palace of the Hebdomon, or Seventh District, because this portion of the city was formerly appropriated to the Seventh Corps of the heretical Gothic guards. A dozen derivations may be assigned to its present Turkish name of Tekour Seraï, and each Turkish scholar gives a different meaning thereto. When it was erected, or by whom, is uncertain. The lower story seems as old as Constantine, while the peculiar layers of brick and mortar near the top seem stamped with the autograph of the eleventh or twelfth century. Much of its history is obscure. The massacre in 1345 of the Dictator Apokaukos, guardian and tyrant of the youthful Emperor John V, by the two hundred prisoners whom he had confined and tortured, but among whom he rashly ventured, is one of its most thrilling episodes.

The part now remaining is a rectangle, over seventy feet in length by forty broad. On the east a huge central window, flanked by smaller windows on either side, opens over gigantic projecting pillars. On them was suspended the ancient balcony, forty feet above the ground, from which the wide-reaching and varied view must have been superb. On the south, beneath seven windows of various elevation, shape, and size, the wall is built in large mosaic of peculiar pattern.

The only entrance is from the north. One clammers over great heaps of broken glass to the ancient courtyard. In front rises the north side of the palace, supported on a central pier and granite columns, itself mutilated and timeworn, yet fair and beautiful, with its rows of rich mosaic. The floors have fallen; but traces of stairways may be discerned adhering to the inner walls. Clinging to crevices and jutting stones, one climbs along the sides, high up through a southwest window, to the

slight abutment whence, according to Greek tradition, Justinian with his own hands hurled his suspected General Belisarius to the pavement below. The legend adds that the hero was uninjured by his fearful fall, and, thus having proved his innocence, enjoyed the Emperor's confidence and affection ever after.



INTERIOR OF THE PALACE OF THE HEBDOMON

From the southwest corner of the second story one may creep to the adjacent fortress, the Tribunal of the Hebdomon, where were formerly quartered the guards of the palace; or, looking from the windows on the west, the eye may range outside the city walls upon the martial Plain of the Hebdomon, the exercise ground of Byzantine ar-

mies, and away over the rounded hills which saw the bivouac of so many hostile hosts.

The dilapidation of the palace since the Ottoman Conquest has been constant but gradual. Under Souleiman the Magnificent, elephants were kept in its degraded basement story, and hence Von Hammer has imagined that it served only as a menagerie under the Byzantine emperors. Less than two hundred years ago most of its columns, its floors, and marble stairways were still in place. The marble window casements were intact till within a century. The Byzantine double-headed eagle still spread its carved wings on the lintel of a window; on the capitals of the columns appeared the royal lilies of France; and above, indicative of victory over the Latin emperors, was the monogram of the Palaiologoi. Not long ago Jewish glass-blowers took possession, and crowded every corner with their huts and furnaces. Some were burned to death, and all their hovels utterly destroyed by a great fire in 1864. Since then the empty walls have been abandoned save by the antiquary, the tourist, and the beggar.

One day in 549 Justinian, wearing his imperial robes, came in the utmost pomp from the Great Palace to the Palace of the Hebdomon. Suddenly the panic-stricken courtiers observed that its most precious ornament, an immense diamond, had disappeared from the imperial crown. Diligent and protracted search was unavailing, and at last the incident was forgotten. Nine centuries later, soon after the Ottoman Conquest, a shepherd found a shining stone in the rubbish of Tekour Serai. It passed from hand to hand as a bagatelle. A Jew in his eagerness to obtain it aroused suspicion. The more he offered, the more was demanded. Despairing of its acquisition, he

notified the Grand Vizir of the existence of the stone. At once it was seized by the Grand Vizir, and presented to Sultan Mohammed II. The Ottomans declare that it then weighed one hundred and twenty-four carats : they call it Tchoban Tashi, the Shepherd's Stone ; esteem it the finest diamond in the world, and with special care preserve among the treasures of the Sultan the long-lost jewel of Justinian.

THE PRISON OF ANEMAS

ALL through the Middle Ages palace and prison were close together in shocking intimacy. Commonly the two formed but a single structure in frightful twinship, or the halls of the one reposed on the dungeons of the other. The occupants of the lighted rooms above were in constant terror of the inmates of the dark cells below. In necessary proportion to the grandeur and freedom of the one were the solid walls and ponderous fetters of the other. Among the Byzantines the Palace of Blachernai for five hundred years surpassed every other palatial abode in rank and splendor ; so did its unnatural but inevitable twin, the prison of Anemas, exceed in strength and hopelessness every other dungeon horror of Constantinople. When or by whom it was constructed was forgotten. The Ottomans apparently never knew of its existence, and it had no part in history after the Conquest. Its locality was un-identified by the moderns, despite constant references in the Byzantine authors, over whose pages its name hung like a grisly nightmare. It seemed that nothing of it was left behind save its execrable memory.

About forty years ago the lynx-eyed archeologist Paspatiis remarked a half-closed crannied hole on the northern

side of one of the northern towers, fronting the ancient site of the Palace of the Blachernai. With difficulty and danger climbing up, he wedged himself through the narrow opening. For a distance of thirty feet he crawled along in the darkness, through a vaulted passage less than two feet high and but little wider. Thence he



PRISONS AND CASTLE OF ANEMAS

emerged into a tiny room, slimy, tomb-like, stygian, but where at least a man could stand erect. The candle flickered in the mephitic vapors, and only served to make the blackness darker. Nevertheless, he felt that something was discovered. When, better provided, a few days later he repeated his adventure, he realized with an antiquary's unutterable exultation that he had found the prison of Anemas.

Since then its accursed recesses have been accessible to

whoever had the will and the nerve to enter. Nevertheless, its visitors have been strangely few. Many a time, with its discoverer or with others, I have groped along its chambers, and sounded its walls, in the effort to learn more of it or of the history it could unfold. My last visit, in 1890, stands out as distinct in my recollection as if made to-day.

On the right of the tiny chamber, where, rising from hands and knees, one first stands erect, at the end of another passage, is a spacious chamber now obstructed.

In front another opening, irregularly shaped, leads to a cylindrical and vaulted room, beyond which is a winding ascending and descending passage, a common Byzantine substitute for a stairway. Descent is impossible, so completely filled is it with accumulated earth. Mounting round a newel of blunted corners, leaving walled-up niches and blocked doors on the right, one reaches a lofty apartment, forty feet in length and thirty-five in width. In the farther corner is a large round opening in the floor, to which a like aperture in the ceiling corresponds. Dim light filters in through a high loophole in the corner. Returning to the winding passage and constantly ascending, one struggles over garbage and nameless filth, to a strong iron grating at the very top, which prevents further progress. This grating is in the Mosqueyard of Aïvaz



FIRST CHAMBER IN PRISON OF ANEMAS

Effendi Djami, sixty feet above the level of the ground below ; and through it the inmates of the Mosque throw in their refuse, ignorant where it goes, and knowing only that somehow it finds a vast receptacle beneath. This circular passage was the direct means of communication between the Palace of Blachernai and the prison. In Scott's realistic tale, "Count Robert of Paris," this winding way is called the "Ladder of Acheron." Where one now picks a path over the pollution and foulness, the vivid Scotch romancer pictures that daintiest of Byzantine princesses, Anna Komnena, leaning, self-forgetful in her distress, on the arm of the gallant Hereward.

Starting again from the tiny chamber, and dragging one's self through another unobstructed passage, less than two feet wide and scarcely higher, one arrives at a room which runs east and west, thirty-one feet long and nine and a half feet wide. Its height is over forty feet ; but on the walls holes left by rafters indicate a second floor which has fallen away. This is but one of twelve identical cells, of exactly the same dimensions, separated by walls over five feet thick, and connected by similar arched doorways. A succession of doorways above in the fallen second story corresponds to those beneath. Some of the cells are so piled with earth and stones that the mass reaches higher than the level of the second floor. The cells toward the south are gullied like a hillside, and filled far toward their vaulted ceiling by the deposits which every storm washes in through a fissure in the roof. These rooms are doubtless but a part, perhaps only a small proportion, of the cells once existing in this awful prison, and which some fortunate antiquary in time may reveal. They are constructed of massive hewn stone and brick. Well might the blind and helpless prisoner, once

the dauntless Ursel, have spent three patient years in uselessly boring through a single wall. None of the cells are windowed. A few more favored are pierced by the smallest loopholes, high up on the sides, through which the faintest light hardly ventures in.

Deathlike stillness reigns throughout, broken only by the water oozing and dripping from the stones, and by the swarming bats, with whose putrefying droppings the air is poisoned. Frightful as these dungeons were of old, in their abandonment and desolation they seem more hideous now.

To write the list of their former tenants is to call over the weary roll of Byzantine misfortune and despair. Here was shut the high-born Anemas, who has wrapped around this prison, built centuries before his day, the legacy of his undying name. Here in his disdainful silence the haughty Gregory of Trebizond lay speechless, even in his fetters aspiring to a crown. Here long remained that most atrocious figure of Byzantine history, Andronikos I Komnenos, thrown into still blacker outline by his saintly and devoted wife, who, for the love of him, sought and obtained the boon of sharing his deserved captivity; and here, in the squalor and wretchedness of their cell, their ill-fated babe, Kalo-John, was born.

The Ottoman Prince Kontos and another Andronikos, each the heir of his father's throne and each a mediæval Absalom, having been defeated in their unholy and partridical rebellion, were imprisoned in one cell together here. The Byzantine prince escaped, and in the turn of fortune dethroned his father and cast him and his two younger brothers into the same cell. Again fortune turned, and the liberated Emperor shut up his son, once more a prisoner, in the very room that had borne so large a part in both their lives. One hardly lingers on the more

thrilling scenes in "Count Robert of Paris," which the great novelist locates here; for in the prison of Anemas the wonders of his romance pale before the wilder romances of history. Paspatis sums up all the long story in a few simple words. "These," he says, "are the far-famed prisons of Anemas, where once were heard the groans of captive emperors and the sobs of empresses."

THE TOWER OF GALATA

THE Tower of Galata is a stupendous hollow cylinder, remarkable for its bulk and height. Gaunt and white and bare, it looms into the sky from the most elevated part of Galata, and spreads upon the horizon of every stranger as he gazes northward on his arrival from the rail-car or steamer. It dwindles into ant-hills the four-storied houses at its foot. No monument exists on the northern side of the Golden Horn to be compared with it in either impressiveness or size. It is at once Byzantine, Italian, and Ottoman, in its architecture and associations.

Anastasius I in the fifth century reared it, though to less than half its present height, as the bulwark or acropolis of the farther shores of the Golden Horn. When the cholera in 542 swept away ten thousand persons daily, and pits could not be dug fast enough to receive the dead, the tower afforded a ready receptacle, wherein corpses were packed to the very top, jammed in, pressed down upon each other in grawsome equality. It was the main fortress of the Genoese of Galata during several hundred years. They piled it higher in 1348, and higher yet in 1446, when trembling at the approaching torrent of the Ottomans. During those years it was called Tower of Christ and Tower of the Cross, from a gigantic Latin

cross by which it was surmounted, and which the Conqueror removed after the city's surrender. Mohammed II built it higher still, and capped the whole with a sharp-pointed, conelike roof. Burned in 1794, this was replaced



TOWER OF GALATA

by Selim III, to be burned again in 1824, and again restored by Mahmoud II. The present succession of diminishing cylinders, now adorning its summit with the distant grace of turret upon turret, is the device and achievement of Sultan Abd-ul Medjid.

The lower half of the tower is pierced by loopholes, which, though made with no such design, break the

monotony of the surface ; then come the tiers of windows, row on row ; and over all the lancelike staff, tipped by the glittering spearhead, whence, on festivals and on the sacred Friday, floats the flag of the imperial dynasty.

As one stands within and peers upwards towards the top, he is crushed with a sense of stone immensity. The rope, swaying in the vacuum from above, seems fastened to the sky. Does one meditate the ascent, he grows half dizzy before he begins to climb. The walls, twelve feet in thickness, conceal the succession of stone stairways, not winding spirally, but ascending, by ingenious contrivance, stairway over stairway. At length the side steps cease, and one emerges upon a staging, where, platform above platform, commence rooms in which human beings reside, dwelling in the void between heaven and earth. At last one reaches the wide round chamber which stretches over the entire diameter, and whose circumference is the mighty walls. Here fire patrols pace ceaselessly, scrutinizing with their glasses every quarter of the city. Thirty-four steps, up a circular staircase, conduct hence to a room loftier still, wherein may be seen the ancient tocsin of the tower. Its alarum has swelled out many times over these hills its note of triumph, or of terror and warning ; but, dusty, rusted, thrust aside, it is tongueless now. It is said that the cats which one meets at every turn, born in these regions of upper air, have never set foot on the ground below. But multitudinous broods of whirring doves somehow here perpetuate their own family, although furnishing the constant sustenance of their feline foes.

One is allowed to climb no farther. Through the deep-cased windows of this highest room one passes, if he dares, to an outer platform, which is surrounded by an iron balustrade. Human language is inadequate to shadow,

even faintly, the unutterable loveliness and magnificence of the view. Nothing on this globe can surpass it. Whoever has gazed, awestruck and enraptured, on the most splendid scenes that nature unfolds before the eye from other lofty heights, must confess that this is incomparable in its panoramic variety and sublimity.

STRAY WAIFS OF ANTIQUITY

NOTHING is more typical of Constantinople than the fugitive inscriptions, the rooms whose early usage is forgotten, and the disconnected blocks of masonry, hardly more than mediæval rubbish, found in every quarter of the city. To each attaches the interest of conjecture and the pathos of namelessness, as one seeks in vain to solve the enigma of its history and depict the structure of which centuries ago it was a part. Everywhere the ground is honeycombed with wall and arch and pillar, over which thin earth rolls in graceful undulation, or which jut, mere suggestions, through the surface, or lie in indiscriminate confusion around.

South of the Burnt Column are seemingly endless rows of high brick arches, separated by walls over four feet thick. Little emerges from the rolling, wavelike surface of the ground; but through a wide extent, wherever the pick goes down, like arches are revealed. The Greeks call these remains the foundations of the Prætorium. Superstition for generations has left the spot deserted, and no fabric has arisen on that magnificent site. In 1871 the illustrious statesman Fuad Pasha, defying popular prejudice, began there the erection of a palace; but at the very beginning its further prosecution was prevented by his sudden death.

In another part of the city, a little west of the Atmeïdan, are two great masses of stone and mortar, altogether above ground, separated from each other by the street. They have been hacked at by the mason and builder for generations; but so much is left that the larger mass is one hundred and twenty-nine feet long and almost fifty wide. Though supposition is valueless, these remains are commonly considered a part of the ornate embolos of Domnos, the most splendid which adorned the city.

Near Zeïrek Djami is a strange square Byzantine structure, painted bright green,—a single chamber in perfect preservation, covered by a truncated roof. Though the room is low-studded, and hardly more than twenty feet each way, the walls are over five feet thick. Into this small apartment nearly a hundred children swarm daily, and a turbaned teacher in flowing robes leads the chorus as in high-pitched voices they repeat passages from the Koran. No greater contrast can one conceive than between this building's past and present. This adapted school-house is an ancient heroon or tomb. Over the floor, where now the tumultuous children sit, were once ranged the coffins of the dead.

Ancient inscriptions abound: disconnected letters on broken blocks, and epitaphs and eulogies in entirety on slabs perfectly preserved. The curious traveller, as he threads his devious way across Stamboul or along the Bosphorus, is arrested at every step by these autographs of the past. Some are almost meaningless, or mean but little; others are animate with the tale of great triumphs and of heroic lives, or transmit customs which are now but traditions. The few in Latin indicate how ephemeral and superficial was the sway of the Roman tongue in the Greek metropolis. Some remain where placed at first; others,

ignored and disregarded, look out from blocks built as common stones, pell mell, bottom upwards, into some house or wall. The most ancient and most interesting so far known is found upon a tower of the Seraglio wall nearly opposite the Sublime Porte. Indistinct and incomplete, its archaic letters may be seen upon a small oblong stone which the heedless mason has mortared in nearly five feet above the ground. The inscription is a notice from some scene of public concourse: "Of veterans and stadium runners the place begins." So the unsightly stone indicated in some classic edifice the positions of rank and honor. The rustic letters have no meaning now for the passer-by; once the heart of many a hero, long since pulseless in oblivion, must have swelled as his proud eyes fell upon it, and, guided by its direction, he passed to the exalted seats appropriate to his achievements and renown.

BYZANTINE CHURCHES CONVERTED INTO MOSQUES

AFTER the Conquest not only did the palaces pass into the hands of foreign masters, but the edifices, hitherto Christian churches, were transformed into the sanctuaries of another creed. Nowhere had Church and State existed in a union more intimate than at Constantinople; nowhere had they been more mutually sensitive to a popular breath or a national convulsion. So it seemed not only mournful coincidence but almost inherent necessity that, as each conquered palace closed upon its former possessor, and accepted the behests of an Ottoman lord, so the church or chapel at its side should seal up its history, change its name, and accept the ritual and the priesthood of the Ottoman faith. Thus the ecclesia became the mesdjid or

djami ; its baptismal name of the apostle or martyr, whose protection it had invoked as its patron saint, was superseded by the harsher appellation of some pasha or effendi. The altar was torn down, and the mihrab took its place. The mosaic faces of the saints were covered over, the arms of the carved crosses stricken off, and the walls made bare with whitewash. The plainness of the deadened surface was relieved only by passages from the Koran, and names of the Caliphs, the ornaments of puritan Islam. The Christian pulpit and the priestly throne were banished by the steep, austere minber, whence on each Friday, with drawn sword, the imam was to offer his noonday supplication. All that conquest could do was done to efface every association of Christ and the old, and to thrust into prominence every external suggestion of the Prophet and the new,— in a word, to utterly transform the Christian church into a Moslem mosque.

But while the old roof stretched above, and the old walls rose skyward around, two things remained which malignant fanaticism could not destroy : these were the church's form — basilica or Byzantine cross, ever mutely eloquent of its early consecration — and the church's history, written by human pens and traced on human hearts, imperishable, though from the dishonored aisles the chant of the choir and the accents of the priest had died forever away. Many of those sacred piles have gone the way of man and of all man's creation, and, worn out by natural decay, have fallen in the dust. Others, forsaken ruins, are at best despoiled skeletons ; and others still, to-day unshaken and strong, have survived the centuries, significant of that Christianity to which their walls resounded, and which outlives time.

Those churches, now mosques, come down to us hal-

lowed by the memory of an unutterable misfortune, and by their earlier history of faith and prayer. Yet the interest that enwraps them is not only religious and historic. Nowhere else, not even at Ravenna or Salonica or Mount Athos, are to be found so many examples as to form, construction, and ornamentation, of every phase of Byzantine architecture. Here are represented every type and style of dome in its development and growth, the gradual shaping of the apse, the varied mural decoration significant of the age that inspired each artist's hand, and the capital and column, forever modified and yet always essentially the same. One traces the slow unfolding of the cylinder into the circular maze of columns, which at length shrink to four, whereby the farther spaces are drawn out into Architecture's fairest triumph,—the Byzantine cross. Above stretches the vaulted dome, chief and distinctive feature of Byzantine architecture, while by gradual progression semi-domes and lengthened vaults prolong the form and heighten the effect. The peculiar capitals, almost unknown to Rome and Greece; the sheathings of marble plates that line the walls; and that mosaic decoration which Ghirlandajo calls "the only painting for eternity," are likewise characteristic of this famed school of art. From church to church one follows, in its bulging growth, the truncated period of each column's capital, until it flowers, after centuries of training, with buds and birds and monograms. So from sanctuary to sanctuary does he watch the plain simplicity of early days slowly giving way to a luxurious devotion, that hides the framework and robes the inner walls with dazzling marbles of fantastic shapes and sizes, and that often seeks its criterion of taste in the prodigality of cost. The mosaics in their stony beauty, and glassy, golden glitter, are harder to

trace. Not that the tiny cubes have fallen, or their colors faded, but that the ascetic sentiment of the Ottoman has sought to hide them from the scandalized eye of his co-religionists. Scrupulously faithful to the letter of the second commandment, the Moslem looks with horror on any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in the heaven above or in the earth beneath or in the water under the earth. So the thick whitewash or the closely adhering curtain veils the records in mosaic of the Saviour's earthly mission, and the pictures of the lives and deeds of the Virgin, saints, and martyrs, which were sermons to the Byzantine, and on which he gazed with reverence and awe. Nevertheless, many have escaped the Moslem's solicitude, and on their exquisite delineations one lingers with amazement and delight.

Yet, after all, these Byzantine churches at very best are but shadows of what they were. The magnificence has largely disappeared; the brightness and splendor have been eclipsed or ended by conquest, or by still more rapacious time. Nor is it strange. Their corner stones were laid before America was dreamed of, before the multitudinous crusading hosts poured from Europe against the sectaries of that Arabian Prophet, who, when their walls uprose, was still unborn. Yet they stand, a history in stone and brick and mortar of the outburst, the culmination and decline, of Byzantine architecture and art. Higher and more fadeless glory still,—they have centered the worship and echoed the anthems of early Christianity.

KUTCHOUK AYA SOPHIA, THE CHURCH OF SAINTS SERGIUS AND BACCHUS

CLOSE to Justinian's ruined palace, so near the Marmora that its foundations seem almost washed by transparent waves, is the Mosque of Kutchouk Aya Sophia. Anciently it was the memorial church of Saints Sergius and Bacchus, and the neighboring palace was eclipsed in gorgeousness by this sanctuary reared at its side. Justinian built them both. To the erection of the church he consecrated his entire private fortune as a votive offering on his accession in 527. Yet the vast wealth possessed by him as consul did not suffice for its completion, and its accomplishment was rendered possible only by the ampler resources of the Emperor.

Sergius and Bacchus had been high officers in the army of Maximianus, and were massacred by that pagan tyrant because they would not incline their heads at the altars of his gods. They might well be regarded as the patron saints of the Justinian dynasty. When Justinian, then a petty officer, and Justin, his uncle, afterwards Emperor and the founder of their House, lay in prison, condemned by the Emperor Anastasius to speedy execution, these saints — so Anastasius affirmed — appeared to him in a dream, proved his prisoners' innocence, and threatened him with the wrath of God unless they were at once restored to liberty and honor.

The edifice presents the fully developed plan of an early memorial church. Its interior constantly calls to mind that Italian creation of Justinian, San Vitale at Ravenna. No other building in Constantinople has exerted equal influence in subsequent Byzantine church architecture.

The towering Sancta Sophia, acme of Byzantine attainment, has served as model for almost every Moslem mosque, whatever its proportions, which has been erected since the Conquest. Apparently the Christians shrank from imitation of Sancta Sophia, their proudest architectural achievement. But the Church of Sergius and Bacchus has been the honored pattern, copied with greater or less fidelity in every Orthodox sanctuary of the East.

Sometimes it was called Convent of Hormisdas, from the Persian exile who founded the neighboring Palace of Justinian, and bequeathed it his name. Built against it on the north was the Church of Saints Peter and Paul, so close that a common entrance served them both. Of this northern edifice absolutely nothing remains, but the Church of Sergius and Bacchus is practically the same as when first erected. Though its garnished walls have been despoiled, though its every perishable ornament has been destroyed, though fire and earthquake have many times prostrated all the edifices in its vicinity, yet that church stands unshaken in its original strength, and still robed in much of its original beauty. More injurious than time or natural convulsion is the adjacent railway track, whence the thundering train, as it rushes by, jars the venerable edifice, and makes it vibrate to its base.

Its lengthy history has been neither startling nor unusually eventful. Here Pope Vigilius, having excommunicated the Patriarch Menas, sought refuge from the resentment of Justinian. In the fierce fight of the eighth and ninth centuries, it supported the iconoclastic cause, and its most distinguished abbot is better known as the iconoclastic Patriarch John VII. The legates of the Pope, and the Pope himself when in Constantinople, officiated at its altar. On the Tuesday of Easter week the Emperor

and court here offered their formal worship, and the sovereign himself assisted in the liturgy. Injured during the Latin occupation, it was cleansed and repaired by Michael VIII. Shortly after the Ottoman Conquest it was made a mosque by Housseïn Agha, then favorite of Bayezid II, but soon to learn in terrible experience how precarious is a despot's favor. His headless body fills a neglected grave outside the mosque. Within these walls were packed from 1877 to 1879 a horde of Moslem refugees, who fled hither from Bulgaria during the Russo-Turkish War. The well on the right hand of the entrance, revered by the Byzantines as a holy fountain, received all the filth of the crowded inmates during two pestiferous years.

The outline of the ancient atrium, once extending before the church, can still be traced in the oblong court in front. This is now shaded by majestic trees, and lined on three sides by Mussulman cloisters. A shabby wooden portico gives access to the narthex. Thence by a stone stairway one passes to the gallery, whence alone a satisfactory view of the whole interior can be obtained. Standing above the main portal, with one's face directed towards the apse, all the artistic plan — mazy and confused when sought for from below — slowly becomes definite and distinct.

The edifice is an octagon inscribed in a square. Eight piers, over thirty feet in circumference, subtend eight great arches, which furnish direct support to the dome, seventy feet above the floor. The dome is not a portion of a sphere, but rises from the octagonal perimeter of its base in sixteen longitudinal sections. Through half of these the light pours in by means of deep-set vaulted windows. Towards the apse the dome is prolonged in a cylin-

drical vault. Pillars, two by two, rise from between the piers, and uphold the gallery, which is continuous save towards the apse. Over on the southern side, between two smaller columns, was the imperial entrance. Above are



COLUMNS AND GALLERY OF
KUTCHOUK AYA SOPHIA

the clear-cut monograms of Justinian and Theodora, and empty nail-holes show where formerly fitted the casements of the imperial doors. The entablature above the columns is wide and elegantly wrought. The paint, daubed on in thick profusion by the Ottomans, has been mellowed by time, and has

the effect of a golden tint.

On the frieze is a Greek poetical inscription, whose broad and sharply protruding characters almost surround the church. A few letters are hidden by the modern Moslem pulpit, and a final sigma is wanting at the left of the apse. Every other character is in place, unbroken and unmarred, legible as when cut, perhaps beneath the eye of Justinian, thirteen hundred and sixty-nine years ago. Vine leaves and clusters of grapes serve as punctuation points between the lines, and refer to the convivial deity Bacchus, whose name is the homonym of the martyred saint. Justinian himself, doubtless, composed the inscription. So characteristic is its style, that it seems not so much a sculptor's work in marble as an audible utterance from the Emperor's lips. "Other kings have honored dead heroes whose achievement was small: but our sceptre-bearing Justinian, inspired by piety, glorifies

with a magnificent church Sergius, the servant of Omnipotent Christ; him neither the kindling breath of fire, nor the sword, nor any other sort of torture shook: for the divine Christ he endured, and, though slain, he gained the kingdom of heaven by his blood. Forever may he hold in his keeping the reign of the vigilant king, and augment the power of Theodora, the divinely crowned; of her, whose mind is filled with piety, and whose labor and constant exertions are directed to the diffusion of temporal blessings."

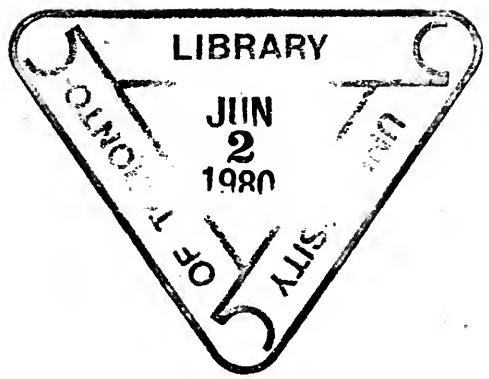
The thirty-four columns of the gallery and ground floor are of the richest and showiest marble. They stand everywhere, two arranged together, in perfect symmetry. On them repose elaborate Byzantine capitals, unique in design, and of exceeding delicacy and beauty.

One seeks the old-time opulence of mosaics in vain. The hues that now robe the walls are subdued, though lovely. With the present chastened coloring one contrasts in fancy the dazzling ancient brilliancy which Prokopios declares "surpassed the effulgence of the sun." To-day it is no single detail, nor even the main architectural design which most absorbs the gazer. It is the complete harmoniousness of the whole. Each individual feature is subordinate to every other. Every part, though dimmed and faded, still combines in structural harmony. It is a poem finished in marble lines which has survived the centuries. Its graceful form lingers upon the vision of the eye just as music fills the ear. No marvel that the Ottomans regard it as second only to the great cathedral, and bestow upon it the admiring name of the Little Saint Sophia.











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